

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. I.—1. *Ordericus Vitalis*. Vols. 1—4. 1853—1856.
London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

2. *Henry of Huntingdon*. 1853.—*Id.*

3. *William of Malmesbury*. 1847.—*Id.*

4. *Roger of Wendover*. Vols. 1—2. 1849.—*Id.*

THE publication of the old English Chronicles in a popular form is an epoch in the annals of historical literature. They have never been forgotten or obsolete. The plots of dramas and the heroes of poems have been hewn out of this rich mine. They have been hidden and overwhelmed beneath the tinsel of historical novels, and their impracticable roughness and picturesque minuteness have been ground down and filtered through the thin sand of theoretical history. All our literature is impregnated with them in one form or another. Of all works they have best earned a title to be reckoned of the essence of our national classics, on that soundest of all grounds, the acknowledged closeness of the relation between them and all other compositions of the same order, as originals and copies. But the sources and groundworks of a people's literature are not always the most resorted to; their very relation to the rest of this literature as its fountain-head stands in the way, perhaps, of their direct popularity. So much has been founded on them; so inrooted in common opinion are the notions of their real bearing and significance, as interpreted by others, that it is with a certain reluctance men retrace their own footsteps to reconsider a foregone conclusion; and the original authorities stand almost in danger of being regarded as pretenders and counterfeits in their own domain. Again, after having supplied so long the demands of compilers and hunters after the picturesque, a kind of coal-damp rises from the open shaft; or, to pursue the same metaphor, the whole contents of the mine have been so broken up and confused in the search

for some more precious metal, that they are left outside, and no one cares to examine them, on the chance of discovering hidden among them some more common but yet precious deposit. For much that is valuable is still to be found in these ancient mines of history; much, also, of too subtle and fugitive an essence to be discoverable, unless by exploring on the very spot; much which in itself seems useless, but, in its relation to other things, which it illustrates and utilizes, is most valuable. Whatever the cause, these chronicles have experienced the most absolute neglect from the ordinary reader, unless he have happened to stray from his way in their direction, in hopes of some quaint saying or doing. This is not the sort of attention which is at all complimentary to authors of the pretensions and purpose of the monks. Quaintness is no characteristic of any branch of literature; it is no natural and original peculiarity, but merely the accident of a change of circumstances, or the inevitable operation of the lapse of time. These old writers, slumbering in antique libraries, many of them yet chained down to the shelf, lest, in the heat and furor of their popularity, they should have been snatched away by the covetous student, must have indeed thought the golden year of Plato had come round, when their volumes rose like a phoenix out of their torpid atmosphere of death in life, transformed into duodecimos.

In their pristine condition, they remind us of the Arabian Nights' story of the Efreet imprisoned in the leaden phial, and meditating on the reward he should confer on his possible human deliverer. As century after century passed away, and hope deferred had irremediably soured his temper and affections, he began to execrate and devise vengeance against him who should happen to rescue him, as if, from having appeared so late, he were a negative cause, as it were, of his detention. So, the bringing to light, and the popular dispersion of these early records (we speak more particularly of those compiled in the *Anglo-Norman* period, respecting Anglo-Saxon as well as Norman acts and sufferings), does not at once suffuse the expanse of early English history with a flood of brilliancy; it is no unmixed good; it has its proportion of attendant evil. Formerly the mind did not accept the theory and exposition of history of the day as undoubtedly true and sure. It received it as something which was, after all, but an interpretation of or deduction from the original authorities, and therefore liable to give way on being confronted with them, even to yield to some future and profounder summing up of conclusions from the same. Lyttelton, and Hume, and Hallam, were allowed, without any violence to our instincts, to supersede the one the other in turn. When the authorities are themselves before us, it seems that we are expected to acknow-

ledge them for infallible guides, and to rest satisfied with their affirmations.

But it is a hard thing to adapt ourselves to the new scene. There is strangeness and novelty where we expected to meet old acquaintances; the tables of contents are the same, the details answering to them are altogether different. A superficial and general resemblance of course there is; the names are the same—so are the actions; but, while the popular idea of the times is of a state of society in its own way highly artificial, with rules very different from those of moderns, yet forming a complete system, the view given by the authorities themselves is startling, from the anarchy and disorganized rudeness of society, in all its relations, which it freely displays. Ordinary readers must have collected, from the highly-coloured descriptions even of Scott, a conception of these times, whether true or false, very remote from that which the monks formed of them. Froissart, and the era of Edward III., with its tournaments and knightly courtesy, have been the models and the storehouse for modern portraitures of early England. On the contrary, the hard, stern realities of war, or the more mystical aspects of religion, absorb wholly the attention of the chroniclers. That same class of readers may have contemplated the periods under another phase, in their constitutional tendencies and developments; they may have learned from Hume and from Brodie, even from Hallam, to watch in it the shootings and germ of a regular limited monarchy, and the systematic control exercised by a legitimate aristocracy and recognised trading interest. Few and far between, in these contemporary writers themselves, are the traces of a fixed conception of any constitution whatever. 'The good old rule, the simple plan' of Rob Roy appears, from their accounts, to have been its natural substitute, and a state of lawless violence to have raged throughout the island, so outrageous that the notices of it almost confute themselves. In fact, the contents of the volumes are especially astounding from their almost unnatural contrast to the state of feeling and principles of action of our own day, while, at the same time, there is a genuine earnestness and apparent candour about the statements, a tone of positive prosaic atrocity and barbarism about the heroes, which prevent our classing them with Geoffrey of Monmouth's tales of King Arthur, or Spenserian imaginations of chivalry.

It has been said that between us and the old English lies a gulf of mystery, that there is no general resemblance, and but few points of contact between the reign of Queen Victoria and that of Henry VIII. Yet the latter is regarded as the commencement of modern history; and we boldly appeal to the same canons of criticism in judging and deciphering those times and our own.

How great must be the difference between these days and those of King Alfred, and Rufus, and Stephen, as depicted in strong lines by Henry of Huntingdon, and in the glowing colours of William of Malmesbury? The names are genuine English ones, the achievements related are even now our boast, and yet the general elements of the characters of the men who performed them would seem about as strange and grotesque, could we look at them in another setting than the history of the land in which we dwell, as those of the Magyar or the Russian. The histories themselves, while professing to be sober narratives, are, as to their details, rather of the nature of poems. They are full, from beginning to end, from the stories of their writers' forefathers, which might have pleaded for their marvellousness the impenetrable mists of an intervening century of barbarism and conquest, down to accounts of the doings of which they might have been themselves witnesses, of oozing of blood from the soil, and from the walls of abbeys sacrilegiously converted into fortresses; of omens of pestilence and war, discovered in the battles of birds, and meteors trailing through the skies; of the plundering of churches, universal pillage of cities, martyrdoms, interdicts, and incestuous adulteries. From beginning to end, they are as rich in the struggles of warriors, and kings, and archbishops, as a book of the Iliad. Lawlessness is the rule, and not the exception; and the minority never seem to have accepted the principle of our race,—the duty of obedience to the will of the majority.

As the Anglo-Saxon period seems given up to national depravity and national disasters, so the Norman is abandoned to the riotings of individual despotism, and the capricious workings of tyrannic will. The whole picture is certainly grand, for all the features are of heaven or hell; the knights are monsters of wickedness, the monks and bishops furnish an ideal of saintly purity. There is something fascinating, no doubt, in the theory which makes us inheritors of such a period. The magnanimous ferocity of the Norman conqueror, and the indomitable obstinacy and fixed tenacity of liberty in the subjugated Anglo-Saxon, which gradually surmounted and absorbed the torrent of Danish and Norman valour, form an historical antithesis which the fancy is glad to admit as real. The influence on the mind of names and their associations, is powerful enough to blind us to the difference in their connotation. It is hard to think of a William or a Henry as otherwise than an Englishman—a fellow-countryman, and not only *ὁμόφυλος* but *ὁμοιοπαθής*. The whole land shows traces of their glory and grandeur; their memories are built up into the most stately specimens of English architecture, and have descended to us as an inheritance along with their works. But of themselves no relics are left in the manners of modern times;

there is a line between us and them, as deep and strongly marked as between the style of William of Malmesbury and that of Hume. What they were we can hardly discover. It is not so much the deficiency of records and facts which obstructs our view, as of the instinct of relationship, and the community of thought and feeling. The position of a modern clergyman is not more alien from that of Dunstan or Lanfranc than a peer of Parliament differs from a baron of King Stephen's council.

The manner in which their chroniclers ignore the existence of anything like a system of government, or a constitution, is equally remarkable. We take up Hume, and contemplate ages remote indeed from our own in refinement and cultivation, and most remote in *régime*; but yet we see that the country described is England. The same principles of criticism are applied to everything there as to modern affairs. The relations, it is true, of king, nobles, and commons, are very different; but relations there are between the different estates fixed and determined in a way. We explain the contrast between them and ourselves there indicated, by the tendency of the author's theory to supply non-existent links to connect actual facts. If we hope to rectify that fault by examining the original authorities, we find ourselves directly involved in far deeper perplexities. The monarchical authority we recognise as practically far from arbitrary, as subject to continual aggression on the part of the barons; but that is only a casual coincidence between ourselves and them, a state of things deducible from a condition of general confusion, rather than from a nicely-balanced scheme, and, we may say, the constitution's suspicion of the sovereign's ambition. We discover no reference anywhere to the sway over all ranks, in their several relations, of order and government, and scarce a trace even of the conception of a community obeying and protected by law. But the shadows are too deep and clustering, and the lights too sudden and fitful, to allow us to accept the narrative as absolutely true. As no nation could have retained a possibility of future order under such a storm of confusion, or any race preserved, in such a state of things, so far the essentials of its nature, as to emerge eventually as the Saxon did, so the transition from the first four kings of the Norman House to the legal government of Henry II., and the influence of the burgesses in the following reigns, even though the one were an age of conquest, and the other of the new system then inaugurated, is too abrupt and violent to be real. A sort of truth there is in the narrative. Not a single atrocity or act of desperate courage, or self-abnegation, need we reject as fictitious. An age of barbarism furnishes abundance of such particulars; an age of barbarism, with the relations of victor and defeated conjoined, furnishes even more. The very legends of sorcery we need

not obliterate from the record of wonders. As a point of history, it is the effect upon the nation of the belief in them, which is to be the one fact marked; and there can be no question that each marvel described was credited by the neighbourhood with implicit faith. We do not dispute the details, but the conclusion, that these are, in their present and actual state, the groundwork of English history.

Yet it is very difficult to bring the mind into that attitude of prejudice against the veracity of the writers proper for the student of history. It is from the completeness of the harmony between the men themselves and their times, that the danger arises; that which is a chief merit in the historian, becomes a sort of pitfall, in certain circumstances, to the reader. For a chronicler to have been trained up in association with the manners and spirit of the nation he is to portray, yet to have become emancipated, in his own individuality, from that sympathy which destroys free agency, is an unadulterated good. Thucydides, an Athenian, and an Athenian statesman, wrote temperately of Athens, but he wrote when he had lost in exile any superabundant partisanship in favour of his country. Livy, as a rhetorician, told the tale of old Rome; and Tacitus had learnt from the Stoics to look upon his fellow-citizens with the eye of a satirist. Herodotus, indeed, was not elevated above his contemporaries by any such essential differences; but the contemplation of many distinct races and types of feeling, with the independence of a man who owned a people but no *city*-fatherland, had endued him with what we may term a habit of critical intuition, rather than a deliberate design to criticise, which placed him in a very different position to monks, whose eyes might wander over a larger space than those of their fellow-countrymen, but who still were trained to regard all things as enveloped in one same, and that a rather unnatural atmosphere.

The manifest good faith, even the amiable weaknesses of the latter, interest and, as it were, prejudice us against incredulity. The air of quaintness, not the accident of a difference in age, but a natural stiffness and want of facility in thinking or composing, rather than in feeling, indicates genuine simplicity, and seems to arise from incapacity to flatter their readers' particular bias, or to go out of their way to impress with a sense of the author's genius. The *naïve* affectation of authorship somewhat incongruously blending with this, is not displeasing. They write with a kind of authority, as the legitimate instructors of their age, and, yet more, as men selected to carry down to posterity the chain of tradition. We do not find any laboured theory, any painful controversies as to the reality, or the true significance of facts. What they heard they narrated; and the tale of witch-

craft, or the conversion of water into strong mead, to gratify the hospitable wishes of a not over-pious sovereign, were built into the framework of their story as carefully and undoubtingly as the narrative of the desperate wickedness of a Norman cateran. They hand down to future times the picture of their own as they saw them. All authors' characters may be in some measure elicited from their works; but it is the way in which the deductions are made by which we establish the writer's identity in these days, or by the stress and emphasis he lays, without disguise, upon certain of his data. The monkish historians, on the contrary, did not so much interpret their age as churchmen, and an exclusive caste; their intellectual and moral vision was distorted or modified in such a manner as only to receive particular images. They are perfectly natural from the entirety of their prejudices, just as persons, some physically and others mentally, see all things as of one or two colours. The delineation is, at the same time, true and false; but the errors are rather of omission than of commission. It gives the features as they appeared from one point of view. Paradox as it may seem, it is the most deceptive of all untrue representations, from the sincerity of the artists, and that ignorance of the existence of other points of view, which, by stifling the suggestion to their minds of premises different from those on which they argued, has barred the creation of such internal evidence against himself, as arises from the *lacunæ* and suppressions of a consciously one-sided historian. A life, in many of its elements, full of the essence of poetry; serene and tranquil, but cherished and animated into enthusiasm and personal interest by piety, which, at all events, shone like a glow-worm amid the barbarous gloom of those ages, is a common attribute of the whole series of chroniclers. The scope of their histories was curtailed at their outset by a deficiency in experience of other phases of being, and by familiarity with one aspect, which of itself could satisfy all their aspirations. Mystery, and an authorized belief in the direct and traceable intervention of demons in the events of daily life, fed their imagination. We feel a sort of repugnance to writers narrating, for the sake of effect, facts which they do not themselves credit. It even requires some native credulity and capacity for beguiling the mind into a temporary belief of its truth, to compose a happy fairy tale. There is something a great deal worse in a history full of occurrences, told as though they were credible, by an author whom we know to be himself perfectly sceptical respecting them. Livy and Arnold, composing respectively in an age of rhetoric and an age of common sense and reasonableness, with their elaborate attempt to write down to the primitive simplicity of the legends of old Rome, overspread them with a monotony and apparent

childishness which they escape, when under the caustic criticism of Niebuhr himself. We at once detect a want of candour in the former, and are put upon our guard. But William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger of Wendover, embodied in the course of their history miracles and portents, not so much because they pleased their readers as because they interested and delighted themselves. Their class monopolized, it is true, the learning of their country and time; and they were fully aware of their pre-eminence, and of their obligation as national educators. Still, they were of the same race and country—of the same age. They were not like the Romans, who spread themselves over the face of the earth, on a mission of material cultivation, nor, like the disciples of Loyola, the intellectual oracles of savage tribes. Lanfranc and Anselm were superior in the quality of their endowments to those they came to rule or to battle with; but the monkish chroniclers were simply the highest representatives of English education and sentiments. The quantity of their gifts was greater than that of their neighbours; the quality was the same. Hence, while they wrote for warriors who loved tales of knights, the heroes of foreign or civil war, and for a regular clergy, concerning saintly celibates and holy men in their earthly bodies transfigured and purified, consulting, in such a selection of the materials of their narrative, their own tastes and perceptions, it chanced that they were identical with those of their readers. One of them may differ from another in his power or wish to amuse the student. William of Malmesbury is more eager to achieve this object than the much more veracious Florence of Worcester; but his digressions are still on the same topics as the body of the work.

As far as he and his compeers are concerned, it would be difficult, without the clue supplied by the actual result, to anticipate the generation of Edward III., or even John, from the era of the Conqueror and his sons. They were, indeed, in a most exceptional position,—spectators, not actors, in a period abandoned to activity run wild into anarchy. They are themselves precluded from direct personal intervention in the strife, while coming in contact perpetually with the noise and tumult of it. Finally, though spectators only, they were often spectators of the same kind with a slandered dame in their own age, forced to commit reputation and life to the chances of a combat. Though their hands were tied, their emotions could scarcely be equally tranquil, when the prize in the struggle of the barons might be their own abbey. Had they been personally mixed up in the embroilments they describe, there would have been more bitterness in the account; they would have been less serenely condemnatory. Had they been spectators, and nothing else, they must have dis-

played more of philosophy or apathy. As spectators, and of such a species, they did not trouble themselves with searching out general principles, or generalizing on the characteristics of classes with which they had themselves nothing in common. They deal only in the fortunes of the great men of the land, of the contests of powerful corporations maintained by individual champions. These events and their heroes caught their attention. As monks and members of the mighty ecclesiastical community, they were brought into contact or collision with the only antagonistic force in the kingdom, and, indeed, in Europe—the spirit as yet inchoate, and not silvered over with the delusive charm of chivalry—the spirit of feudalism.

Though thus representing the martial phases of the time, they write in a tone of conscious superiority to kings and nobles, inspired as well by the sense of actual and material power, as by the whole tenor of their education and relations with the world at large. As the high birth of some, as of the 'patrician' Ethelwerd and William of Malmesbury, preserved them from the debasing influence of petty cares and inconveniences, which press most heavily in an age of semi-civilisation, so they were sheltered, as simple monks, from the opposite danger of contamination by recourse to principles of expediency and the low arts which the bishops and mitred abbots of the Conqueror's council conceived themselves justified by their object in using. Roger of Wendover certainly was prior of a small house, but for that post he was found so inefficient that he was deposed by the lordly head of St. Alban's. They pass judgment on the course of events, not with the coldness of men of alien interests, but often with passion and enthusiasm. But the word 'sympathy' would hardly seem to express their feeling towards the agents in the struggles which they portray. It is rather as though they were indulging their own curiosity in ransacking the stores of tradition or hearsay preserved in their memories, and had been startled by the discovery there of some record of crime or some legend of miraculous sanctity. They are at once too deeply and too little interested in their own times to be trustworthy authorities as to the true character of this, the well-spring of English history; too deeply, to seek for causes rather than effects; too superficially or indirectly, to give their attention equally to all, even of the latter, that so we might be able to trace our way back for ourselves to the state of society of which such events were the results. They stood, as it were, on an island, a little removed from the breaking of the surf, just so far that they could not watch the ebbing of the tide as well as its flow, but not far enough to make the comparative height of the breakers indistinguishable.

Old times and new were contemplated by those of them who wrote under a Norman dynasty (and of these especially we are speaking), as penetrated by the same laws of action, and to be brought under the same canons of criticism. Hume speaks most disdainfully of the old eras in English history, as though only subjects for archæological consideration. Even the Stowes and the Bakers, with impudent affectation, intimate their contempt for these old-world days, while they justify their sneers by their own burlesqued exaggerations of traditionary fables. To all these whatever is past becomes antiquated, and to be judged by different principles to the present. It is very different with the chroniclers nearer the events. They talk of times removed from their own by a gap made still more impassable by the *débris* of changed manners, laws, literature, language, constitution, and race, which but half fill it up, as though those times actually were their own. Their lanterns shed the same dim lustre over one portion as over another. They relate to Norman clergy and Norman youth the deeds of a very dissimilar people, just as though the laws of Edward were still the laws of England. The distinctions between the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman government are as definite and important as the line of demarcation can be between two separate nations exposed to the influence of similar circumstances. The historians' powers of discrimination were held in bondage, and their gaze contracted to the compass of the conspicuous features which had stamped themselves equally on both periods. They wrote of the change of rulers as though it had not amounted to a revolution; as if it had been a substitution of kings rather than of constitutions; because they saw the, for those ages, golden bridge of monachism then as later spanning the abyss, and the permanence of lawlessness by the side of law as an equally recognised power.

It is to their praise that they do not seem to have intended to follow out any especial theory, that the fortunes of the Church formed the centre of their narrative, because it occupied that place in the age itself, and that the course of events is illustrated with wonders, because they themselves believed implicitly in such phenomena. Still, unconsciously, they were under the yoke of a theory as completely and servilely as Hume, though not equally aware that they were striving to demonstrate its truth. The conditions under which they composed compelled them to represent two series of phenomena, the long arm of monachism and an almost legalized illegality, as being, though in fact permanent causes in every European kingdom of the same periods, national peculiarities and sufficient characteristics of our England. These conditions forced them to describe their country in almost the same terms as they might have described France; and to ignore

the elements of change fermenting at the heart and root of society. We must remember the state both of literature and civilisation on which they had fallen. In some epochs the favourite species of literature is poetry; in some, as the latter end of the last and beginning of the present century, fiction; in others, as the middle ages on the continent of Europe, and, in this country, the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, philosophy; in some, history. That is to say, each section of time has usually a popular study—a branch of letters which that portion of the nation, which affects to feel interest in anything of the sort, attaches itself to. In truth, there is a fashion in the choice of the instruments of education. The object sought is not usually anything eccentric or novel; it is simply either instruction or amusement. The form, or rather the title of the work, is the only thing prescribed; the authors are allowed to follow the bent of their genius as to the details. Sometimes the popular taste plays the tyrant; it forced Dryden to devote himself to the only kind of literature alien to his powers. More commonly it is a gentler taskmaster, and suffers writers to whom it may have dictated an epic to sing, as Virgil, a series of bucolic episodes, or brilliant descriptions. It is just the same as with the revolutions of party spirit. At one moment a state appears given up absolutely to one phase of feeling, at another to the contradictory. Moralists wonder at the fickleness and caprice of the human mind, as though each individual in a people were a free agent—free, that is, not only to act, but to think for himself, deliberately choosing a course of policy, and therefore responsible for his hasty dereliction of principle in favour of its opposite. The number of real partisans does not vary in this proportion. So with literature. As many of a poetical, as many of a philosophical, as many of romantic tendencies exist in the band of writers, though the result of their varying energies wears the same outward form. This form itself is determined by the circumstances of the country. The era of the Conquest both found and left literature in the stage beyond that in which rude narrative-poetry satisfied all the intellectual cravings. Some classes, at least, had acquired a taste for verses higher than ballads, through the introduction among them of the literature of Rome. The class of authors, too, had begun to disdain the floating fame of ballad or romance writers. Neither their readers nor their own powers were in a fit state as yet for poetry of the higher degree, while history served both themselves as food for the imagination, and their countrymen as their organ of education which no foreign literature can supply.

As we might have anticipated, it was adapted to the tastes of the classes which furnished the majority of the students, and

tinged with the tone of the order which alone possessed learning. It was poetical, because all narratives of passion at once developed in action, where the links of the process are not given, are of the essence of poetry. It was not the philosophy of history, because in a condition of change—an age of legalized passion—no settled principles of politics could have been followed in practice, or the habit of looking for them trained, either in the reader or the writer. The philosophy of history is the last, if not the highest stage in philosophy. The 'Republic' of Plato and the 'Politics' of Aristotle were its last great result. It did not suggest the premises of social science, because the most prominent *personæ* and the authors were of different ranks with dissimilar and, in some degree, mutually unintelligible or uninteresting social types. Our chroniclers could only guess at the sentiments even of the knights; the characters and manners of the third and fourth classes, the burghers and the rustics, were thoroughly incomprehensible to them. Political economy and legislation would necessarily be excluded from the annals of an age when warriors and feudal nobles were the lawgivers, and a knowledge of the simplest organic laws of trade was virtually forbidden to all but citizens. As the impetus of martial spirit had not by this time subsided, or been tempered by connexions of the conquerors with the more peaceful orders, and as their rule, the rule of conquest, was still a system, in practice, of courts-martial; so those who had the monopoly of letters, while they hated commerce as a sin, and despised its votaries as neither manly nor pious, felt a pride in owing no obedience to the laws of the land. The men of literature among them were necessarily acted upon by all these impulses. They were, besides, the poets of their day. 'Art is long,' and poetry was not yet grown to be the study of a life. They of scientific genius had their scholastic metaphysics, the others found their proper sphere, and a sufficiently wide scope in the chronicle. Its laws were not rigid or exclusive ones; they gave ready admittance into the pages of history, to the rumours of magic, or the better founded story of individual violence. They did not thrust back a mass of details because they were all of the same character, and one-sided, to make room for others, showing that the phases of the time were more than one. The author of that date was compelled, by every one of the circumstances under which he wrote, to accept the popular theory of history, to make it the register of acts, and not of manners; of crimes and wonders. He possessed no data or statistics for the achievement of the higher aim of his art,—the illustration of the gradual development of the progress of society out of the varying relations of classes; neither, certainly, had he the will. He would have probably thought it as degrading to investigate the revolutions as to

ideas among burghers and peasantry as, we are assured by one of the Aristotelian commentators of the last generation, the haughty Greek philosophers esteemed it to begrime their faces over the furnace of a laboratory. For we must recollect that the monks formed a ruling class, governing as corporations, it is true, not as individuals, but with the spirit and the pride of the community reappearing in its entirety in each member. It was not even possible for them to suspect that they were in error, that their narratives of victories and defeats were inconclusive and objectless, as intimating nothing as to the triumph or the rejection of principles. They were too near the events of their own period to see or anticipate the maturing of the germs of peace and order beneath the confusion of barons' noisy brawlings; to discover, further, that the spirit which effervesced in civil war was destined to enjoy a real and more stable influence hereafter as an element in the elaboration of the vaster and profounder sentiment beneath. They have represented the Norman as a being so altogether unlike the modern Englishman, and so predominant, to the exclusion of any trace of the old inhabitants, that we feel inclined to regard him as a form of existence to which we have no relation, and England as nothing but his temporary battlefield, from which he has now for ever disappeared.

A process, a series that is, of circumstances, can only be surveyed from a distance. It has to be glanced at as one fact before the parts of it can be examined one by one. The eyes of our chroniclers were dazzled with the glancing of events before them. When everything is considered in detail, the great single facts of course excite more attention, as they fill a larger space than the lesser ones, though to the sum of these latter the main effect may be owing. But they were not too near the Anglo-Saxon period. The crimes, the policy, even the wars of that people, ought to have worn in history a very different form to those of their successors. We might have expected to find in the narrative of those days something more than a chronological series of anecdotes. We know, from Bede, and from Asser's life of Alfred, books penetrated with a genuine nationality, that much more was to be learnt of that time and of our forefathers. Not from want of matter, but of interest, the writers of the Norman era speak of the thane and ceorl as of their own earls and vassals, ignoring legislation and police, as though the normal state of being, both before and after the Conquest, were sacrilege and murder. They were absorbed in the present; they could not discern any dissimilarity between it and the past. They were members of the mightiest and most unchanging corporation Europe has ever beheld, and had the *esprit de corps* in its highest and noblest shape. The same interests which their order had pursued originally, it

pursued now. Then they had been the great counterpoise to the element of perturbation, infused by an unsystematic aristocracy; now they were the antagonists of the same systematized and concentrated by feudalism. Each link in the chain which bound them to the past was the creation of the past. When talking of the Anglo-Saxon times, they scarcely perceived that they were in a different atmosphere. It is necessary to glance over in succession William of Malmesbury's Anglo-Saxon, and then his modern history, to understand this. The very pass by which they emerged from the one period into the other was such, that it marred the effect of their investigations with an invincible prejudice. Chronicles by a burgher of those times would be different. They might show us a corporation in process of formation, and gaining, first protection, then dominion. But the monastic corporation sprang, full-grown and armed, into life; they held nearly the same relation to the kingdom at large under Dunstan, as they did under Anselm. A monk, writing of the former age in the latter, could not compose under different laws and rules, or discover other and different subjects of interest. He saw no reason for the search; furthermore, he had, as a monk, no data. The burgher historian whom we have imagined, might have, from the existing institutions of his country, traced his way back to their origin in distant times. The precocious strength and maturity of the monastic bodies, and their undeviating rules, made all times wear the same air and semblance in their eyes.

If, as imaginative men, and as monks, they were fascinated by the spectacle of the impulses of passion having their issue in action, and of piety directly and visibly rewarded, the learning of an older and more civilised nation which they had imbibed, had no tendency to unteach them this bias. Their acquirements were not of that sort, at once practical and scientific, which serve to illustrate all subjects. Knowledge of the Roman constitution did not help them to study the signs and essays of the Englishman after a higher form than his present system. On the contrary, this very learning, though it furnished England with noble models for the taste, excited a perilous emulation in our historians. It made them, despairing as they necessarily did of demonstrating any affinity between rude freedom and Roman policy, contemptuous and neglectful of the materials they possessed. No heroic conflicts between two rival nobilities (for who can look on the mighty tribunes of the Plebs as factious, low-born demagogues?) could be discovered in the sullen obstinacy of an oppressed Anglo-Saxon or British peasantry. The gradual unwreathing of the elaborate law of feudalism had no charm for men who considered it as the rival of their favourite *jus civile*, which had never become obsolete, and as a tyrannic power striving to subject

to itself the canon law, let alone its unreasonable and pedantic technicalities. But the calm, lofty spirit of bishops and abbots, the same under the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman dynasties, was their pride. It engrossed their sympathies—it satisfied all the thirst of a simple and poetical imagination. Recklessness, and a surly magnanimity, even an audacious impiety, which yet was not infidelity, but rather a wild defiance of a power of which, to their confusion, they felt a certain awe; these qualities of the race and the followers of Cerdic and of Rolla, who 'were brave men, though pertinacious in sinning against God,' roused the fearful curiosity and, sometimes, the admiration of writers, who, though apart from, still maintained a kind of *rapprochement* to, the world, and some of whom were Normans as well as clergy. Their learning did not make them despise, as heroes of history—even though they had perjured themselves before God and man,—kings, about whom it could be said as about Stephen, 'He, like a roaring lion, alone remained in the field; no one dared to encounter him; gnashing with his teeth, and foaming like a mountain boar, he repulsed with his battle-axe the troops that assailed him.' Danish massacres, and martyred kings and bishops, spotless virgins dedicated from their birth to heaven in an age of frantic debauchery, monks of noble, some of royal birth, but who did not refuse to spurn the grandeur and the principles of which they were heirs, were topics which had a grandeur about them, and might be placed, without shame, by the side of records of Gallic hordes, and the deeds of the Camilli and Gracchi of Rome.

It is vain to argue that the Anglo-Saxon times, and the period succeeding the Conquest, were states of transition, that, consequently, individual energy and sagacity were then supreme. The charge against the old chroniclers is, that they do not indicate the fact that changes were in progress. They give a picture of a mere chaos, not of a chaos in progress of being consolidated by individual genius; they make it hard for us to recognise the influence of Alfred even upon the next generation. But, even in that age, individuals had not superseded society. As, if we shake a bag of loose sand, the larger grains rise to the surface, so, the nearer society is to its first rudiments, and the greater the tumults and disorder of all things, the more conspicuous becomes the influence of single minds. Still, as with the sand so with them; the spirits, which seem to have sway by their own independent volition, accomplish their ends by the help of the crowd over which they domineer; and, in fact, acquire their mass by representing aggregates of lower elements. Sometimes, as in epochs of the higher cultivation, men act collectively; sometimes, and it was so in the day of the chroniclers and before, one takes

upon himself to be the deputy of the rest. They were too near the scene, too interested in the result, and too contemptuous of details, in themselves insignificant, to remark that there were *regular steps* by which their heroes gained their eminence. Their whole idea of the nature of history gives a charm to the composition, and made it popular among persons who would have received but coldly anything affecting an air of scientific research. But the writers adopted the plan because they themselves partook of the tastes of the times, not to get an audience. It was with less unconsciousness, but not with less simplicity, that they followed classical models in the form of their narrative; they evidently thought that they were composing grave, serious history, and introduce occasional episodes, confessedly with the design of amusing the exhausted reader. Holding the position, as it were, of professors of history in their several monasteries, each intended his work to be a complete course of history for the historical students in that monastery. Therefore, they embodied the works of former chronicles, sometimes with, sometimes without acknowledgment, but always without a thought of the possibility of being reproached for plagiarising. But, with this practical end before them, they also designed their volumes for *ἀγῶνες εἰς ἀεί*, and, consequently, as in an epic, introduced anecdotes and legends. But there is in them, at the same time, too much of the appearance of art, and too little true art, to deceive. Their great model seems to have been Livy. To them Roman literature was an infallible authority in matters of taste; it stood in the place, and was regarded in the light of a modern standard of style. From this confusion of an actual condition of existence, rude and savage to a degree, with learning borrowed from an age of high civilisation, arises a curious confusion. The reader sees behind the scenes. Things new and old are strangely intermingled; and the author, like the conductor of a puppet-show, can be observed glancing round, and palpably astonished at the effect he produces. The contrast of the 'method,' artificial and elaborate, with the materials it serves to arrange, is startling. Livy decks his exposition of bygone constitutional quarrels with mythological stories not meant to be believed in. It was his object to produce a work of art, not to deceive; to give illustrations of the state of feeling and the simple manners of the people he was describing, not to express his own belief. The chroniclers, on the contrary, write in the spirit of Herodotus, but at the same time mimic the Roman in their desire to compose history after a regular system, not to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, but to use up all their store of learning for the admiration of their contemporaries. But the anecdotes they insert, by way of episode, resemble the traditions of Numa and the Tarquins, por-

tents in the heavens, speaking oxen, and showers of blood, only in so far as they were introduced with the same object, viz. to give rest to the student's mind. They also are of miracles and prodigies, but of wonders in which the narrator had himself faith. Neither does there exist between them and the real topics of the history any opposition; they are as much its theme as anything else is. An ambitious tribune and a Heaven-sent raven are certainly an antithesis; but legends concerning the unconsumed bodies of saints and martyrs, blood flowing at the touch of the murderer, and compacts with the Father of Evil, blend not ill with records of wars with the Infidel, and horrible cruelties at home; with tales of kings who took a strange delight in blaspheming at the mysteries of religion; and with contests arising from the initiation of a new system upon the ruins of the old, signified by portents which are incorporated with the body of the work.

To us it seems somewhat gratuitous for an author to promise a tale of magic or of strange events happening abroad, as a relief to the tediousness of a record of deeds as alien to our experience as anything could well be. To contemporary readers there could have been as little variety. It only shows, not indeed that the entire narrative was designed for an historical romance, but how imbued and penetrated were the minds of these writers with the tone of their times; how we must beware of anticipating from them impartial criticism on those times, or accepting the facts they have collected as the sum of a patient and unbiassed investigation. The general form and fashion of the histories, and the apparent *stand-point* taken up by the authors, are our clearest evidences as to the character of the nation, and the point of view for considering the period itself. Some of our historians have been critics and commentators on history—some are original narrators. The phenomenon, in the case of *these men*, is, that they seem, in the simplicity of their hearts, to have imagined themselves masters of the whole mystery and art of historical composition, when they were only annalists. Possession of the learning of a more highly cultivated epoch does not raise men above all the prejudices of a ruder one. It is just the same with our early chroniclers as it might be with a mass of crystals cut externally into a shape not their own; the component parts will keep their natural form. So an historical method and a regular style could not make evident to the writers the necessity of looking out for more suggestive details.

Both the theory of history, which they were taught by the circumstances of the period and their profession, and the disposition to imitate Livy, render it impossible to accept their narrative as giving a genuine and complete picture of old England. Between it and modern Britain would indeed seem to lie a great gulf of

mystery, were it altogether certain that the chasm separating us from our ancestors has not been converted into so impassable a morass by the apparent credibility and plausibleness of men like William of Malmesbury. Is there anything in those times, as they have delineated them, which is English?—is there anything which is modern? Is it only in name that Alfred, and Harold, and Hereward are our countrymen, and of our race? For, all over the world, patriots have struggled, as they did, for freedom; and the notices of the bold hearts of alien prelates, Lanfranc and Anselm, read marvellously like the legends of Dunstan. Are there traces, however dim and faint, of English idiosyncrasies in the old English, or is it from thinking ourselves of their blood and inheritors of their character, that we have become so? For a history, even a ballad of Robin Hood and his men, if only believed in as truly representing the race, has a tendency to prove itself by modifying in the same direction national feeling.

Indomitable energy and strength of will is the one marked feature in the great men of the chronicles. Their Anglo-Saxon heroes have it as well as their Normans; and every incident brings it into bold relief. It is the especial attribute of the dark ages of every people, and tells us nothing about the peculiar nature of that in which it manifests itself. Prominent and conspicuous in the throng of other qualities, it obscures all the rest. Unscientific annalists had their gaze necessarily attracted by it; the fear that at any moment it might be concentrated in a storm against their own monastery, fixed and heightened their interest in its manifestations. But one other quality, and that one far less distinctly marked, appears on the face of the chronicles as a national characteristic of the two races. It is a love of system, strangely concurring and coincident with a love of destruction, and not neutralizing, but almost unnaturally blending with it. Here, at last, we put our hands on a distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods, and discover something analogous to the English character, whatever it may be to its modern aspect. The monks show us their founders readily catching up and carrying forward the great idea of religious centralization. They show us monarchs, Anglo-Saxon and Norman, Alfred as strongly and vigorously as the tyrannical Conqueror, striving to infuse a system and unity into a fragmentary kingdom, and fix a nationality with the powerful cramps of law. We recognise English tendencies in the earnestness and determination with which, like the Romans, Englishmen, whether Saxons or Normans, carried their country and institutions wherever they went, first to Britain, and thence to Scotland.

With much which is Tartar-like or Turkish in their nature, the Normans exhibit, in the highest degree, this resolution not to

rest satisfied with adherence to their own customs in a foreign land ; but to make every foot of ground, where they forced an entrance, pervious to the scarcely less substantial and material influence of their manners and code. By the light of their actions and their history, in later times here, and at an earlier date in France, we can discover numerous indications of this lurking in every corner even of the monkish chronicles. But there was a certain difference between the systematizing of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman, which produced this effect—that the Norman method is only to be traced in our annals by its results, while that of the elder race was so pronounced and ingrained in their nature, that it forced itself on the notice of these writers, and can be seen in its source and springs. The Normans, like their Scandinavian ancestors, were borne onwards by the uncontrollable impetus of their nature to new scenes and conquests. In their proud resolution to keep what they had won, and, above all, in their disdain of everything unlike themselves and their customs, they dragged all within the sphere of rigid, uncompromising formulas. Their efforts were in the direction of order ; but they all had the look and the bearing on the time which saw them exerted of aggression and violence, as they were, in fact, the offspring of an unscrupulous selfishness. They did not appear so much to be replacing anarchy with law, though their law was in the end stronger to put down confusion, as to be expelling the old law. Between the latter and their institutions, as there was but little natural affinity, so neither did they attempt to invest them with an adventitious appearance of resemblance. The policy of the monarchs was, in theory at least, more conciliatory ; but the local potentates cared but little for precedents and customs of obsolete authority, and even seemed in many cases proud of exaggerating the changes, to show their power and the prerogative of conquerors. Hence the rarity of any indication that the chroniclers did perceive that something in the way of reconstruction was going on. The more prominent aspect of things was demolition ; the ruins hid the scaffolding. Yet more ; with their theory of history, the legislative tendencies would naturally have but a small share of their attention. The very absence of notice respecting them is valuable, as being a strong negative proof of the distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and Norman disposition ; and negative proofs are the only ones we can expect, under the circumstances, to find. It was only gradually that the nobles, the sole secular personages in these Homeric battles, became bound by the laws which they introduced and administered ; they were now making the road, and had no intention of returning and conducting their traffic along it ; they made it, not as farmers for themselves, but as a Parliament for others.

The Anglo-Saxon love of law cannot, on the contrary, be concealed. The chronicles of these earlier times are, from various causes already suggested—viz. the habit of considering acts, not men or manners, the barbarism of the country, and a natural slowness in detecting differences in policy and constitution when all about themselves was unchanged—a record of objectless lawlessness and violence. It is still more loathsome, perhaps, than that of Norman fury, from its more domestic and treacherous character. Nevertheless, from Egbert and earlier, they are chronicles of a perpetual struggle between order and disorder. In the midst of rapine and tyranny, the counterpoise of law, sometimes a stronger, sometimes a weaker agency, was recognised; and the same men who perpetrated the greatest illegalities we find at other times allowing, by their conduct, that they were illegalities and violations of an existing rule, though for the time latent. These Saxons appear, on the evidence of writers themselves writing under Norman influences, to have conceived, first, the theory of a *régime*, and then to have exerted their will to carry it out; so that the theory, as something formed for and not after its subject-matter, was less destructive and more comprehensive, though necessarily with inferior oneness and exactness of detail. The line of their kings is far less grand and showy than the Norman; there is something which fascinates—something of the gigantic even in the follies and puerilities of these intractable French ‘berserkers.’ But then a less interval separates the little and the great monarchs of the former dynasty. The Conqueror was a mighty statesman, original, and ready at once to create the plan and grasp the details; he had in him much of the spirit of Charlemagne. But then to pass to his elder sons, Robert and William—what a miserable contrast! Both were accomplished warriors, and the latter, at least, inherited to the full his father’s stern will; but will without genius is little else but unvarying wilfulness. The combination of originality of conception with patience in the application was not a national feature of the Norman race; it was, where it appeared, the peculiar attribute of a family, and the Conqueror’s house, it must be acknowledged, had an undue share of it. It seemed to be a national property, because always, where it did manifest itself, found united indissolubly, and with great results, to that energy and strong-mindedness which was the portion of the nation. The lineage of Cerdic produced several sovereigns greater than the greatest of the later line; and even the weakest showed vaguely and dimly relationship to the nobler representatives. They had vices; many of them were imbecile; they committed great crimes; the best were at times murderers, fratricides, and adulterers; but they sinned as it were by stealth, and with a capacity for

feeling the stings of conscience. The instinct of government was strong among them, and oppression went by its right name, nor wore the guise of the introduction of a new law. When a king played the tyrant, he was checked by the authority of his thanes; when Tosti ground down the Northumbrians, his subjects expelled him, and his brother justified their act. They were used to chronic confusion, even to anarchy; but the guilt lay at the doors of the whole nation; they sinned by common consent, and against knowledge, and the venerable chronicler of the race confesses that the Conquest was felt to be the fitting scourge of their transgressions. When a great man arose in the dynasty he manifested his greatness as a legislator, rather than as a conqueror. Alfred, and even Athelstan, did not attempt to annihilate or expel, but to incorporate the Danes; they incorporated them, not to secure a body of armed mercenaries, for they allowed them their own rulers, but to create a strong bulwark for England. The idea of law and government was deep-rooted in the Anglo-Saxon nature; when the personal incidents of energy and genius were added to it, it budded and germinated in action. Material and territorial centralization was not the object of their efforts. From Egbert to the Conqueror, England was suffered to retain its separate departmental government, after a manner which would have horrified a Norman statesman. The object of a Saxon lawgiver was to introduce one code, the same on all substantial points, and only on those, into every corner of the kingdom, not by extending violently the existing ones, but by assimilating and harmonizing all. We hear of different systems of law in the realm; but these different systems gradually became fixed on a common basis, and had their points of contrast so softened down as to be capable of readily amalgamating with the body of English common law.

Compared with the achievements of the Conqueror and the Plantagenets, the issue of Alfred's wars seems tame and almost a disappointment. Success, which resulted only in the nominal subordination of a horde of savage Danes, and the actual cession to them, under the government of their admiral, of a fair expanse of territory, a policy which in Charles of France was termed pusillanimity, scarce satisfies our notion of a triumph. When we find that these Danes did gradually merge their special nationality in that of their new country, and that their victor left at his death the same general principles of jurisprudence recognised over the whole kingdom, that, finally, he had discovered springs of learning and indigenous cultivation in the land, we perceive why his reign is a landmark in our history, and deserving of all the epithets and eulogiums which the historians of the Norman period heap upon it. In fact, the general consent

of tradition, and an instinctive perception of something grand in its character, however unlike the Norman standard of grandeur, made them write as they do of this reign, rather than anything which they could themselves see in it so worthy of remark. In vain do they attempt to explain the epoch by glossing over the prince's defeats as owing to no fault of his, and by attributing to his statemanship the originating of institutions which came over with Hengist and Horsa. As before, the negative evidence is more fruitful than the positive; the traditions of the paramount excellence and fame of a monarch ordinarily in reverse and danger, indicate of themselves some merit other than could have been displayed in war.

So with the reign of Edward the Confessor. Surely his rule was not prosperous. We look upon him with interest as the last of his line, but with a sort of pitying blame, as half guilty of the ruin of his house. The chroniclers lavish praise on his memory and administration; but the stories they lay emphasis upon as justifying their panegyrics, only show a meek but weak-spirited man of the temperament of Henry VI., and, like him, unfitted for the duties of king in a troubled land. Yet, after all, the signs of this weakness and infirmity of purpose are few and ambiguous; at least, his unkingly mildness produced the effects of policy. He tolerated the betrayer of his brother; but that noble and his house were beyond the reach of the firmest prince's open vengeance. No satisfactory evidence is adduced that he who pardoned the seeming contrition of his enemy, and forebore to criticise too severely his apology for an act done in obedience to a king *de facto*, allowed misgovernment or oppression, except in the solitary instance of his sympathy with the tyrannical insolence of Eustace of Boulogne. His historians, sickening at the spectacle of blood and slaughter stretching from their own day far back into the past, revelled in the few oases of tranquillity on their road. With the natural inclination to compound together the mean and the extreme nearest to it, in their hostility to its opposite, perhaps from a wish to make the antithesis to the Conqueror's cruelties more striking, they may have exaggerated anecdotes of common prudence or generosity into something like servility and abject tameness. The aversion he was not afraid to exhibit to a wife forced upon him, and his attempt to repress the arrogance of a too powerful family, actuated not by the memory of old private wrongs but monarchical jealousy, betray no such faintheartedness. The nation's lingering love for his memory, and the frequent clamours for a revival of the laws of the Confessor, prove that he, though unlike Alfred no warrior, and perhaps no legislator (for the laws which go by his name are traced to Canute), was, like him, a strict administrator of law, and with

the genuine Anglo-Saxon sentiment of respect for order and regularity.

The two races were unlike each other in their wars as well as in peace. Both were martial, and the history of each is little but a register of battles, sieges, and massacres. But, at the same time, in the later period glimpses burst out of that spirit of chivalry which up to that time had been altogether latent. In Saxon wars there is a roughness quite unknightly; but, with all this, an earnestness and the semblance of nationality and patriotism which was beyond the comprehension of a Norman leader. The bond between Normans was one of common aims, and of the same national character; to this was added gradually the adventitious tie of companionship and the sentiment of loyalty. No home-feeling, no domestic associations, were at the bottom and foundation of their valour. Ages of wandering and adventures had rounded off their character into a strange sort of independence. They were equally at home in Syria or Africa as in Normandy. Indeed, if the names were changed, the history of the first Crusade would read like that of Guiscard's Apulian expedition. This characteristic is sufficiently apparent from the chroniclers; there is no obvious difference between Stephen's wars in England, and Henry II.'s or Richard's and John's in France. Even the ranks of the combatants were not filled with native troops; foreign knights flocked freely to a famous standard, as to a brilliant court; and every pitched battle was looked upon as a species of open lists where nobles might display their maiden prowess. But, throughout all the heroism and crimes of the Anglo-Saxon period, the instinct of affection for home, in which the succeeding race was so deficient, is a marked trait in English warfare. Saxon earls and yeomen never seemed to take pleasure in the mere sound of arms; they always fought for an end; and that end always had relation to their native country. Hence, in their contests there was less attention to forms and rites; there was more ferocity and earnestness. The narrative of the Danish wars and of the intestine brawls of the thanes of that day form a series of anecdotes of brutality. Treachery and frequent massacres, a savour of murder, and all the gross reality of war, are its ordinary characteristics; whereas, over Norman conflict, is spread a half real, half fictitious veil or mist of generosity and magnanimous forbearance. The difference was that which naturally arises between the actions of men who fight for fame, and with whom therefore success is compounded of the material result of their courage and of the reward in public opinion, and of those who fight for life, property, and liberty.

Our chronicles have few greater defects than this—that Anglo-

Saxon kings and bishops are often portrayed in colours borrowed from the hues and scenes of Norman society and feeling. Alfred himself, but seldom, and Athelstan, and, above all, Harold the King, are at times made out to be *knights*,¹ a character most remote from their own sentiments, attributes, and position. But their true nature shines through the frequent tales of perfidy which we read in the annals of those days; above all, the silence as to contests arising out of the mere jealousy of honour, the discovery on all occasions that the moving cause of hostilities was some prosaic end of ambition, distinguishes the Saxon from the Norman epoch by a rough, bold boundary line. It must be confessed that these narratives of our forefathers are deeply tinged with barbarism. The redeeming point in them is the patriotism and determined love of the soil which so often, though by no means always, prompted their acts. The Anglo-Saxons, it cannot be concealed—indeed, it is their best apology—were till the reign of Edward III. still in a state of semi-civilisation. Their pleasures were rough and brutal; their spirit seemed, like that of a wild beast, capable of being cowed into the extremity of meanness and servility; their revenge was cruel, unmanly, and treacherous. In the chronicles the facts related of the two races have no such apparent dissimilarity; but we find, when we look suspiciously at the records, a wide difference between the real bearings of them. To each other the Normans were, as a rule, courteous and magnanimous. Their oppressions were wild, and betokened a love of tyranny and bloodshed for their own sake; but these oppressions were oppressions; they were exercised on men between whom and themselves they did not recognise the existence of any comity, any congruity of relation. They were the mere creatures of their luxury, too low even for resentment; and, when a tract of country was laid waste, not the injury done to the rustic occupant, but their lord, was thought of. To each other, the Saxon nobles, on the contrary, were savage and vindictive, rather than to their inferiors. The proud self-asserting independence of the Norman baron made him treat his equal (for he had a different code of hospitality for a rich captive burgher), when in his power, as a foreign foe, and with openness and frankness. The very idea and latent awe of law implanted in him, caused the Saxon to snatch as it were vengeance from his adversary, and prevented the insensible growth of a regular standard of public opinion to coerce, by legalizing, his assumed prerogative of taking satisfaction for himself.

Thus England has seen two distinct types of national character

¹ The name of knight was known in England before the Conquest; and, in some degree, the tenure by knight's service. Here, 'knight' is used as implying certain qualities and sentiments which were peculiarly Norman.

taking root in the land, mutually antagonistic, both from nature and circumstances, and with every point of difference exaggerated by associations of contemptuousness on the one side, sullen hatred on the other. Yet, if we read the chronicles with that fitting prejudice and suspicion of their impartiality, and habit of giving a Norman aspect to everything, to which we have already alluded, we can discover a certain relation between Englishmen, even Englishmen of modern time, to the Saxon and the Norman, and, at the same time, observe how essential an element was the Norman Conquest in the full development of the Anglo-Saxon capacities. The contrast of the two scenes is indeed remarkable. On the one side, all is triumph and splendour; on the other, disaster and ignominy. The chronicles read like a narrative of the fall and revival of England. From the reign of Egbert, when the nation seemed to have gained a respite from the miseries and mean passions necessary to a state of perpetual intestine conflicts between mutually jealous petty kingdoms, to that of the last Edward, we can see things, gradually but surely, tending to the final degradation of the race consummated in the Conquest. Englishmen may lay themselves open to criticism for a sort of pride they are prone to take in the stirring period immediately succeeding that event, in spite of its being for them an age of usurpation and tyranny; if we be ready to accept at the same time the inheritance of the fame of the pre-Norman epoch, no nation will grudge us the glory of our antecedents. In truth, that state of things in which, with the appliances of material civilisation, even to a kind of rude luxury, the whole mass of the nation from head to foot, with the exception of some among the more exalted clergy, acquiesced in, and indeed seemed sometimes to choose, the enjoyments and obligations of absolute barbarism, is the shame of our race. It shows what a capacity for degradation the Anglo-Saxon nature unadulterated possesses. Only when the spectacle has ceased to be charged with crime and viciousness, in order to darken with reverses, do we detect some redeeming traits in the time, which enable us to accept our ancestry without repining. Those long conflicts with the Danish armies form a thrilling drama. Victory was the exception, not the rule; and yet the contest dragged its slow length along, till the victors coalesced with, or rather sank into, the body of the vanquished. Alfred, as a fugitive from the Northmen; Edmund Ironside forced to succumb to Canute; Harold and Hereward beaten by the kinsmen of those same sanguinary foes, are exemplars of Anglo-Saxon endurance and resolution, which we can contemplate without shame. There is more honour in such honest defeats than in the splendours of that great epoch of the political history of the Saxon monarchy, Edgar's reign, clouded

over as it is with a fratricidal war and the dastardly murder of friends.

The interest attaching to the period is not due to any patriotism on the part of the chroniclers, who wrote under Norman sovereignties. They did not understand the melancholy charm of tragedy, and manifest much more enthusiasm in detailing the magnificence of that same Edgar, the great patron of the regular clergy, than the unsuccessful valour of Ironside. Canute had an equal share of their esteem with any king of Saxon birth; and the ruin of Saxon fortunes roused no excessive sympathy in their breasts. They certainly cared little for Harold, whatever they might do for Alfred; he offended as well their Norman predilections, as their belief in the Divine right of the House of Cerdic. The pathos of the history is due to facts themselves; it could not have been more effective in the general picture of the early annals of the country, had it been the creation of the historian's imagination, and meant to serve as a foil to the Norman period. From those sad scenes of a nation trembling at the sight of a sail upon the horizon, and of kings dealing in fratricide, of the sanctity of convents and churches violated, and the bodies of their inmates exposed to the birds and beasts, of nobles wallowing in debauchery unembellished with the gilding of civilisation, the richer yeomen emulating them in their luxury, and indolence which bore the fruits of cowardice, and the poor abandoned for a perpetual prey to famine and pestilence, we at once emerge, with the Conquest, into scenes of feudal pomp, illustrated by glimpses of, and anticipating the generosity of chivalry. The kingdom no longer lay a spoil for others, but possessed vast dependencies in France, an elaborate system of law, and a princely race of nobles. The most refined luxury concentrated on the erection of noble castles and abbeys the wealth of the whole land; vague stories of a despotic and cruel system were tempered by genuine anecdotes of individual magnanimity, and out-dazzled by the brilliancy of famous deeds performed in the face of banded Christendom against the Infidel, while a dynasty of monarchs, whatever their defects, of right royal will and daring, and with the prestige of conquerors, prompted their nobles' loftiest aspirations. Such as they were themselves, did they make the country in its superficial aspect. England must have presented a magnificent appearance in those days, with its monasteries, princely even before the dawning of the golden age of architecture, surrounded with an atmosphere of learning of which they were the sole repositories, and embosomed in meadows to which they had given artificial fertility, with their mitred abbots, great in the king's council, and not sprung from the people, but allied to the noblest families in the nation, their feudal dependants and retained

knights; with its eleven hundred castles studding every hill-top and river-side, the pomp of religious processions and Mecca-like pilgrimages, cavalcades of steel-clad horsemen, wild forests overshadowing smiling cornfields, and the little tumultuous eddies of condensed trade nestling beneath the minster. The impulse which led to these results had begun with the Conquest; and civil warfare and anarchy served only to speed it on. Never did an exclusive aristocracy maintain its title to its exclusive privileges with a fairer show of right than the Anglo-Norman. Though without much inventive industry, it yet had a capacity for understanding and appropriating ideas. It was the most acquisitive of all races, and the strong will, which mainly distinguished it, created for it abundant occasions for assimilating the thoughts and discoveries of others. It was not satisfied with simply enjoying the spoils, and living by itself as a dominant horde; it would substitute itself for the native aristocracy it had expelled. In the end this turned out for the good of the people at large, by infusing a newer and more vigorous element into the nationality; but, at first, this policy offended the prejudices and affections, and humiliated the pride of the Anglo-Saxon more than greater changes. The chroniclers, the grandeur of whose monasteries was by no means owing to the piety of the invaders, but who were operated upon by new influences due to them, seem to have been fascinated by the power and lordliness of the foreign barons. But there was no occasion for them to exaggerate; the reality, especially when compared with the old state of things, had enough of the element of the picturesque.

Still, the Normans were only pioneers; they worked for another age and people. This is the same country; we recognise the churches those men built, the lingering feudal aspect of their cities, the ruins of their monasteries and castles; but, when we seek for those who built or endowed them, and for traces of their peculiar spirit, we find them gone. They are like the creatures which make the coral reef, and then slip away into nothingness. The old chronicles of France give us an antiquated picture of France, at all events of France down to the Revolution. But the knights and prelates of the English chroniclers' narratives passed away long ago. Up to, but not beyond, the antediluvian wars of the Roses, they can be traced; or we might doubt their existence at any time. The apparition of the Cliffords and Warwicks in the midst of a population and habits of thought and action distantly resembling our own, is a sign that their ancestors are not mere heroes of fiction.

But though that may be sufficient basis and reason for the researches of an antiquary, it does not, by itself, justify the investigations of the historian. We might be curious to know

something of the condition of an extinct race connected with us by the tie of a common country ; but curiosity is not a sufficient ground for binding up the pages of their history with our own. But the relationship between us and the ealdermen and earls, ceorls and villeins, is not of this slight accidental character. Different as are both the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman periods to the English, from the union of the characteristics of the two sprang the present. At first sight, it seems that the only connexion between the fortunes of those races and ourselves is that of physical cause with effect ; our chroniclers indicate no profounder affinity. It would not be hard to show how, in regular and continuous order, the power of the nobles and of the sovereigns served to counterbalance each other by the help of the ecclesiastical force, thrown now into the one, now into the other scale ; how the vigour and resources of the burghers kept day by day gathering independence, and the commerce with the clothiers of the Netherlands made the English yeomanry revive as a class. We can see readily how the present result was attained ; but why those links were supplied in their proper order is more obscure. Those burghers and that yeomanry occupy no place whatever in the contemporary histories. Suddenly they make their appearance in the reigns of John and Henry III. as a powerful body which had more or less directly a right to be consulted in affairs of state. The change is abrupt from the total omission of all mention of their influence to intimations that they were beginning to rank as an estate of the realm. And, if it be objected that the rise into importance of these two classes at so early a period be hypothetical, where, at least, in the chronicles is that mighty body of gentry, the country squires of modern times ? Hints of their existence as an order are thickly sown over the statutes and the annals of the reigns succeeding that of Henry II. Were the modernised landowners, whom we read of as hunting and farming in these later days, the freebooting knights of half a century before ? Can we identify those malevolent spirits of war, the Mandevilles of Stephen's reign, with the justices of the peace under Edward II. and Edward III. ? The great jousts and beams which formed the roof and sides of English society—king, barons, and prelates—are all represented in their full proportions in these histories ; but where are the middle classes which filled up the interstices, and without which no society could exist ? If they had been noticed, however contemptuously, by writers, we must have acquiesced in the conclusion that their privileges and authority did spring out of nothing ; but, as it is, when they are passed by altogether, we are forced to suppose that it did not come within the monks' theory of composition to narrate events regarding those who only

had rank as a class, and enjoyed no prominence as individuals. In truth, they had never disappeared, though oppressed by the storm of the Norman revolution. We should have as much reason to conclude, from these writers' scanty notices of tournaments and festivities, that the barons knew no pleasure but war without intermission, as from the like silence as to the existence of those intermediate ranks, that there was nothing to fill up the gap between the villein and the lord. So it is that only that which is abnormal and out of the way has place in the chronicles. The early history of England, as of all the states formed out of the Roman empire, exhibits a succession of waves overspreading the genuine English stratum; but that foundation of its nationality, though silted over, was never swept away, and as each spring-tide subsided the native rock cropped out from beneath the soil; the attention of the annalists was absorbed by the floods and tempests.

Negative proofs—the non-existence, that is, of sufficient proof of the destruction (not the oppression) of the middle classes at the Conquest, or of their sudden creation after a century's interval—are most generally available on these points. Domesday-book furnishes more positive evidence. But the monks themselves, every now and then, in a character of some king or noble, supply testimony to the same effect, though still indirect. The disposition and policy of Alfred in the Anglo-Saxon period, and in the Norman of the second Henry, are, on the historians' own showing, signs of the concurrent existence of a state of feeling and society very different to that most commonly described in their pages. The greatest men, by displaying in their own persons the ideal of the tone and of those tendencies of the nation which are least temporary and occasional or accidental, anticipate a later age, and evince how, with many special distinctions, it is the lineal successor and heir of the characteristics of the earlier one. To outstrip the age in which its lot is cast, to perceive the shadows thrown back and forwards by another, is a sign and property of genius. These two men possessed this quality in its highest degree, along with a great deal of its force, but in Alfred softened by religion and the self-reliance of a more savage epoch. We can understand from their calm, far-sighted sagacity, and the modern English principles of their policy, that, to act as they did, there must have existed, at all these different eras alike, a certain nucleus of settled and tranquil society, based on the interests of classes which loved peace, far removed from the exaggerated hues in which historians depict the period generally. Both appear to have comprehended the capacity of England for the acquisition of power and the acceptance of a regular constitution, though Alfred, as delineated by the simple graphic pen of

Asser, was the more thoroughly English. Yet Henry, though with some of the attributes of a feudal suzerain, and several of the hereditary qualities of the Conqueror's house, still indicates by his statesmanlike demeanour that one side only of society has been handed down to us by Malmesbury and others. We read that the Norman nobles were disgusted with Henry I. on account of his abstemiousness and temperance, while those habits won over to his side the native population and clergy. So his grandson's astute policy, his circuits and justiciaries, alienated, according to the fierce comments of Radulfus Niger, the favour of his independent suspicious barons, and roused his ruder sons to open rebellion.

But we must be upon our guard against expecting to find (be our investigation as successful as it may, and the chroniclers proved to be altogether one-sided) the representative men of the two periods perfectly alike, much less the times themselves. English society is not the direct successor, either of the one or the other, but of both. Anglo-Saxon perseverance and genius, and Norman vivacity contributed to the result. England is not purely Anglo-Saxon, but it is so obviously not Norman, that our notions respecting it are all based upon the hypothesis that it is the former. The contrary is the case with our views about the relation of the history of the two periods severally to ourselves. The Anglo-Saxon appears to be indefinitely distant from the present. We Anglo-Saxons read of the Edgars and Etheldreds as beings of a different country and sphere. On the other hand, between us and the Norman times seems to subsist an actual relationship founded on the identity of material institutions and customs. Our courts are held in their halls, we worship in their cathedrals, we obey their version of the laws, and even use their official phraseology. We have spoken of them as themselves an extinct race; but conversely of things visible and tangible, everything Saxon is regarded as bearing the same analogy to us as a relic of Druidical rites, as the useless, however curious, monuments, that is, of an obsolete type, like the *ichthyosauri* and *megatheria*. As individuals, we are Anglo-Saxons; as a state we still are Normans. Well may we feel pride even in our adoption, for such it is rather than descent from them, of a people of that strength of will and force of character as to have been able to imprint themselves so deeply upon the face of the country, that, not only are the traces of their power indelible, but that we actually use their institutions and forms as our own.

But the essence of our nationality is Anglo-Saxon. Obedience to law, the love of home, and affection to the soil, the patient elaboration of a conception, the patient resolution in stamping it on some actual work, and inventiveness, though scarcely

adventurousness, are Anglo-Saxon and not Norman qualities. Nevertheless, as a state, as a kingdom, we are connected with the Conquerors as closely as the numbering of our kings from the stock of William, and the omission from the series of the Saxon Edwards presuppose. The feeling that it is so is not due to the Norman prejudices of the chroniclers. As has been already remarked, nothing is more noteworthy in them than the oneness of tone and sentiment in which they write of the monarchs of the lineage of Cerdic and of Rollo. It is, indeed, owing to them that we ever think of the Anglo-Saxon kings as kings of England. The retention of names and customs which suppose a Norman origin is the natural consequence of facts. We perceive in the characters of individuals in the elder race the closeness of our affinity to it. We see in the ability the whole nation showed for efforts of fortitude and its resolute determination to rise from the dead level on which it lay dormant, whenever kindled by the enthusiasm of a single man, in its resistance to a Danish and to a Norman spirit, and obstinate steadiness in biding its time, that there was in it the germ of a great people. But it is doubtful whether it could have ever developed itself by itself. Nothing is so difficult as for a debased country to revive by its own voluntary impulse; and, of all countries, Saxon England appears to have been proverbial for degradation. The Normans came: they gave an impetus to the national genius, even while they attempted to smother it; they roused the emulation of the conquered, and gave them, besides, objects after which to strive. The stagnation of luxury was dissipated by a catastrophe which destroyed the means and instruments of sluggish gratification, and the Norman continental possessions opened up a sphere for the manifestation of courage and invention, as the valour of the Norman knights pointed the way to its exercise. They learned under these leaders to be brave subjects that they might in time rise to be great commanders, and at the head of progress in Europe.

Had the chroniclers, while revealing in full, as they have done, the proud tyrannical rule of the victorious army of knights, sketched by the side the condition of the Anglo-Saxon population, we should have readily marked how the former influenced the latter. As it is, by only narrating those events which were the issue of combinations of circumstances merely temporary, or of national peculiarities absorbed long since in a nationality of more completeness and mass, they have produced a picture which it is impossible to judge on any canons known to ourselves. On such a principle, they must be condemned; the ordinary historical reader cannot but derive from them a view of English history very far removed from the true one. Judged on

other and wider principles, great is their praise. They help, none better, to illustrate the state of Europe at the period when they composed; they are worthy of study and consideration as works of art; most worthy as full of the materials for poetry and the examples of philosophy. The writers themselves, much more than the details of their histories, show what England was, and, indeed, what Europe was. The very fact of so long and continuous a line of chronicles, the fact, too, of literature taking this form rather than the earlier and ruder aspect of poetry, is pregnant with light as to the promise and germ of civilisation in the nation. This aversion to let die the memory of themselves, and the previous fortunes of their country, proves of itself a kind of nationality partaken in by Saxon and Norman alike. It was not as though the monks, writing in monasteries presided over by Norman abbots, had told only of Norman deeds; they gathered up, and embodied, however imperfectly, the annals of the previous dynasty. They shed light, forwards and backwards, on the rising meteor of chivalry, and the sinking sun of the Roman empire, when all Europe, nay, the whole civilised world, was one.

The popular conception of what are termed the dark ages is of centuries when a mist was over the whole face of the earth, and nations groped their way along without hope of help, or the salutary fear of criticism from each other; of a period, in short, when the unity of the world, which had reached its culminating point under the Cæsars and Augustuses, had given place to a contradictory isolation of nations. Considerations on the special products of the time, the feudal system, with its aspirings after centralization by means of innumerable links extending from the mesne vassal to the crown, legends of knights-errant wandering away through mysterious regions of barbarism, in search of strange adventures; finally, stories (wearing the guise of sober history) of systematized dealing with the Evil One, and of sorcery reduced to a regular art,—all this confirms and deepens the idea that there is no track, much less highroad, leading from the Empire to the Middle Ages. The chroniclers, however defective as chroniclers of England, furnish a sufficient refutation of this error. We stumble in every page of their writings on relics of connexion with the ancient times. Naturally the Canon Law, from its affinity to the Theodosian Code, gives a Roman tone to the narrative in many places, and the conservatism of the Roman Church perpetually elicits indications, at least reminiscences of, and regrets for, the past. But few things strike one more than the genuine resemblance to the spirit of old Rome in the comprehensiveness of their surveys of the whole of western Europe, however due really to the same cause, the universal

sway of the Papacy. We expect to find them engrossed with the minutiae of their own local circumstances; we find them glancing with an impartial eye from the fortunes of England to those of Germany or France. Their body, indeed, stretched its hand through every clime; but there are frequent traces even of secular and political relations between the different states of Europe. The kings of the Heptarchy loved to die at Rome, out of religious devoutness. Nor was it strange that the daughter of Henry I., a powerful continental prince, should become empress. It is more surprising that an emperor of Germany should have solicited and gained in marriage the sister of the Anglo-Saxon Athelstan, while other sisters were wooed by a King of France, and the great baron who overcame and deposed that same monarch, respectively. Then, again, when the darkness of barbarism seems densest and most gross, still an occasional gleam from the splendour of the contemporaneous Greek Empire pierced the gloom. The existence, side by side, and, spite of deadly religious jealousies, the close relation of the magnificence and effeminate refinements of Greek cultivation with feudal or, yet more antithetically, Anglo-Saxon boorishness and bluntness, appears a paradox. It was as though two plays, a tragedy and farce, were being represented on parallel stages, the shadows of the actors, or the actors themselves, interchanging at times, and playing parts not their own in garb most unlike their gestures. Alfred and Charlemagne are a grotesque contrast to Irene and the Constantinopolitan court with its seraglio and titles.

But the Eastern Empire, it may be said, was looked upon as almost a region of fable unintelligible to the rest of Europe. Though a contemporary, and connected with Italy and the Netherlands by the ties of commerce, even with possessions in Italy, and obscure claims obscurely recognised in other portions of the Peninsula, though soliciting and obtaining aid against pagans from the Norman and Saxon, it may have been to all effects and purposes, from first to last, an Asiatic power, with no hold upon the sympathies of Teutons and Scandinavians. At all events, the traditionary Western Empire, though actually destroyed and subdivided from the Middle Ages by the, to us very distinct, boundary line of the inundation of Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, to the monkish writers seemed a plain reality, and almost within the verge of their memory. We are in the position of persons who have emerged from a cloud, and, looking back, can measure its density by the clearness of the atmosphere they are now breathing; it appears to form an invisible boundary between them and all things on the other side. So, the revolution which destroyed the Western Empire seemed more gradual to those nearer the time, as having been accomplished by successive

waves of calamities. The standing column of affairs had been sapped and undermined; it had long been sinking before it finally tottered and disappeared. Time had been given for a new system of things to grow up around it; the eye had been accustomed to the increasing gloom, to the spectacle of barbarians usurping the warlike prerogatives of Romans, so that, when the change did come, it was no surprise, no sudden catastrophe. The invaders themselves were hardly conscious of the last result; they had learnt to feel a pride in the titles and badges of Rome; and many of the forms were still kept up. The rights claimed by Charlemagne, and the golden crown of the empire, were, to contemporaries, links in the chain from the old to the new.

The clergy, above all men, believed in the traditions of Rome as a living influence, and still potent in Europe. Let alone the assimilation of the outward form of the Papal dominion to that of the old Empire, the fact that the sole instruments and the whole organization of civilisation were Roman to the heart's core, made them, as instructors of the age, studious of everything which recalled the memory of the past. Theological literature, even philosophy in its theological phase, had quickly taken root in the fruitful soil of the Teutonic intellect. But, for the belles lettres which require as a condition of their growth in any country ages of national repose and cultivation, the period was entirely dependent. It is curious to observe the intermixture of Roman with monkish literature; it is like a Turkish tomb with Corinthian architrave and capital carelessly built into the rude structure. Writers resorted to the unfailing quarry of the classics for materials, as well as models of style and composition. The myths and legends of Livy served equally as data for a grave historical argument, and as precedents for diversifying the tediousness of the regular narration with flowers of rhetoric. The whole body of Latin literature, whether prose or poetry, historical or philosophical, seemed alike significant to these authors. Virgil furnished illustrations equally with Livy and Tacitus. Upon Greek history and mythology they looked only with Roman eyes. Between themselves and Greece they saw the interval was impassable. But they considered themselves (in right of their connexion, it might be, with the Papacy) heirs to Latin literature, and entitled to make all the use of it they might. Their use of it, it may well be imagined, was unscientific and awkward. Malmesbury says it might have been believed that the soul of Julius Cæsar had passed into William Rufus! It was not for rude Anglo-Saxons or Normans to discriminate nicely between what was of historical, what of æsthetical interest, or between the different degrees of merit in the various epochs. The age of Claudian and Ausonius engaged

their attention equally with that of Virgil. They contemplated and explored the whole literature rather as antiquarians or archaeologists than as critics in taste. The later an epoch was, perhaps the greater novelty and air of modern literature did it wear for them. It was enough that it was Roman; they did not reject it because of inferior purity, in a classical point of view, to those preceding it.

The clue to this application of classical learning is, that it was not yet a dead literature. The revival of letters towards the close of the fifteenth century made the classics be studied with greater judgment and discernment, but not with a more earnest zeal than when they were revered as, not only the repository of the principles of taste, but of all human knowledge. They were at this earlier period comparatively neglected in Italy itself, on account of the calamities that land had undergone; but they were still its literature. They had thus an interest apart from their merits; for Italy, besides being the seat of the Papacy, was the centre of Western European cultivation and luxury. Distinct from the religious associations connected with it, was the influence of its wealth and the fascination in which the spectacle of so many great cities still preserving relics of, as they claimed affinity to, the old Romans, held the whole of Europe. From the days of the Heptarchy this sentiment, bound up almost indissolubly with the idea of the essential local sanctity of the region, carried kings and nobles as pilgrims, and, at the same time, admiring spectators, through the entire Peninsula from Milan to Calabria. The sentiment of curiosity and interest continued to have sway in the ages succeeding the Conquest, and Venice, Florence, and Ferrara furnished some most important elements to the cultivation of England, even past the boundary line of the Reformation down to the era of the Stuarts. Then domestic interests and French connexions changed the current of fashion; indeed, the impulse of Italian taste had itself in its own native seats suddenly burnt out or stagnated. But previously—from the pilgrimages of Ina and Ethelwulf, the sojourn of Robert of Normandy and of Cœur de Lion in the Sicilies, the ambitious aspirations of Henry III. after that expensive crown, the Italian plots of some of Chaucer's most charming tales, and the long sojourn of the banished Duke of Norfolk—Henry Bolingbroke's antagonist—to the schemes of Henry VIII., Charles V., and Francis I., the Italianized 'Arcadia' of Sidney, and the classicoromantic fable of the 'Fairy Queen,' and the silk gloves and voluntary exile of Sir Philip's enemy, the proud fastidious Earl of Oxford—Italy was the centre of European politics and fashion, and engaged attention on grounds distinct from, though concurrent with, its claims in a religious point of view.

This is not commonly remarked; yet her influence acting upon the strong wills and high spirit of the Norman conquerors of Calabria resulted in chivalry, a fruit which could scarcely have ripened first in the rude climates and circumstances of France and England. But it was not the indigenous growth of Naples. Italy, as a country, at no period understood it, while provisions of the new spirit occur in the earliest chronicles of the Norman era. The different elements are discernible just on the point of blending. The Crusades were a sort of offspring of an undefined instinct of chivalry. Its great features of courtesy and generosity arose from the affinity in spirit everywhere of Norman knights, the analogy of their position in England, France, and the Sicilies, as conquerors and a ruling caste, their consequent contempt for, and distrust of the large majority of the population producing isolation, and sympathy with each other. But it seemed most native in France and England, though Spain received it readily, and even gave elevation to it; Germany did not learn it in its nobler phases. The Norman, with his love of adventure, and self-reliance, and his imaginative superstitiousness, was predisposed towards a system which inculcated adventurousness as a duty, and converted the whole earth into the lists of a tournament, a stage for the exhibition of his valour. That which his inclination had anticipated, and the absence of all common feeling between him and his subjects made a necessity, was elaborated and developed through the peculiarity of the relations always being disturbed but never so positively broken as to be incapable of reuniting, which subsisted between the French and English nobility. There were Courtenays, and Montforts, and Harcourts, and hosts of other names, high upon the rolls both of France and England; and men, who had one year feasted together in one court, found themselves in the next confronting each other in battle. But the monks do not deal largely in flowery tales of the flowing courtesy of chivalry in its secular aspect. Neither did their disposition, nor the scope of their design, lead them in that direction. They proposed to write the history of the kingdom, not to talk of what had but significance socially, and which fell within the province of the minstrel or romancer. Further, chivalry did not dazzle them with the proportions of a regular system, with definite laws and regulations of its own, which it had attained in the days of the warlike Canon, Froissart. The brusqueness and ferocity of the race of the sea-rover were not yet veiled with the graces of courtly generosity, and the train of the Conqueror was more uncouth perhaps than the court of the Anglo-Saxon. The British Companions of the Round Table, painted, it is true, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, were far nearer the ideal of chivalry than all the Bigods and De Warennes. Even in the later

epoch, the Earls Edwin and Morca, we are told, outshone the whole assembly of their conquerors. A perusal of the pages of our earlier chroniclers will at least have done good service, if it only help to dissipate the baneful fallacy that all who wore the spurs of knights must have been equally polished, whether they rode beneath the standard of Rufus or the Black Prince. Tokens, indeed, of the aptness of the race for the change are discoverable. The churlish magnanimity of Rufus to the Frenchman, Helias, and, amid the havock and persecution of peasantry by the barons, the civility of King Stephen's partisans to the captive Earl Robert, were cognate to the generous demeanour of a Sir Walter Manny or a Chandos of Edward III.'s reign.

But the other, the religious side of chivalry, cherished by the association of a religious sanction with the Norman conquest of Britain and the Sicilies by the Crusaders, was earlier developed, and has left a clearer impression upon the chronicles of those times. As a secular influence, it only attained its completeness in the wars for the crown of France; as a religious system, it was perfected before the reign of John. From that time it degenerated from various causes. The embittering of the relations with the Papacy through the trafficking of the royalty of Sicily between the Pope and Henry III., and the barons' envy of the increasing wealth of the regular clergy, prepared its downfall in England. In the person of Godfrey of Bouillon, in the first Crusade, and of Richard, subsequently, it seems to have attained its highest point. It was a sentiment which hardly in a single individual, except perhaps Godfrey, was altogether paramount; it was almost always latent, but capable of being reproduced when occasion called for it. In the pauses of warfare the Norman knight could feel an indefinite pang of remorse, not as connected with the recollections of any particular atrocity, but a sort of vague sensation that for his life he was accountable to a higher power than the tribunal of his own passions. It would seem but a light and pleasant penance for him to gain acquittal for the sin of impulsive fury by arming his hand against the perpetrators of like deeds. The Dantesque pilgrimage of Sir Owen of Ireland through the horrors and delights of S. Patrick's cave, with its dizzy bridge, and hosts of fiend tormentors, and fair Elysian fields, shows how monks were themselves so penetrated with the martial spirit of the time, that they reserved Heaven itself for the men of iron nerve and steady eye.

We have endeavoured to suggest reasons for the use of caution in the study of these venerable writers. The scenes they unroll before us are, in some parts, so true, in others so unlike our preconceived idea of the age, in all so vivid and romantic, that they all but take the judgment captive, and surprise the student into

belief in the entire veracity of what is at once so seemingly sincere, novel, and striking. But to neglect is not to be on our guard; and it were, if anything, a worse error to pass by, than to believe implicitly these records. That would be a wilful disregard, as well of most valuable aliment for the imagination, as of materials for history. The genuine literature of any age whatsoever, when that literature describes actual and moving impulses of that age, will keep its charm in all others. The classical literature of a country is, properly, only and all that which describes human nature, as specialized in a particular race, however modified by artificial circumstances. Shakespeare and Spenser, Addison and Swift, are equally classics, and equally, though not in the same measure, command the attention of all following epochs. For in that literature, which does truly portray any one era, and which satisfied the cravings and tastes of the people of that era, is sure to be contained something derived directly from the sources of pure humanity, something intelligible, and therefore interesting, to man's nature under different developments. The taste which was gratified, in the days of Stephen and Henry, by stories of magical mystery and deeds of arms, still exists, and still requires to be fed, though overlaid by others more modern. The most artificial age, perhaps, in English history, that of Horace Walpole, revived gladly the reminiscences of chivalry; and even the stern classical taste of Milton played with the legends of Brutus and Arthur.

The monks are our best exponents of the Middle Ages in all their more characteristic points. Their life was set apart as far as possible from those everyday and prosaic influences which must in all times be much the same, which no length of time can harmonize or render poetical. Had they been placed in those classes and under those circumstances which were directly exposed to the sway of these influences, they must have either written in a way and with details unintelligible, or, at all events, uninteresting to posterity, or else, by omitting for the sake of effect what was essential to their own life, and mixed up indissolubly with their own experience, would have destroyed that semblance of reality which chiefly attracts us in their works. As it is, by confining themselves to the grander aspect of society with which alone they were familiar, they have produced works of greater æsthetical interest, however defective as histories, than otherwise they might have done. But that limitation of subject-matter, common to all of them, tends to blind us to their merits, or the points of difference among them as individual authors. Some, we can perceive, applied themselves to the compilation of history as a necessary obligation on the monas-

teries, and to be fulfilled, whether a genius for the task existed in the members or not. William of Malmesbury is, in this respect, opposed to Matthew Paris and Roger of Wendover. He was endued with the true historical eye, and ambition for the name of historian; and we quickly observe a distinction between the mode in which he, and in which his compeers treat the same events. In all the chronicles the rough material of poetry is contained; some—and of them he is the chief—have worked it up and elaborated it. He possessed, too, a good historical method; and though, as all great writers must, composing according to the dictates of his own taste and sentiments, writes with much more of self-consciousness and an object than the rest, to whom their private curiosity seems often, as has been remarked, to have suggested the direction of their investigations. Yet if, for the chronicles of an uncultivated period, his art is admirable, there is perhaps something more interesting in the simplicity and quaintness of the rest, and more apparent evidence of candour.

A greater obstruction still to our due appreciation of the literary merits of the chroniclers than the neglect of their individuality, is the disposition, arising (as in the latter case) from the picturesque character of the topics of their histories, to ignore their eminence as a body of writers, in ascribing the force and beauty of their descriptions to the grandeur of the theme. No nation can boast a nobler series of annals than England. In a rough age of rough people their style is bare and meagre. Their classical models they use eagerly, but clumsily, and without discrimination. But the picture they have produced is as vigorous and boldly defined in its light and shade as life itself in those times. They write with a certain earnestness of feeling, though affecting indifference to worldly interests and worldly calamities; they write boldly, as partisans, but without a doubt of the justice of their own view, or the authority of their statements. Their patriotism as Englishmen is vague and uncertain; but they are not cosmopolitan; with some interests and with one class, wherever placed, and under whatever aspect, they betray an ardour of sympathy which redeems their narrative from the coldness than which the blindest and most irrational partisanship is not a worse flaw in history. The choice intellects of their order, at least in England—and that an order which had a wonderful instinct in discovering and appropriating talent—they had spent their lives in study, and that of pure models. Many of them had travelled far and wide. Some, we know, had even made the pilgrimage to Rome for the purpose of collecting information. From every corner of Europe, then, as we have intimated, not nearly as much isolated and broken up as the fall of the Empire

would seem to indicate, and as it actually became at a later period, floated scattered rays of light respecting the fortunes of prelates, kings, and nobles, towards the focus of knowledge which the monasteries had created. The monkish historians could thus blend the gossip-mongering minuteness of a French *mémoire* with the outline of an ecclesiastical project which was to change the frame of society. It is unfortunate that the piquancy of their works is owing so largely to the special influences on the mind through which the information is filtered; that a picture so glowing, full (it seems so), and lifelike, that we mistake it for a photograph of the times, is but a reflection of them in the mirror of the writers' circumstances; that it is nature indeed, but defective, and so far, therefore, unnatural.

ART. II.—*Publii Virgilii Maronis Opera.* Lipsiæ: Sumptibus
J. T. Loeschke. 1858.

If there be one species of composition which more than another has been the amusement of dulness, and has, with most perfect justice, drawn on itself the derision of satirists, no doubt it is the Pastoral. As Dr. Johnson observes, 'No great ingenuity is required when one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and neither god can tell.' Any one who turns over the pages of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, or the Oxford and Cambridge collections of verses, must be sickened with the idylls on royal births and deaths and marriages. How Mopsus asks Menalcas why he is weeping so bitterly, and Menalcas answers that it is for the death of the Queen of the shepherds, Maria, and for the sorrow of her august spouse, William, the terror of Gaul, the pillar of religion, &c. And then Mopsus remembers that, on that fatal night, a raven croaked from the blasted oak; and Menalcas comforts himself by telling how the gods have turned Maria into a star. How our great grandfathers could sit down to pen such trash—trash without one redeeming point of originality, sense, or diction,—and how their lucubrations were gathered into volumes and sent forth as the 'University Lament,' or the 'University Congratulation,' is one of the dreariest features of the dreary eighteenth century. It would not be difficult to point out at least fifty different pastorals, published at the death of the Duke of Gloucester, Queen Anne's son: the only tangible difference between them being, whether the dialogues were carried on between Corydon and Tityrus, or between Damon and Alphesibœus,—and whether Daphnis is received into the assembly of the gods, or turned into a meteor or a laurel.

Nevertheless, out of the doleful mass of rubbish which, from the revival of letters till the present century, has been inflicted on Europe, we mean to endeavour to extract a little amusement, and, it may be, a little profit, for our readers: while we give a glance at pastoral poetry, from its beautiful rise in Theocritus to its death-blow in England: those nervous verses of Johnson, inserted in Crabbe's *Village*, and dovetailing, as it were, the poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth century together.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
 If Tityrus found the golden age again,
 Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
 Mechanick echoes of the Mantuan song?
 From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
 Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?

The question has often been asked, and never, we think, satisfactorily answered, why the natural beauty of landscapes, which forms so great a part of modern poetry, was on the whole unknown to, or at least imperfectly appreciated by, the ancients: that whatever of sympathy their poets showed with the loveliness of external nature was in the abstract, not in the concrete. But there are exceptions; and the inimitable beauty of Theocritus is perhaps the most striking. We are not ashamed to confess that, were we at liberty to preserve only three of the Grecian poets from destruction, he, together with Homer and Aristophanes, would be our choice. It is not only the exquisite sketches of Sicilian scenery, but the power—not unlike that of Crabbe—of describing cottage-doings as they really were, and the genius which with one or two strokes can sketch out a character to the very life. One feels, for example, to have been personally acquainted with the poet's Simichidas; and the conversation between Æschines and Thyonicus, in the fourteenth idyll, is marvellously graphic. Add to this the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the Epithalamium of Helen, and we have no cause to be ashamed of our love for the Sicilian poet. The most amusing of his compositions is undoubtedly the piece called the 'Sicilian Gossips,' barbarously murdered as it has been by all its translators. We will attempt—it will, we fear, be a very lame attempt—to do its commencement somewhat more justice: though to render it as it ought to be rendered, the Doric of the speakers should be turned into the broadest Scotch. The reader must conceive a grand festival at Alexandria; King Ptolemy anxious to ingratiate himself with his subjects; the merchants of the mart of the world vying with each other in the display of their almost fabulous wealth: sailors from every part of the Levant, from the Pillars of Hercules, from Marseilles, from Carthage, from Rome, from the Piræus, crowding the quays and streets; and in the midst of all these a portly dame, by name Gorgo, the wife of a well-to-do burgess of Alexandria, equally formidable in a crowd from her muscular power and the length of her tongue, elbowing her way through the multitude till she arrives at the shop of her friend Praxinoe; the latter having just begun to dress in order that the two may go forth together and see the show, and more especially—the cream of the whole—the Adonis.

'Gorgo. Pray, is Praxinoe at home?

Praxinoe (from within).

At home: but, Gorgo dear,

How late you are! Though, after all, I wonder you are here.

Put her a seat, there, Eunoe, and bring a cushion too.

Gorgo. Thanks,—nothing can be better.

Prax.

Sit down, then.

Gorgo.

Well, I'm through:

It needed quite a lion's heart,—such bustle in the street,

So many gallant cavaliers,—such great clod-hopping feet;

And such a distance to your house!

Prax.

My booby of a man

Would settle down at this world's end: you know him—'tis his plan,—

(House, quotha! 'tis a cave, not house!) he chose it just for that,

That we might never meet, and have a little quiet chat.

Gorgo. Don't speak about your husband, dear, while the little one is by:

Look! look! he understands it all! You only watch his eye!

You know they talk about 'great ears' and 'little pitchers.'

Prax.

Ah!

No, no, Zopyrion!—no, my pet!—I did not mean Papa.

Gorgo. By Proserpine, he comprehends!—Papa is very good.

Prax. Well, *that* Papa a long time since—(for, be it understood,

A long time since means t'other day)—to market went, to get me

A little rouge and alkali, and brought back salt, to fret me.

Gorgo. The men, I see, are just the same; my temper also tried is:

In the sheep market, yesterday, that spooney, Diocleides,

Five fleeces bought, mere stuff, mere naught, dogs' hides, all scraped and skinny;

And seventeen drachmas for the lot he went and paid,—the ninny!

—Now for the petticoat—and now the buckle. We are going

To the palace of King Ptolemy, to the scene they talk of showing:

The Queen is at the expense of all—the Adonis and the rest:

Well, wealthy men do what they like, and we shall have the best.

Praz. My shawl, now—put it neatly on;—my bonnet!—let us go.

What! take my pretty little one? No, no, Zopyrion, no;

The bogies would be sure of you: what, are you not ashamed?

Ay, cry your eyes out if you will: I must not have you lamed.

Let us be off. Take baby, nurse, when we are gone before,

And call the dog to play with him, and shut and bar the door.

—Oh! what a horrid crowd! good gods!—how ever shall we pass?

Like ants upon an ant-hill,—an endless crushing mass.

A hundred works the king has done right worthy of his race,

Since his good father, Ptolemy, was in a better place:

No pickpocket, Egyptian-wise, is any more allowed

To creep, as once the rascals did, and prowl amongst the crowd.

No pin to choose 'twixt this and that. Good gracious, Gorgo, now!

Look! look! the royal horses come! which way to fly, and how?

Good man, you're treading on my dress;—keep off, I beg. How wild

That bay is! how he rears and kicks!—You stupid, stupid child!

What, Eunoe, won't you move away?—He'll tear in bits the groom:—

Oh, what a lucky thing it was I left my boy at home!

Gorgo. Cheer up, cheer up, Praxinoe: we're safe at last, I vow:

The cavalry are all gone by.

Praz.

And I am better now.

Horses and serpents, I confess, since I was but thus tall,

Of all things that I used to fear, I dreaded most of all.

Gorg. What! from the hall, good mother?

Old Woman.

Yes.

Gorg.

And can the crowd be pass'd?

Old W. The Grecians, after ten years' siege, got into Troy at last.

Try you, my children: he that tries is certain to succeed.

Gorg. The good old dame speaks oracles,—a prophetess indeed!

Prax. Women know all things knowable: ay, Jove's and Juno's wedding.

Gorg. Just look, Praxinoe, at the crowd upon each other treading!

Prax. Tremendous, Gorgo: quick! your hand; and, Eunoe, hold you tight

Of Eutychis: keep close to us, and mind you all go right.

O wretched me! my petticoat is almost torn in two!

By Jove, as you would thrive, good man, pray take care what you do!

Stranger. It was not I; but, as I can, I'll help you.

Prax.

How pell-mell

They push and press on us like swine!

Strang.

Now, madam, all is well.

Prax. Jove bless and keep you, my good sir, for ever and a day,

For what you've done!—Well, that I call a gentlemanly way!

They're squeezing Eunoe to death; come, push, child; push inside!

"Now we're all in,"—as said the man when he shut up his bride!

How stale and flat after the nature and liveliness of Theocritus, —ay, and of Bion and Moschus too, though in a less degree,— is the pompous dulness of the Eclogues of Virgil! Nevertheless, from whatever source they may have been derived, the prophecies in the *Pollio* are some of the most remarkable things in the whole of heathen literature. It is impossible to read of the Virgin returning, of the serpent being crushed, of the Child sent down from heaven, of earth and sea and sky rejoicing in his reign, without feeling, 'This spake he not of himself.' No wonder that, in many a series of those marvellous stalls, the glory of their cathedral choirs, among the prophets who have foretold the Advent of our Lord the name of Virgil should so frequently occur. In some of the rituals of the south of Italy the 22d of September contained a commemoration of Virgil, as the prophet who foretold to the heathen world the Lord's coming. And the Sequence, appropriated to that day in allusion to the legend which represents S. Paul as having visited the tomb of Virgil, commenced thus:—

'Ad Maronis mausoleum
Flebat Paulus super eum
Piaë rorem lacrymæ:
Quanti, inquit, te fecissem
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!'

Running our eye over the course of Latin literature, we find no pastoral poet, till, in the days of its decay, Sicily produced another such bard in the person of Calphurnius. Probably not one of our readers has ever taken the trouble to peruse his seven Eclogues; and yet, truth to say, there are some very

pretty touches in them,—touches which look as though Calphurnius had lived among the scenes which he describes, and painted them not from books but from nature. Later critics have done him great injustice when they call these compositions ‘a mere cento of the phrases and sentiments of Virgil.’ To our mind, his language is singularly unlike that of Virgil. But notice what pretty little pictures are such as these:—

‘Bullantes ubi fagus aquas radice sub ipsâ
Protegit, et ramis errantibus implicat umbras.’

Or again:—

‘Per me tibi lilia prima
Contigerant, primæque rosæ: vix dum bene florem
Degustabat apīs, tu ingehare coronis.’

Or once more:—

‘Juvat humida forsan
Ripa, levatque diem vicini spiritus amnis.’

Or yet again:—

‘Vere novo cum jam tinnire volucres
Incipiunt, nidosque reversa lutabit hirundo.’

Or finally:—

‘Seu residere libet, dabit ecce sedilia tophus;
Ponere seu cubitum, melior viret herba lapillis.’

All which sentences, by the way, are as unlike Virgil as one pastoral poet can be to another.

Contemporary with Calphurnius was the Carthaginian bard, Nemesian. His four idylls have been given by Wernsdorff to Calphurnius, but without a shadow of reason. They are far inferior in sentiment, and the Latinity is more degenerate. And yet Nemesian had honours bestowed on him, as a poet, such as Virgil and Horace never attained. These two, then, in the miserable decline of classical poetry, were the last to write of shepherds, and rocks, and goats.

The Middle Ages knew nothing of pastoral poetry, strictly so called. But there are more pastoral ballads than one of singular elegance; only, unfortunately, so immoral and licentious, that hardly can one find a verse here and there to quote, without omission. One cannot but wonder what kind of men those could have been, who, with the daily duties and services of a religious house, could have occupied their leisure hours by compositions which show, at least, as much wickedness as power. Yet it is a well-known fact that, in one of the strictest of Carthusian houses, when its gates were thrown open by the French revolution, the cells of many of its inmates were found to be filled with the most immoral works of Voltaire and Rousseau, and other authors of a similar class. What could have been their feelings who submitted to the daily austerities

of a Carthusian life, while, in private, taking delight in the corruptions of books like these? But take such a verse as this, —a true specimen of a pastoral ballad:—

‘Desub ulmo patulâ
Manat unda garrula;
Ver ministrat gramine
Frondebis umbracula,
Quæ per loca singula
Profluent aspergine
Virgultorum pendula.’

Or again,—it is a shepherdess who is speaking:—

‘Hora meridiana
Transit; vide Titana;
Mater est inhumana:
Jam pabula
Spernit ovicula;
Regrediar
Ni feriar
Maternâ virgulâ.’

Or take this curious catalogue of spring birds:—

‘Jam vernali tempore
Terra viret gramine;
Sol novo cum jubare
Frondent nemora, candent lilia, florent omnia.
Est cæli serenitas,
Et veris suavitas,
Ventorum tranquillitas;
Est temperies clara, et dies: cantant volucres.
Merulus cincitat, acredula rupillulat, turdus truculat et sturnus pusitat.
Turtur gemitat, palumbes plausitat, perdix cicabat, anser craccitat;
Cygnus dransat, pavo paululat, gallina gacillat, ciconia elocturat.
Pica concinuat, hirundo trisphat, apis bombilat, merops sincidulat;
Bubo bubilat, guculus guculat, passer sonstitrat, et corvus crocitat.’

This list, which was printed by Kugler,¹ is certainly curious enough: it is needless to say that its author lived in France. The royal library at Paris abounds with ballads of a similar description. Many of these have appeared in various French periodicals: many more are too gross to bear republication at all. And in the occasional poems of such authors as S. Fulbert of Chartres, Hildebert of Tours, Marbodius of Rennes, and others, they have left us short pieces, which, in the best and truest sense of the word, are pastoral. The verses of Fulbert are strikingly beautiful:—

‘When the earth with spring returning, vests herself in fresher sheen,
And the glades and leafy thickets are arrayed in living green,
When a sweeter fragrance breatheth flowery fields and vales along,
Then, triumphant in her gladness, Philomel begins her song:

¹ In his treatise ‘De Werinhero Monarcho Tegernsensi,’ p. 37.

And with thick delicious warble far and wide her notes she flings,
 Telling of the happy spring-tide and the joys that summer brings.
 In the pauses of men's slumber, deep and full she pours her voice;
 In the labour of his travel, bids the wandering man rejoice.
 Night and day, from bush and greenwood, sweeter than an earthly lyre,
 She, unwearied songstress, carols, distancing the feathered choir,
 Fills the hill-side, fills the valley, bids the groves and thickets ring;
 Made indeed exceeding glorious through the joyousness of spring.
 None could teach such heavenly music, none implant such tuneful skill,
 Save the King of realm celestial, who doth all things as He will.'

This quotation, by the way, would have been valuable to Coleridge, when writing of the joyous note of the nightingale. A hymn in the Sarum books speaks to the same effect:—

'Collaudemus Magdalene lacrymas et gaudium;
 Sonent voces laude plenæ de concentu cordium:
 Ut concordat Philomenæ turturis suspirium:'

where the mournful note of the turtle-dove is contrasted with the joyous strain of the nightingale.

But it is time to turn to the pastoral poets who wrote after the revival of letters—a long list indeed. At this moment we have forty-six lying before us, and they are but a small part of what might be found. The first, by far the first, in reputation, was the once celebrated Mantuan, the same of whom the pedant speaks in 'Love's Labour's Lost,'—'Ah, Mantuan, good old Mantuan! he knows thee not, that loves thee not.' A paper in the *Christian Remembrancer*, some eight or ten years ago, gave a pretty full account of this worthy, whose performances were read in inferior schools as lately as the beginning of the last century, and whose name will be found as an authority even in such a book as Ainsworth's Dictionary. A Carmelite,—and, in process of time, General of his order,—Mantuan sometimes employed his shepherds in disquisitions on the Church of the fifteenth century, its corruptions, and its needed reformation; and from him Spenser learnt the practice of making his shepherds discuss similar subjects.

The first in order of time, or nearly the first, among the revivers of learning, who turned his attention to pastoral poetry, was Petrarch. Not being able to discover any peculiar propriety in the word 'eclogue,' then usually applied to idylls, he conceived it to be a corruption of 'æglogue'—a word by which he intended to express the conversation of goatherds, but which in its natural meaning can signify nothing but the conversation of goats. However, he has left us twelve, written in very elegant Latinity, a little, perhaps, pedantic, and out-Virgilising Virgil, but with some passages that would do any writer of Latin verse credit, and, above all, with the remembrance that he was a

Christian. Take the following passage from his *Parthenias*, where his shepherd Monicus thus speaks:—

‘Let others praise those powers: the God supreme,
The God above all gods, shall be my theme:
Who rules the earth with universal sway,
Whose word is uttered, and the heavens obey:
Who balances the liquid air on high,
Who fills the grove with native minstrelsy;
Who by his stars the course of time metes out,
And the earth trembles when His thunders shout;
Who bade the mountains rise, and clad the globe
With the green ocean’s everlasting robe;
Who form’d the soul, and rear’d her earthlier part,
And framed each discipline, and taught each art;
Who governs life in rise and in decline;
Who rules o’er death, and makes its end divine:
Who, after fleshly toils and worldly jars,
Finds for His sons a home beyond the stars;
And thither, when earth’s joys and cares decay,
Teaches them now, as once He showed, the way.’

We must confess, however, that the majority of Petrarch’s idylls, his *Pastoral Piety*, his *Pastoral Pathos*, his *Divorce*, his *Grumbler*, are remarkable for nothing so much as their extreme length, some of them stretching themselves out to upwards of two hundred lines.

Geraldini, some years later than Petrarch, has left a series of idylls, taken up with the various events of our Saviour’s life. However truly it is recorded in Scripture that there were ‘shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night,’ and however, after the midnight vision had passed, they said one to another, ‘Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,’ there is something grating to one’s feelings when Mopsus relates that he had slept all the night through, and requests his more wakeful friend Lycidas to inform him of what has happened. But it is still more extraordinary when, in the next eclogue, we find three shepherds—Granicus, Battus, and Mycon—introduced to us, who, after all, turn out not to be shepherds, but to be the three Kings. This fashion of investing every one with the character of a shepherd reminds one of nothing so much as those early frescoes which represent all kinds of scriptural characters under the form of sheep. Thus, a lamb stands by a sepulchre hewn out of a rock; two more conspicuous lambs by its side; a crowd of inferior lambs in the distance; a great lamb comes out of the sepulchre; and it is the Raising of Lazarus. A lamb stands in a stream; another lamb pours water on its head: it is the baptism of our Lord. A lamb kneels on the top of a mountain; the paw of a lamb, bearing a book, proceeds from a cloud: it is the giving of the Law. The agnification of

such artists is near akin to the pastorification of such authors as Geraldini. But if this, to every principle of good taste, appears shocking, what is to be said of those idylls which treat of yet more solemn subjects? Thus, for example, we have an eclogue on the Passion, and another on the Resurrection, of the Lord. In the former, with almost incredibly bad taste—taste, indeed, which cannot be characterised as less than profane—our blessed Lord is spoken of under the name of Daphnis; and ‘Daphnis in an odoriferous garden,’ is the commencement of the Agony in Gethsemane:—

‘Huc ibi odorifero moriturus Daphnis in horto,
Sæpe preces Patrem veniens fundebat in altum.’

Or, with still greater profanity:—

‘Proxima lux festa est: soliti dimittere sontem,
Hunc solvi an Barabam præfertis? Dicite! Cuncti
Exclamant, Barabam: atque Cruci te affigere Daphnin
Poscimus.’

And yet again, in the eclogue on the Resurrection of our Lord, the speakers are *Ægle* and *Acanthus*; that is to say, *S. Mary Magdalen* and our Saviour himself. ‘She turned herself, and saith unto Him, *Rabboni*, which is to say, *Master*,’ of the Evangelist, is thus paraphrased by the poet:—

‘Tunc ipse es nuper vitâ perfunctus Acanthus,
Qui crucis aeris fueras sublatus in aram,
Quem modò condidimus gelidi sub fornice saxi,
Pulchrior evictis tenebris post fata resurgens?
Proh quam læta meam pervadunt gaudia mentem.
Accedam, amplectarque pedes, venerande magister.’

It is not without importance to notice facts like these. What a fearful thing the revival of classical learning really was; how it ate like a canker into the very heart of the Church; how, more especially at Rome, and under the Medici at Florence, classicalism was all in all; how Plato and other ancient worthies were celebrated as saints and confessors,—all this may, indeed, be learnt from the histories of those times, from Roscoe’s *Leo X.*, better still from Audin’s *Annals* of the same pope; but has yet to be worked out and to be duly and critically weighed in some future history of the Church. Above all, a true life of that great man,—for great he was, undoubtedly, whatever degree of sanctity we may be disposed to attach to him,—*Jerome Savonarola*, would throw light on this subject. Marvellous was the infatuation which could expend all its zeal and energies in the discovery of lost books of *Tacitus* or *Livy*, in the production of the purest *Ciceronian Latin*, in the erection of classical churches, and which could pay for all these Pagan

amusements and studies by the infamous mission of Tetzels, unconscious of the approaching earthquake, regarding the discontent of one German monk as something that might—it mattered not whether of the two—be hushed at the stake, or silenced by the sop of a fat benefice. Therefore it is that we consider such paragraphs as those we have just quoted, worthy of all attention from our readers; when paganism invades Mount Calvary, the classical mania must be fierce indeed. This man, this Geraldini, intended well—his whole writings show it; and yet he has fallen into profanity from which some open blasphemers would have shrunk. Only imagine the verse we have just quoted: ‘Loose Barabbas, and crucify Daphnis!’

However, it must not be imagined that such indecencies were confined to the Roman Church. The Lutherans equalled, if they did not exceed them. One of their most famous poets, in the sixteenth century, was Helius Eobanus of Hesse. He was regarded as the Mantuan of Lutheranism, an author who well deserved to take his place among those of the Augustan age. Among other imitations of classical authors, he has left us a book of heroic epistles, after the manner of Ovid. The first of these—we really feel uncomfortable while we make an extract from this horrid blasphemy—is headed,

‘DEUS PATER MARIE VIRGINI.

‘Quam legis, eternam rebus paritura salutem,
Non est mortali litera facta manu.
Pone metus Virgo superis gratissima; non est
Quem tremis, infestus nuncius iste tibi.’

S. Mary replies :

‘Quam sine te non est tellus habitura salutem,
Ut partam per me possit habere, veni.’

In the same style we have an epistle from S. Mary Magdalen to our Lord, and from S. Mary to S. John. These things were not only admired, but were actually employed in schools, and had commentaries written on them for the use of youth. At Erfurt Catzman lectured on them with reputation; so did Mylius at Leipsic.

But to return to the author from whom we have digressed. Another of Geraldini’s idylls describes the composition of the Apostles’ Creed, according to the legend that each of the Apostles uttered one of its clauses. We must confess that the names of the Apostles are given with sufficient neatness :

‘Quartus ab his Jacobus ait, Zebedæa proles :
Ipsam etiam testor Pilato præside passum
Pro nobis tolerasse Crucem, et subiisse sepulcrum.
At Didymus nihil addubitans hæc asserit ultrò :

Solverit ut Patres manes descendet ad imos,
 Et rediit cum se lux tertia redidit orbi.
 Ex hinc Alphæus confert quæ sensit in unum :
 Ad superos penetrans dextræ Patris assidet alti
 Omnipotens victor Erebi cum flamine regnat.'

The twelfth eclogue, on the 'Blessed Life,' opens a door to one of those descriptions in which poets of the Renaissance, no less than those of the Middle Ages, have so much delighted:—

'Hic aer, nostrum qui lustrat pendulus axem,
 Non varias sumet formas, nunc lucidus et nunc
 Turbidus, aut raras tendens in vellera nubes,
 Non nive non pluviâ non grandine non gravis æstu,
 Non ventis agitatus aget bona nostra per auras.
 Nec vel nocte dies vincetur tempore brumæ
 Vel nox victa die paucas redigetur in horas :
 Non erit autumnus, non ver, non bruma, nec æstas.'

Compare with this one or two similar descriptions of equally unknown poets. Here is part of the 'Aspiration for the celestial country' of James Zevecotius, a Dutch writer, who must have been popular in his own time, since it is a 'new edition' of his poems (Leyden, 1625) from which we quote:—

'Scilicet exiliū non sunt mihi gaudia tanti
 Quæque patens mundi nil modo mundus habet.
 Scilicet infaustus fugiens Babylonis ab undis
 Spiritus ad patrias fessus anhelat aquas.
 O Patria! O veris felicia regna triumphis!
 O Patria! O votis sæpe petita meis!
 Quis me sideream superum deducat ad aulam,
 Ereptum furiis, naufrage munde, tuis!
 O ubi perpetuis pinguntur floribus horti,
 Ridet et æternis ver geniale comis;
 Quas neque tempus edax, nec iniquæ frigora brumæ,
 Nec perimant rigidi tristia flabra Noti!
 O ubi nec puras cœnum radiare plateas,
 Nec prohibet sanos vivere dira lues.'

It is remarkable, both in the poets of the Renaissance and of the Middle Ages, to find the absence of *mud* so dwelt on as one of the glories of Paradise. The reader will perhaps remember the glorious rhythm of S. Peter Damiani;

'Deest limus: abest finus;
 Lues nulla cernitur.'

And we must remember that the word *lues* is here used in its primitive sense of melting snow, or what would familiarly be called 'slush,' which original sense it again takes in the infamous work of Petronius. It shows the nature of the country in which our bards resided that they should dwell so forcibly on this one characteristic. Let us try one or two more parallel passages; while we do not for a moment pretend that they are

to be compared to mediæval hymns on the same subject, they certainly are not without their own great beauty.

Perhaps superior in their elegance to those of Zevecotius, are the following, from the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, the origin of Quarles's 'Emblems':—

'O qui sidereas ducis, fortissime, turmas,
Cui cingunt decies millia mille latus,
Quam tua magnifico radiant prætoria luxu!
Mens stupet, et tantæ languet amore domus.
Nec glacialis hyems tremulo pede pulsat Olympum,
Icta nec hyberna grandine icta sonant:
Nec pallent viso morituræ sole pruinae;
Nec stant marmoreo flumina vincta gelu:
Perpetuum ver astra colunt, frigusque caloremque
Inter, Coelicolæ tempora veris agunt.
O qui sidereas habitas, Rex maxime, sedes,
Quam tua præ terris invidiosa domus!
Stat placidus positis Aquilonum flatibus ether
Servat et eternus longa serena tenor:
Sed neque flammantes liquido lavat æquore currus,
Nec subit occiduas sol fugitivus aquas.
Nec premit astra dies, neque sol fugat æthere stellas;
Nec premitur lassus, nocte fugante, dies
Clara dies, æterna dies, septemplice Phœbi
Fulmineam nostri lampada luce premens.
O qui sidereas habitas, rex maxime, sedes,
Quot tua deliciis affluit illa domus!'

We must not tire our readers by further quotations of a similar kind; or how many beautiful passages there are which we might lay before them! That noble description, for example, in the third book of the Poem of Aonius Palearius, —the same who was afterwards burnt as a heretic,—on the 'Immortality of the Soul;' or the still finer description in the fourth book of the '*De Contemptu Mortis*' of Daniel Heinsius. We must return to our more immediate subject. The Pastorals of John Arnolleti, of Nevers, are, perhaps, some of the best of their kind. Three are on the subject of Faith, Hope, and Charity. There are also others on the Sacraments of the Church: the scenery, drawn from that about Nevers—very pretty it is, as the writer can testify from his personal knowledge: and the whole more nearly approaching one's idea of a Christian Pastoral than perhaps any others. Here is an imitation of that on Baptism:—

'Colin. Lucy, that cloud, by evening lull'd to rest,
How softly broods it on its airy nest!
When Morning from her dewy palace came,
And kindled heav'n beneath her steps of flame;
With all the vassals of her gorgeous court
The little wanderer joined in frolic sport,

Now, paler than the tempest-driven snow,
 Now, ruddier than the rose's ruddiest glow.
 See, how old age hath sprinkled it with grey!
 It woos no more the breezes' ruder play:
 Though still it lingers on, with pennons furled,
 For one more vision of our lovely world;
 For ere the morn the traveller must be
 A hundred leagues upon the stormy sea.

Lucy. I marvel not that it laments to leave
 A thing so beautiful as spring's first eve;
 The hazy softness of the twilight sky,
 Speck'd here and there with one star's golden eye,
 The incense of the village gardens round,
 The downs' deep calm, unconscious of a sound,
 While faint and fainter evening o'er them fades,
 And deep and deeper wax the hollow shades,
 And like an Angel's vesper-anthem, swells
 The distant music of the village bells.
 Look! Evening's star is peeping o'er yon brow;—
 Oh, when is earth so like to Heav'n as now!

Colin. Yet Twilight, she whose advent is so fair,
 Is all unlike it;—there is no night there!
 There shall no clouds in evening beauty burn;
 There shall no Morn unlock her silver urn.
 Bright land of cloudless skies and fadeless flowers,
 And unknown friends,—God make thee one day ours!

Lucy. But, Colin, you have scarce yet own'd the praise
 Due to my labour these three bright warm days:
 Last Autumn's leaves are swept from where they fell,
 And rake and broom have done their business well.
 And see Spring's first ambassadors, that go
 To Winter's palace in the robe of snow,
 And by their beauty woo the kind old king
 To lay his frowns aside, and call in Spring:
 And here are flame-hued crocuses, that dye
 Their leaves in all the tints of Morning's sky;
 Though fairer still this garden plot had shown,
 Might I have called this day's best hours my own.

Colin. And what the magic that, in these bright hours,
 Could win my Lucy's absence from her flowers?

Lucy. There was a flower, dear Colin, fairer far
 Than these of mine, all lovely though they are;
 A little blossom, scarce yet taught to bear
 The ruder visitings of stranger air;
 And long, long years ago, when evening gloam'd,
 With me the mother through the meadows roam'd,
 Plucked the full berry from the autumn briar,
 Or plied the needle o'er the winter fire.
 I knelt beside her there, when o'er our head
 The Bishop's consecrated hands were spread:
 I stood beside her, when last lovely spring
 Her troth she plighted with the holy ring;
 Together now the church-ward path we trod,
 To dedicate her little one to God.
 It was the loveliest sight! Yet tears would rise
 Unbidden, and unwished for, to mine eyes.

The quaint and ancient font, wreathed round about
 With wreaths of flowers, in cold grey stone carv'd out:
 The mother veiled, as is our custom, press'd
 Her little treasure closer to her breast;
 The good old pastor—and 'twas like him—smiled
 A look of fondness on the sleeping child:
 His hand was on the book he loves to quote,
 The good old book that saints and martyrs wrote;
 Then told he what the lov'd Apostle saith,
 Whose words were bright for hope, and strong for faith:
 Ye hear, he said, of Him, Whose tender breast
 Let not the little children go unblest;
 Doubt ye not then, but earnestly believe
 That He will likewise favourably receive
 This present infant,—that He will embrace
 Her in His arms, and shield her with His face;
 And, when the world's brief scene of change is past,
 Will guide her safely to Himself at last.
 So may that brow through shame attain renown,
 And, figured by the Cross, receive the crown!

Colin. In sooth, I scarcely deem the coldest heart
 Would not, in that sweet service, bear its part;
 I would I had been there!—Yet not unblest
 Was I, reposing on the down's green breast:
 With every sight and sound of spring to tell,
 The burnish'd chervil, and the hare's blue bell;
 The trees, with boughs like clear and glossy lead,
 Are putting on their hues of brown and red:
 The pheasants' crow from some near valley broke,
 The missel-thrush was in the sapling oak,
 And in the underwood might just be seen
 One sparrow's nest with its four eggs of green.

Lucy. We have bright summer eves, I trust, in store
 For pleasant converse,—but to-night no more:
 The moonbeams, that a sickly radiance dart
 Down the green hill-side, tell us we must part.

Colin. Would they were come! or would the day were here
 That night might fall, and we might still be near!
 It *will* come *some* day! There's the evening bell!
 One good-night kiss, dear Lucy, and farewell.

This may serve as an example of the poem.

Among those who obtained considerable reputation as a writer of Pastorals, the famous Sannazarius, in his 'Piscatory Eclogues,' stands prominent. In his 'Lycidas and Mycon,' he writes prettily enough of the flowers of the sea, and the ornaments of the caves of the Nereids; but still one is struck all the way through with the feeling that, had these men possessed any real taste for nature, their pastoral attempts would have been different indeed. The shores of Italy, that marvellous Bay of Naples, the wild creeks and ravines of Calabria, might have afforded scenery enough for Pastorals of intense beauty. Instead of this, if one finds three or four pretty lines together, they are followed immediately by all the common-places of

pedantic mythology; and the reason is plain. The writers were, to use the words of Coleridge,—

'Poets who have been building up the rhyme
When they had better far have stretch'd their limbs
Beside some brook in mossy forest dell
By sun or moon light, to the influences
Of sights and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering their whole spirit, of their song
And of their fame forgetful: so their fame
Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing; and so their song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like nature. But 'twill not be so.'

In the same way, these dilettante poets were basking in all the luxury of Florence, or Rome, or Naples; were the guests and favourites of Cosmo de Medici, or of Leo X.; and never saw the country at all, except when they mentally cursed the execrable pavement and jolting ruts that conveyed them from one town to another. It has been well said that, if a stranger were to read Portuguese poetry, he would think the Portuguese themselves devotedly attached to the country, and abhorrent of anything like a town. Whereas the fact is that the most pastoral poet of them all would rather have lived in the most wretched collection of houses calling itself a city, than in the loveliest scenery of Minho, or in the wildest gorges of *Tras-os Montes*.

On the other hand, it is surprising how popular Pastorals have become, when they not only professed to, but did really, imitate nature. The success of Gay's *Pastoral*, the *Shepherd's Week*, is a striking proof of this. Incited by Pope to caricature the Pastorals of his rival, Phillips, by a set of compositions which should copy the grossness of country life, and writing with that purpose only, the nature which he threw into his poems made them at once popular; and when he had intended to excite laughter or disgust, he really moved pity and compassion. Intended as it was to be ridiculous, no one, we fancy, has ever read his account of the country-girl's death and funeral sermon,—the exact parody of a funeral sermon of that date,—

'He said that heaven would take her soul, no doubt;
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise quite out—'

without acknowledging that his feelings were interested and touched.

Very different indeed from such compositions were those of the most voluminous writer in this way, the celebrated Boccaccio. He actually wrote sixteen eclogues, which excited the great admiration of the learned men of his own time; of all of which

we can give no more favourable character than does his own Sylvius:—

‘Sentis, quam stulti Latios cantare putamus.
Pastores calamis perdentes tempora vocum.’

However, not to pass so famous an author without a single quotation, take an example of what he intended, at least, for wit:—

‘Tu cupis amplexus Sapphus? Nunc sidera lambant
Quos trahis ipse sues, volitentque per æthera vulpes;
Grus trahat, ac anser pariter, per rura quadrigas.
Si memini, tu nuper haras mundare solebas,
Et scabiem, morsusque canum, seu vulnera veprium,
Nunc manibus purgare palam, nunc gurgite turpi,
Unguine nunc vario, succisque potentibus, atque
Galbaneis fumis, nigrique bituminis offa,
Viribus ellebori, stillâ male olentis amurcæ.’

And no higher praise, we are afraid, can be given to a poet whose Pastorals possessed equal reputation in their own day, Andrew Naugerius. But towards the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries—when it was no unusual thing for an ecclesiastic who had perhaps received only the first tonsure, to hold half-a-dozen abbeys, five or six archdeaconries, a score of livings, a deanery, a good many canonicates, and perhaps a bishopric or two into the bargain, and notwithstanding all this was deeply in debt—it was quite the fashion to present a well-turned Pastoral, or similar trifle, and to receive in acknowledgment some further little piece of preferment. In those unhappy centuries, the bitter epigram of Owen was true enough:—

‘An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub iudice lis est:
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.’

‘Whether Saint Peter was at Rome,
Is not as yet made out:
That Simon there possess’d a home
No living man can doubt.’

But it is very curious and very edifying to contrast these venal Pastorals, written by hireling ecclesiastics, with the longest Pastoral poem the world ever saw, the ‘*Prædium Rusticum*’ of the Jesuit Vanier. When, in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the art of composing Latin poetry was held in the highest estimation, that wonderful Company of Jesus, resolved that its children should claim the highest rank in every branch of science, art, and literature, naturally turned their attention to this also; and wherever among its members a talent for Latin verse was found, there it was cherished and brought before the world with all the advantages the commendation of the Society could give.

The Frenchman Vanier devoted his life to this poem. Utterly valueless as a didactic work,—for who would write precepts for farming in Latin hexameters?—but most valuable as proving that the first Latin poet of his age was a Jesuit, to our ideas it seems strange to find a priest devoting his life to sixteen books, each, perhaps, containing eight hundred lines, on subjects such as these:—How one ought to buy and repair a farm: How to choose servants: Of greater cattle: Of lesser cattle: Of trees: The diseases of trees: The rustic year: Of pot-herbs: Of vines: Of wine: Of fattening fowls: Of doves: Of bees (this fourteenth book is especially dedicated to Cardinal de Fleury): Of ponds: Of live stock. This is a synopsis of the worthy writer's poem: he tells us, in the book on Ponds, which was the first written of all, that, led away by the bad taste of youth, he inserted in it many fables; and had not altogether recovered from this 'anility' when he treated of doves and vines. Some twenty years ago, we remember to have read this poem right through from one end to the other; and it possesses considerable interest even for one who, like the present writer, cares not a straw for the subject on which it treats. There are some very fine passages in it: the gradual advance of autumn, at the beginning of the eighth book; the heroic charity of Bishop Belsunce, in the plague of Marseilles; Easter, as celebrated in the country; the way of discovering water by the divining-rod. Take, as an example, the description of Easter:—

'This is the time when nature's urgent needs
Brook no delay: when branches must be pruned,
Fields clamour for their seed. For holy Church
(Though now she celebrate her forty days)
This toil forbids not. Some she calls to fast:
You to redoubled toil; for toil was once
The punishment of sin. But when at length
The forty days in Easter melt away,
Then cast off earthly cares; then, then the soul
Must, mindful of the country whence she came,
Claim all the holy season to herself.
Till not the field,—rank weeds spring up: permit
The autumn orchard to remain unpruned,—
And small the increase of the vernal hour.
So must the heart be tilled; so every vice
Eradicated; so must toil and pains
Foster implanted virtue. Else the blood
Of that great Sacrifice was shed in vain,
And hell will take the souls so dearly bought
(What price were greater?) by the death of God.
Yes: keep your plighted faith, your faith once pledged,
To be His own for ever. This poor world
Is not your lasting home: for them that strive,
And toil, and conquer, there remains a crown

Eternal, incorruptible : a crown
 Which Christ then won, what time He burst the bars
 That shut the sons of Adam out of heaven,
 And promised, as their meed who nobly fight,
 The many mansions of His Father's house.
 Amidst that happy number we one day
 Shall worship. Meanwhile this poor life we lead,
 Expectant of a better : country toils
 Again invite our hands : the tools, hung up
 In Easter rest, must bravely be resumed.
 Thank God for all things ; while in exile here,
 He gives thee cares, with hope to solace now,
 And an eternal bliss to guerdon then.'

There is an earnestness in this poetry which sets it far above the Damons and Phyllises of our pastoral friends. Of course, in such a subject as the farm-yard, there must be much that is prosaic and tedious in the highest degree : and Vanier often labours under the same difficulty that beset Dyer in his *Fleece*, and Grainger in his *Sugar-cane*,—the choice between speaking of every-day occurrences in the every-day language of prose, or, to use the expression, employing a falsetto, and working them up into grandiloquence. So poor Grainger, in his first edition, being compelled to speak of the devastation of rats and mice, began a paragraph thus :

'Now, Muse, let's sing of mice.'

But some friend having objected to the expression as low, it was altered into,

'Now, Muse, let's sing of *rats*.'

And now, most absurdly of all, it stands :

'Nor with less harm the whisker'd vermin race
 (A countless clan) devour the lowland cane.'

And so Vanier often found a difficulty in determining whether he should call rats '*rats*,' or the '*whiskered vermin race*.' We might extend our notices of Pastoral Poets almost indefinitely. Among them we might name Erasmus, who describes love with all the common-places of pipes, crooks, and kids ; Vida, Bishop of Cremona, whose '*Poetics*' and whose '*Chess*' have been more than once translated into English, and whose '*Silkworms*' and '*Christiad*' well deserve to be so ; but whose three *Eclogues* are on a par with those of his fellows. Then, too, we have Pomponius Gauricus, whose tedious compositions are ended by this portentous line—and yet the man was a scholar too :—

'Ursorumque, canumque, importunorumque luporum :'

which how he scanned we should like to know. Then there was the learned Joachim Camararius, better employed in writing his *Life of Melancthon* and his *Commentary on the*

New Testament, than his *Diræ* and his *Querela*; and a host of inferior pastoralists, John Rainerius, Hannibal Cruceius, and George Sabinus, a friend of Luther and Melancthon: then, again, we have Cynthius Giralduus, Philip Girineti, and him who but for his immoralities would have been one of the brightest lights of modern Latin verse, John Secundus. But we will not inflict a list of their Pastorals on the reader. When we look back and see what wretched trash were then the poems which professed to describe the country, and compare them with the power of description with which a truer study of nature has invested the present age, it is indeed being liberated from the closeness of a medicated apartment to the freshness and wildness of a heath. The time has been when a not ignoble author, Burnett, the writer of the 'Theory of the Earth,' asserting that, at its first creation, it was perfectly flat, made use of the argument, that it could not have been consistent with the beneficence of a merciful Creator to deform it with those ugly excrescences called mountains.

It were unfair to close a sketch of the Pastoral poets of the Renaissance without alluding to our own true Pastoral poets. We do not mean Pope, nor Phillips, nor Gay, nor Thomas Warton, but Browne, and Wither, and Herrick. Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals' (if our readers are not acquainted with them), notwithstanding his occasional affectations, are the best of all similar poems. What a pretty country computation of time, for example, is this:—

'So soon as can a martin from our town
Fly to the river underneath the down,
And back return with mortar in her bill,
Some little cranny in her nest to fill,
The shepherd came.'

The poem was never finished; but what remains of it will fascinate those who are fond of studying the country life of the time of Charles I.

And now we have done. Our readers, warned as they were at the commencement of the barrenness of our subject, could not expect to be introduced to any rich vein of literary wealth. If we have laid before them one or two curious facts, and made them acquainted with one or two names that are not altogether deserving of oblivion, we shall be satisfied.

ART. III.—1. *The Colonial Church Chronicle, from January to December, 1858.* London: Rivingtons.

2. *The Mission Field, from January to December, 1858. A Monthly Record of the Proceedings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Home and Abroad.* London: Bell and Daldy.

THE increase of the Episcopate, in connexion with the Anglican Church in the foreign dependencies and colonies of Britain, is, confessedly, the most marvellous and cheering event in the history of the Church of England in its Reformed state; and it will form no undistinguished chapter in the history of the Universal Church since the Day of Pentecost. Leaving Ireland out of the question, where alone, unfortunately, during the period we are about to pass under review, the tide has ebbed—it is to be trusted, only for a little while—in every other land where either the British Church has pitched a daughter tabernacle, or has churches in communion and alliance with herself, she has been ‘lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes.’ The movement has been onward still and onward, till she bids fair to have her mission stations encircling the habitable globe, and her missionary bishops in every corner of the earth where are to be found those who owe allegiance to the crown of Britain, or who claim a common descent and heritage with ourselves. Nay, she is beginning to send forth her offshoots into lands altogether without the pale of English colonization and dominion. And as the Primitive Church did not confine herself within the limits of the Roman, so neither does the English confine herself to the far more vast and extensive boundaries of the British Empire. And is not this she whom they had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach? She who has borne so long—for nigh 300 years—the reproach of her barrenness and her widowhood? May we not with reverence adopt the words which we know were spoken in their fulness of the whole Gentile Church, and apply them, in a lower sense and according to her measure, to the English Church: ‘The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength. The barren hath borne seven, and she that hath many children is waxed feeble.’ And again, ‘We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day that she shall be spoken for? If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver; and if she be a door, we will enclose

'her with boards of cedar.' 'Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged.' She feared first, and now she is being enlarged. She shrank back, and hesitated, as it were, to step forth beyond the narrow bounds of these islands in the far West—her original sea-girt home, until now God Himself has seemed to release her, and God Himself is enlarging her boundaries to embrace the earth.

To proceed to the detail of facts. We are in a position to prove that if the numbers of what we must, for want of a more comprehensive and expressive term, denominate the Anglican Episcopate, should go on increasing for the next forty years, in only the same ratio which they have done for the last forty, our own spiritual fathers would actually outnumber the 318 bishops who assembled at the first Council of Nicæa—perhaps the best as well as the greatest of all the general councils of the Church. In the year 1818, we compute the number of bishops who had been consecrated according to the English ritual at forty-one—namely, twenty-seven for England and Wales and the Isle of Man; five for Scotland; six for the United States of America; and three for our foreign dependencies—or, one for Nova Scotia, one for Quebec, and one for Calcutta, the only Colonial Sees then in existence.

In the year 1858, we find these numbers swelled to 114 bishops presiding over the same territory which their predecessors were able to do very little more than nominally superintend. Of these 114, thirty, including two bishops retired, are in England and Wales; seven in Scotland; forty, including those retired, in the Colonies; and thirty-seven in the United States. Thus it will be seen that, in 1858, the number is within nine of trebling what it was in 1818; and that in forty years more—or, in 1898, if no check be experienced in the meantime—we may anticipate that our present numbers will be again increased threefold; and if so, will amount to 342 bishops, or twenty-four more than composed the Church's everlasting symbol, her *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν*, the Creed of Nicæa. Further, we might have augmented the number 114 by three, had we included the two suspended American bishops, and the late missionary bishop to Constantinople, Bishop Southgate.

Altogether wonderful and unprecedented since the apostolic age as this trebling of our Episcopate within forty years has been, there is no present apparent reason to suppose that the anticipation of a similar rate of increase for the next forty years will not be justified by forthcoming events, but indeed quite the contrary.

Judging by the last half of the forty years which have now expired, we should rather calculate that the multiplication of the

Episcopate will proceed in an increased, instead of a diminished ratio, for the future.

The knowledge of first principles upon this important subject is more widely diffused and better appreciated. Battles which have been hardly fought, and victories which have been long and severely contested, will either not require to be fought again, or, if fought, victory will be sooner in declaring itself on the side of truth. The adversaries of what is simply the legitimate extension of the Church's apostolic system, whether the opposition arise from within or without the Church's pale, will not easily recover ground which they were compelled to surrender, when circumstances seemed far more favourable for them than now they are, or are ever likely to be again. Prejudices which have been uprooted by the force and power of practical success will not easily strike so deep root again. Barriers which had been raised by the ignorance and neglect of ages will not require a second overthrow perhaps for generations to come. We seem indeed to be hearing now the last faint, feeble cries of opposition which are raised, *in principles so called*, to the Church's doing her Master's work in that Master's own appointed way. And this very cry of opposition upon principle, if so indeed it may be called, is raised on grounds which are at once inconsistent with themselves, with Holy Scripture, with primitive practice, with the history of eighteen centuries of Christianity, and with part of the actual proceedings of the very men themselves who have been instrumental in raising the clamour. We allude, of course, to the declaration recently issued by the Church Missionary Society against missionary bishops for India. We will only add of this declaration, that it appears to us singularly mistimed.

It would seem indeed as if there were one only thing which could at all check this onward movement, or mar those glorious vistas of the future, which appear to be more and more opening out to the view, of one branch of the Universal Church; and that one obstacle would be the conduct of the bishops themselves—if any considerable portion of them should ever be led to be lacking in sympathy with the very principles which, under Providence, have placed them in the position that they occupy, or, still worse, should set themselves actively to oppose those principles, we might then indeed fear that a fatal check would be experienced, a cloud dim the fairest prospects, and a fatal canker eat to the very root of that Tree of God which now bids fair to stretch her healthful shade over many a heathen land, so that the birds who soar aloft to the heavenly kingdom should come and lodge in the branches of it. But this is far too painful a subject to dwell upon. Let us turn rather to the contemplation of the glorious idea, that in another forty years, perhaps in less,

the Anglican Church may be able to assemble, from every quarter of the world, a council of her own spiritual fathers, as numerous, or even outnumbering, those who assembled to represent the whole Catholic Church at Nicæa.

One great result of the facts which we have stated is, to render the English Church at home more alive to the real position in which she stands towards her dependent or daughter Churches. With God's Church on earth it must ever be that an awakening to her position and her responsibilities must lead, as of necessary consequence, to a recognition of her shortcomings, and must give her reason to lament that her great mission should have been fulfilled so slothfully and so negligently; that so many steps should require to be retraced, so much have been left unattempted which both ought to have been undertaken, and, if undertaken, might have been accomplished: and, saddest of all, that the golden tide of opportunity, which occurred again and again perchance in her lethargy, should have passed, never, humanly speaking, to return again. Every one who is familiar with the history of the Colonial Church is only too well aware, that innumerable such opportunities have been apparently irretrievably lost.

We propose upon the present occasion to pass under review some of the chief obstacles which have hitherto impeded the spread of the Gospel as preached by missionaries of the English Church; why it is that comparatively so little fruit has rewarded their labours; and why, that while we have been told year after year that the 'fields were white unto the harvest,' so few sheaves should have been gathered in, or rather such scanty ears have been gleaned, and that the labourers should still be so deplorably few.

One thought alone in connexion with a single department of the 'Field of the World,' should be sufficient to move us to a due appreciation of the real, actual state of things. Suppose that it had pleased God that the result of the mutiny and rebellion in India had been the exact opposite of what they have been, and the English had been swept from their possessions from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. If so, the same mighty flood would have swept away for ever every trace and relic of the civil and religious institutions of the hated alien race; and of course, with the rest, the three bishops who preside over the great Presidencies of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal must have fled or been exterminated. What, under such circumstances, must have been the inevitable result? Take the most favourable possible view; and granting that a native Church had survived the general wreck in one or two remote spots—such as Tinnevely, for instance—we must acknowledge that it could but have languished through some years of a sickly exotic existence,

and then, at the death of the last surviving Christian priests, would have been extinguished the few faint embers of light which were all the evidence to show that, for an entire century, one of the mightiest Christian empires of the world had held uncontrolled and unquestioned sway over that vast peninsula.

It is an easy thing to say, 'These things ought not so to be.' It is not so easy to suggest and adopt appropriate and adequate remedies. Nevertheless, nothing can be more interesting and profitable as a subject of inquiry, than to endeavour to ascertain what spiritual appliances we may have at hand, which would prove likely to bring about the desired and desirable effect of a real improvement.

For the purposes which we have at present in view, we may advantageously divide this inquiry into the two following branches:—

First: Our domestic organization for awakening interest in, and promoting and encouraging sympathy with, the cause of Missions on the part of Christians at home.

Secondly: The nature of our actual aggressive operations for the conversion of the heathen abroad.

At present we will discuss the first of these—our home organization of district and parochial associations, with all the rest of the machinery which is brought to bear upon the country at large, and by which the necessary funds are raised for carrying on the work of evangelization.

In the first instance, let us contrast the state of affairs, in a pecuniary point of view, as it is, with what it ought to be.

We hold it as an axiomatic truth, that every really sincere member of Christ's Church *ought* to take a hearty interest in the Church's missionary work. He ought to feel and realize his position as a member of an essentially and inherently aggressive society—a society which must, by the very nature of its original constitution, wage an unceasing strife with the might of Heathendom and Infidelity. More than this: we are of the number of those who believe that, if this duty were once fairly brought home to all honest members of the Church, they would readily recognise it, and speedily act upon it. They would account it a privilege to further the great work, not only by their prayers, but by contributing alms more or less abundant, each in proportion to his means. Now, in a 'Summary Account of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' we find it stated, that not more than two thousand five hundred parishes, or only about one in five of the eleven or twelve thousand parishes of England and Wales, have as yet recognised their duty, as well to the heathen as to their own countrymen, who are going forth in exhaustless streams from

among themselves to the colonies—so far, at least, as this recognition consists in constituting a Parochial Association, in connexion with the venerable Society. If, however, to these two thousand five hundred parishes we should add another two thousand five hundred, for the number possessing associations in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, this will give us a total of five thousand parishes; leaving nearly seven thousand to be accounted for, or considerably less than one-half of the entire number.

These seven thousand, so far as we can ascertain by the tests which we have applied, are seen to have entirely failed in the performance of a great Christian duty. But let us adopt another test, viz. that of income.

We shall find that, in round numbers, the incomes of the two great Church Societies may be said to amount to £200,000 per annum. To many this will seem a large sum; and so, undoubtedly, it is, if viewed in an isolated, positive light. But if it be considered—as, indeed, it ought to be—relatively to the enormous amount of wealth represented by professed members of the English Church, it cannot be looked upon otherwise than as paltry in the extreme, and miserably inadequate to meet the ever-increasing demands which are made upon these two Societies. Two hundred thousand pounds is just half the reputed annual income of a single peer. And, leaving other classes of the community out of the question, let us take the landed aristocracy alone,—a class who are, almost without exception, Churchmen—and we shall find it a well-known fact, that there are thousands of peers or commoners whose incomes range from £10,000 to £200,000 per annum, or even higher; that is, from a tenth, to the entire sum devoted by the Church in England to her foreign missions.

It is true that the sum of £200,000 per annum does not quite represent the entire amount contributed by Churchmen for the support and extension of their Church's foreign operations. There is the Colonial Bishops' Fund to be taken into consideration; also the amount subscribed and paid in abroad to the corresponding Committees of the two Societies must not be forgotten. They are usually disbursed in the district where they are collected, without being accounted for in the capital fund at home. The exact amount of all these and similar extra contributions, it is of course quite impossible accurately to estimate. Still, the aggregate cannot be very great; and, as a set-off, it must be recollected it is applied chiefly to remedy the spiritual destitution of our own emigrants and colonists, and that a very large portion of the £100,000 which we have set down for the income of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is swallowed

up by the same urgent want. So that we may safely conclude that, taking every penny into consideration, not more but less than £200,000 are spent in the *direct* work of evangelizing the heathen.

Assuming it then as granted, that such a sum is altogether inadequate to meet the more and more urgently pressing calls which are almost daily made upon the Church's energies, to reap the world's harvest, and to enter in effectually at the doors which are being opened before her in her onward march, as she seeks to gather all nations, and people, and tribes, and languages into the one fold of the one Shepherd—we may also assume that there must be a cause, and, if a cause, also a remedy. And we are inclined to believe that neither the one nor the other lies very deep. We are inclined to think that both are to be discovered in a fuller recognition of the fact, that our duty to the heathen, and the obligation which really rests upon us of taking an interest in and contributing towards the great work of their conversion, have never yet been brought home adequately, as they might have been, to the hearts and the consciences of each individual Churchman. It ought to be a principle, as it were, bound up in the inmost heart of all true living branches of Christ's Church, that they should each be Missionary Churches; that to hand on that sacred torch of heavenly fire which themselves have received, is not only their bounden duty, but *should* be a part of their very constitution and primary organization. We might accumulate a mass of evidence to show how this great idea has been again and again recognised in the history of the Church of all ages. S. Paul seems plainly to allude to it in 2 Cor. x. 15, 16, 'Having hope, when your faith is increased, 'that we shall be *enlarged by you according to our rule* abundantly, 'to preach the Gospel in the *regions beyond you*.' He speaks of 'his rule,' of acting 'according to his rule,' as though it were an established principle with him, that as soon as he had firmly settled the foundations of a Church in any one spot, as at Corinth, he should make it a kind of head-quarters, from whence to direct his operations against the heathenism of the, as yet, benighted countries round about.

To borrow a metaphor from earthly strategy, Jerusalem was the original primary base of operations for the soldiers of the Cross. In a short period it was advanced to Samaria, then to Antioch,—which may be almost considered the mother-church of Gentile Christendom—Antioch, which sent forth missionaries by a solemn act of commendation and benediction, preceded by special fast and prayers. The more we look into these things, the more clearly shall we discern how *systematically* the Apostolic Church went to work in this matter. The early Church never would

have converted the Roman world, had her aggressive policy against the might of established Paganism been confined to desultory, unsystematic, individual efforts, however noble, and self-denying, and zealous in themselves. Again, when Syria and Eastern Asia Minor had been somewhat leavened with the truth, observe how S. Paul fixes upon Ephesus for the seat of a new Christian capital. From thence he issued forth for the conquest of Western Asia Minor and the Ionian Isles. Departing, he left S. Timothy to have a kind of general superintendence over these regions: for a metropolitan Timothy undoubtedly was, and not simply Bishop of the city of Ephesus. Lastly, when S. Paul passed over by divine direction into Europe, how did he, with that eagle glance which the world admires in an Alexander, when he fixed upon the site of the city which bears his name, a seat of future empire, pass rapidly onward until he established himself at Corinth, the wealthiest and most populous city of Greece, standing on an isthmus which was the key of two continents. And then resting there for a while in bodily presence, his spirit's eye traversed the wide regions of the almost fabulous West, even as far as Spain, or perhaps beyond to the British Isles; planning, as we have seen, how, when the Corinthians should be converted, to make of them a Missionary Church to carry the Gospel into the regions beyond them.

To come down to later times, it would be an interesting subject to trace the operations of the Church in the Middle Age, following apostolic precedent, in carrying out the same great principle. How, when Ireland and Scotland had been previously converted, the disciples of S. Patrick and S. Columba sent forth the Aidans and the Pirans, and countless others who converted the northern and western parts of England: and how, when England herself was converted, the Anglo-Saxon Church gave her noble-hearted Boniface, with his companions, for the conversion of Western Europe. Then again, as showing us that this great apostolic principle has not become effete by the long lapse of 1800 years, there have been few things related with respect to Missions more cheering than the account in the November number for 1858 of the 'Mission Field,' of a missionary meeting in Tinnevely—a meeting conducted by recently converted heathens themselves, and in which natives were the only speakers, with the exception of a few introductory remarks by the superintending missionary. It is even still more gratifying to observe the line which they seem spontaneously to have adopted, catching up, as it were, the mantle of primitive tradition, and themselves selecting one particular field of labour, as the spot on which to bestow their energies to reclaim it from Satan's empire, and add it to the Kingdom of Light. We will quote a passage or two

from the 'Mission Field' in the account given of this significant event: it occurs, as we said, in the November number for 1858:—

'The following narrative, communicated by the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, will be read with equal surprise and interest. While very general ignorance, or, at all events, very scanty and imperfect information, exists as to the effect of Christian Missions in India, a most competent eye-witness comes forward to show that his own native converts are taking active measures to spread the faith which they have received, among their heathen neighbours. The movement which Dr. Caldwell records is in every way a most remarkable one. He describes a public meeting of 600 native Hindoos, assembled for the purpose of organizing a Missionary Association; and conducting their business with an order and decorum, and expressing their sentiments with a force and fervour, that might serve as a pattern to our own Parochial Associations.'

Then follows a description of the meeting, in Dr. Caldwell's own words:—

'The district of Edeyenkoody'—the one under his own superintendence, and that in which the meeting was held—'may be divided into two portions of unequal extent, and unequal in Christian progress. The portion which lies to the east of the Nâttâr river is by far the smaller of the two, but churches and schools abound in it, and Christianity has made encouraging progress in it; whilst the country to the west of the river, though much more extensive, is still almost entirely heathen. The Christians belonging to the eastern part of the district have not been wholly unmindful of their duty towards their heathen brethren in the west; but it seemed desirable to set on foot some system of effort which would bid fair to produce larger results. Accordingly I recommended the congregations in the east to combine together, and form themselves into a regularly organized Society for spreading the Gospel in the west. The people generally entered into the plan with commendable zeal, and appointed a native committee (one-third of the members to be native teachers, and two-thirds to be private members of the congregations) to carry it into effect. It was desirable that the work of the Society should be commenced by a public meeting, for the purpose of interesting the people at large in the plan, and also to collect the necessary funds; but before the meeting was held, the *âlosânei sangam*, "the council of deliberation," or committee, assembled twice to arrange preliminaries and lay down rules.

'One object I had in view was to initiate the people into the art of transacting their own affairs themselves, and therefore I was very careful in those meetings of committee to content myself with the least possible amount of guidance. A native committee was an unheard-of novelty amongst them; and yet I must say that the sensible suggestions which were made by many of the members, the intelligence and patience with which rules were discussed and moulded into shape, and the unselfish missionary feeling which they evinced, would have done credit to a committee of Englishmen. It was agreed that the Society should be called the *Edeyenkoody Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*; that the missionary should be *ex officio* president and treasurer, and gnâpragâsam (catechist), the secretary; that the Society should undertake to support the four native catechists now employed in the west, and meet the various expenses connected with the five small congregations already established there, besides employing additional teachers and itinerants, as opportunity offered; and that whilst the spiritual oversight of the congregations belonged, as before, to the missionary, it was the part and duty of the Society, not only to

manage all pecuniary affairs, but also to interest itself in the work, and to procure all necessary information about its progress.'

One of the resolutions adopted might possibly supply a useful hint to committees in high places. It was as follows:—

'That every fortnight two members of the committee, one of whom shall be a catechist, and one a "layman," accompanied, if possible, by a member of the Society who is not a committee-man, shall pay a visit, at their own expense, to the scene of the Society's labours in the west, and shall there spend at least four days in going from village to village, conversing with heathens and Christians, and endeavouring to further the objects of the Society. After their return they shall relate to the committee what they have done and seen.'

The organization of the committee was followed by the grand inaugural meeting of 600 persons from every part of the district. It was opened by prayer and the singing of a Tamil hymn, 'Go forth, thou mighty word of God.' With the exception of a few introductory and explanatory remarks from Dr. Caldwell, the whole of the speeches were made by native converted Hindoos. Every speech is worthy attentive perusal; and some of them, notwithstanding the loss they must have suffered by translation into a foreign language, are, even in their English dress, specimens of natural eloquence: and more than anything, they seem to point to the possession of administrative talent, and of a power of self-organization, and of combination for useful purposes, in a quarter where very few Europeans would ever have thought of looking for such qualities. Evidently, these gifts are possessed by other races besides the Anglo-Saxon; and may yet, through the Divine mercy, play no unimportant part in promoting the diffusion of Christianity amongst the teeming populations of the East.

It is, however, of the greatest importance that we should not allow a few isolated instances of success here and there to blind us to what we must call, to speak plainly, the failure of missionary efforts in modern times, looking at them as one grand connected whole. A whole they have been only by an abstraction of the mind so accounting them. The true reason of their failure has been that they have not been a real practical whole, as an effort of the Church herself.

We must feel that desultory, uncombined, unauthorized efforts have hitherto only most signally failed, so far as any great success in evangelizing the heathen is concerned, so far as any national movement towards Christianity is to be discerned. We have only gleaned a few ears whilst the countless sheaves, white unto the harvest, have been and still are left unreaped; whilst the Mission stations still remain but as oases hemmed in by the barren and dry land where no water is, that waste howling wilderness which, if God's word is to be believed, shall yet abound

with springs and floods of living water, and which shall yet 'rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

What then we wish to do is to seek a remedy for all this. And if we would have the remedy an effectual one, if we would go to the root of the matter, we must begin with the Church at home. We must ascertain if there be not some way of effectually rousing the spiritual life of England's Church, which in its awakening should carry all before it with an irresistible impulse; and which in its mighty energizing should speedily operate with incalculable effect upon her spiritual work and her spiritual workmen abroad.

And to accomplish this, we would suggest a means for bringing this special subject so prominently before the eyes of every earnest true-hearted son and daughter of our spiritual mother, that henceforward there would be no fear of the duty being ignored, or the obligation forgotten or misunderstood. But it has never yet come home to Churchmen generally, they have never yet recognised it as a principle, that it would indeed be well in every way were direct intercessory prayer for missions and missionaries to form an acknowledged part of their daily devotions, a recognised fact as it were of their daily spiritual life.

The means which we would suggest have been long systematized, and regularly acted upon in the Church of Rome. And their power has been felt and acknowledged by one at least of the Nonconforming bodies amongst ourselves. To state the *principle* of what we mean as succinctly as we can, we conceive it to be the forming of an association for this great purpose which shall not be *external* to the Church's inner and deeper life, as such a body as even the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel both is and must of necessity ever remain; but an association partaking in and flowing from the Church's own spiritual being,—an association as widely spread as the Church herself, ramifying through all her branches, and embracing every individual member of her fold; thus, as it were, making a missionary of every one already within, and employing him as an instrument to promote the conversion of every one as yet without the pale, and whom it is sought to bring in.

To give persons an interest in anything, it is absolutely necessary to give them *work* to do, to assign to them a certain recognised status, however humble, or seemingly unimportant in itself, to show them that such work as they, the mass of Christians, can do, is not only valuable in itself, but that it is actually felt and valued. And to show how this may be practicably accomplished is our object in bringing forward the details of the plan which we are about to unfold. Let us, however, to obviate the possibility of any misunderstanding, state

distinctly at the outset, that what we shall propose is not designed to interfere, neither indeed could it possibly interfere, with any previously existing machinery of missions: rather, it is designed to be supplementary and auxiliary to all, to take a position which they do not and cannot hold, to occupy ground which, by the nature of the organization of existing societies, it is impossible for them to cultivate.

In the first place, then, we would suggest that in every diocese throughout England an association should be formed with the sanction of the bishop, which might be called, for instance, the Canterbury, or the London, or the Oxford Diocesan Association, or Fraternity of Missions. These names are merely suggested. Any others which would express the object of the association might be adopted at the pleasure of the members—the title given being of very slight importance; all that would be necessary being some denomination which would express the avowed object of the society. Of this association the bishop of the diocese would become the natural head, and might be styled its rector or president.

The rural deans might be invited to become its subordinate officers, and might be called vicars, or vice-presidents, unless, indeed, it should be considered desirable to reserve the latter office for the archdeacons. Next would come the ordinary members, and these would be divided into two classes—clerical and lay, each class having its own distinctive appointed duties in connexion with the association. And to show how such an association would be carried on, we would suggest that some such rules as the following might be adopted for its practical working.

1. That every member of the fraternity, whether lay or clerical, should add daily to his private devotions some petition, however short, invoking a blessing upon the Church's missionary work, and interceding for the conversion of the heathen world. For this purpose, perhaps nothing better could be suggested than the use of the third of the collects for Good Friday. 'O merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold, under one shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.' We might enlarge upon the singular beauty and appropriateness of this collect, venerable for its

antiquity, as substantially the same with prayers in use throughout the entire Western Church. Let us observe, too, how beautifully it makes mention first of the Jew, 'the elder brother,' then of the Turk, comprehending all the followers of the false prophet Mahomet, and then of Infidels, meaning all heathens and idolaters, and unbelievers of every description.

What indeed might we not speedily dare to anticipate, if every member of England's Church, whether at home or abroad, were to unite in making use of this prayer as a recognised portion of their daily intercessory devotions?

2. A second rule which might be advantageously adopted by every member of the association, being the head of a family, would be to add some special petition, for a blessing upon missions, to his family devotions, at least once in the day. This might be done by using the collect for Good Friday, already mentioned; or the first of the Good Friday collects would be a not inappropriate one. 'Almighty God, we beseech thee 'graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus 'Christ was contented to be betrayed into the hands of wicked 'men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and 'reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world 'without end. Amen.' By 'this thy family,' is of course to be understood, God's whole family of the countless sons of Adam—God's family by creation, and also his family through Christ's redemption of it, according to the saying, that 'He tasted death for every man.' Or, instead of these collects, any of the forms which are to be found in almost all books of family prayers might be used, such as 'Suckling's Evening Office: 'Remember, O God, thy holy Church throughout the world, 'specially all bishops, priests, and deacons, all such as are 'labouring for the conversion of the heathen, and those that be in 'error, as well all who are attempting any good work which may 'bring glory to thy name, or some good to the Church.' The important point is of course not the particular form, but that, whatever the form be, it should be used as an intercession of the whole united family every day.

Thus would the use of these collects and prayers, in the course of family and private devotion, besides their direct effect upon the object of intercession, bind each individual member of the association to every other member, in a fraternity or brotherhood, by an invisible yet most powerful and holy bond of true charity.

It would be the bond of mutual interest and co-operation in promoting the most noble and glorious object which can possibly engage the mind and faculties, the thought and aspirations, the glowing enthusiasm, and the intensest love of the soul

of man—even the advancement of God's kingdom upon earth, the diffusion of heavenly life and light, and happiness and peace, until 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth even as the waters cover the sea,' until the dominion of Christ shall be 'from one sea to the other, and from the flood even unto the world's end.' Nothing, perhaps, forms so firm and intense a bond of love as union for the promotion of some common object of virtue and piety and godliness. Nothing so tends to make men forget the minor differences which estrange them as this; for the mutual love which they all bear to the common object of their love seems to draw each side of the chasm which divides them, and on each side of which they have taken their standpoint, nearer and nearer, until they find themselves, as it were, insensibly, they know not how, upon common ground; and all their opposition ends in a firm, and loving, and enduring embrace.

But to unite all the separate units, and individual members or families of each association of missions, in the one great family of their common mother the Church, some further rules will be required. These rules might be somewhat as follow—

3. That every member being a priest should, if possible, celebrate the Holy Communion, and every member not being a priest should, if possible, be present at the celebration of the Holy Communion, and partake of the blessed Sacrament, on some such day as each diocesan association should determine to set apart for the purpose. It would, of course, be desirable that all the diocesan fraternities should endeavour to fix upon the same day for such anniversary for special celebration. If, however, this were found inconvenient, or very difficult in practice, it need not be considered by any means as indispensably requisite to the success of the scheme.

Proceeding, however, at present, upon the assumption that one anniversary could be selected for this object for the whole English Church, it would be well that some day should be chosen which would naturally direct the thoughts to the conversion of the heathen. Such day might be the Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, for instance; or another appropriate day would be the Feast of S. Paul, because he was the great Apostle of the Gentiles; or the Festival of All Saints, because that day is a kind of type and earnest of the great in-gathering of the world's harvest, both of Jews and Gentiles, into God's heavenly garner. It is the Christian counterpart of the great Jewish festival, which was called indifferently the Feast of Tabernacles, or the Feast of the In-gathering of all the Fruits of the Earth—being held in the month of October. It points us to the full accomplishment of

that which S. John beheld in vision—‘the gathering together of
 ‘that multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and
 ‘kindreds, and people, and tongues, which shall stand before the
 ‘throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and
 ‘palms in their hands.’

Under the head of the last general rule would be implied, that each priest who celebrated the Holy Communion should do so with a special intention of offering up intercession to God by pleading the most precious and all-prevailing sacrifice of the death of Christ, for the speedy conversion of the heathen world; and that each communicant should keep the same object steadily in view in his or her own private devotions at the Blessed Sacrament. The Offertory would be, upon all such occasions, of course devoted to the furtherance of some strictly missionary work—the particular object to be left to the discretion of the minister and his parishioners; but still so that the rector and vicars of each diocesan association should have the power of *recommending* the object of such general Offertory throughout the diocese.

It is considered that these rules might form the basis or groundwork of such an association as the one which we are recommending; and they are surely so simple in themselves, and so easy to be complied with, that it would scarcely be possible for them even to become burdensome. Perhaps, however, to meet the case of such priests or laymen as are in the habit of saying or frequenting the daily prayers of the Church, and who might object to adding anything else, however brief a petition to the private daily devotions which they use already, it might be considered advisable to leave it optional with them to omit the Good Friday collect; provided, however, it were understood to be their rule instead, to make mental use of certain portions of the Daily Office as *their* special private intercessions on behalf of Missions. These portions might be such as the clause in the ‘Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of Men,’—that God would be ‘pleased to make his ways known unto them, his saving health unto all nations;’ or, upon Litany days, the petition, ‘That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men;’ or when the Psalm ‘Deus misereatur’ is said at evensong, the two first verses, ‘God be merciful unto us and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us. ‘That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health ‘among all nations;’ or again, simply the two petitions of the Lord’s Prayer, ‘Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.’

4. A fourth rule, which would better take the form of a recommendation than of a binding obligation, might be, that each priest being a member of the association, and in charge of a

parish, should preach a sermon annually, with the view of impressing upon the minds of his parishioners generally, the nature of their duties and obligations to the heathen, setting before them at the same time the privilege as well as the duty of contributing according to their means towards the support of Missions. The preacher might upon such an occasion take an opportunity of explaining the nature and constitution, together with the rules of the fraternity, of Missions; though indeed it is probable that such explanation would be more effectually afforded at the periods of pastoral visits, and in the course of private conversations with people at their own homes.

And here we cannot help pausing for a moment, to invite attention to what would be a wonderful collateral advantage, resulting from the introduction of any such association of missions, as that which we are now advocating, in a parish—an advantage which, though indirect, would be just as real as that union in intercessory prayer which would be the *direct* object in view. This advantage would be the opening, which it would afford to any clergyman desirous of making use of it, for more unrestrained communications upon religious and spiritual subjects than he has at present with the members of his flock. What is it that almost all earnest-minded clergy now complain of as their greatest trouble, and the greatest drawback to their ministrations?

—Is it not their deplorable isolation for the most part from those who have been committed to their charge, and of whom they will be required to render so solemn an account? But now, at the present time, especially among the higher and middle classes of society, are not subjects of a religious character, particularly those bearing upon *personal* religion, all but unapproached and unapproachable ground? Are not such direct religious topics as bear upon any actual practical work, of prayer for instance, or meditation, what we may call tabooed in what is styled good society? And this not only when laymen are by themselves, but for the most part, even when laity and clergy are met together. These are melancholy facts, which good men of all parties bewail and deplore. The more earnest among the laity seem inclined to throw the blame entirely upon the clergy, for shrinking from introducing such subjects, out of the pulpit, in the intercourse of social life. The clergy, on the other hand, are ready to say—and it must be confessed with a good deal of reason—that this is not altogether just; that they are not entirely in fault. Because, most frequently, when they do try to introduce or promote a healthier tone of conversation than the mere utterly frivolous general talk of the world, they are met either with coldness and reserve, and indifference; or else they and

their people have so little in common, so very few points of contact mutually interesting to both, that conversation upon higher matters, even if commenced, but too often sadly flags for want of matter to sustain it: the flame which is perhaps occasionally enkindled dies out for want of fuel to nourish it.

Now, would not the establishment of an offshoot of one of these missionary fraternities, the outline of which we have sketched, afford in any parish just that common, easily accessible ground, which is desired for the commencement of spiritual intercourse, such as might ultimately ripen into the warmest spiritual relations between the pastor and the individual members of his flock? There would in the first instance be the necessity of explaining its objects, and getting people to take an interest in them and in the proceedings of such a society; of showing them how needful is the co-operation of the faithful laity of all classes and all ranks. And, then after a parishioner had been once enrolled a member, there would be a perennial source of interest, arising from topics connected in one way or other with the fraternity. There would be the feeling, on the part of the laity, that their help and co-operation was really sought after by their priest, and that it was really both valuable in itself and valued by him. Again, there would be the annual gathering at God's altar of priest and people, rich and poor, old and young, to realize, as it were with an intense feeling and appreciation of unity, the great common object of their intercessions—the advancement of the kingdom of their common Lord.

And would not the scheme we are suggesting fill up the gap, and supply the want which seems to be almost universally *felt*, and is beginning to be very generally *acknowledged*, in the English Church, that we do not give the laity anything to *do*? It has surely borne the great test of experience, that practical union for good works of any kind, in any society, does help people to realize better their union in God's Church, and to fulfil more effectively their mutual relationships in the communion of saints, as being members one of another. And the reason why such societies have ever proved anything but beneficial, or have degenerated into a schism, or a quasi-schism, has been simply because they have sought their bond of union, and the pledges by which each member is bound to every other in something either distinct from, or else opposed to, the Church's system. Let us suppose, for the sake of an example, that John Wesley, instead of making attendance at the weekly class-meeting, and reception of the quarterly ticket from the hands of the itinerant preachers, the test of membership with his society, had prescribed the reception of the Blessed Sacrament in Church at

quarterly meetings, is it unreasonable to think that the present position of the Wesleyan Methodist body would have been widely different from what it is? Instead of being the prolific parent of successive sects, each one more hostile to the Church than the preceding sect from which they spring, in proportion as the remembrance of the old Wesleyan traditions grows fainter, and itself drifting almost yearly into an apparently hopeless and irretrievable schism, would it not have gravitated more and more towards the Church, until its members would have been all true and earnest Churchmen, with some particular rites, and practices, or observances of their own, which would in no way have interfered with the Church's renewed vitality, but would rather have advanced it, and been nourished by it? The Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we repeat, might have been made the Wesleyan bond of union, and other things have been much as they were; and then all would have been well.

Unhappily, another test, of which the Church knows nothing, was imposed—that of the class-meeting; and now every parish priest knows, by sad experience, if he have Wesleyans in his parish, that the charge might be easily substantiated against them of having made the commandment of God of none effect, that they might keep their own tradition. It is a melancholy fact, but it is only too true, that if our Lord's dying command—'Do this in remembrance of Me'—should, as is often the case in practice, come into collision with John Wesley's precept, enjoining regular attendance at the class-meeting, with at least nine Wesleyans out of ten, the former precept would be made to give way to the latter.

To return to the consideration of the rules of our projected association of missions. It would be desirable that every member should subscribe for, and read, or hear read, some periodical, giving reports of missionary progress, and affording information respecting it. And when it is recollected that the 'Gospel Missionary,' a very interesting and prettily illustrated monthly periodical, is published under the superintendence of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the small sum of one halfpenny, and that periodicals, equally cheap, are, we believe, put forth by the Church Missionary Society, it is anticipated that even the poorest would find no difficulty in complying with such a rule. It would not, of course, be necessary, that in a family where there were several members of an association of missions, more than one should subscribe for a periodical.

It would be very desirable that in every diocese there should be for the proposed diocesan associations, one or more secretaries appointed. It would be their office to register the names

of all the clergy within the diocese, who approved of the objects of the association, and were desirous of becoming members of it, and introducing it among their parishioners. Under the name of each incumbent, or of each parish rather, might be registered the number of the members of the association in that parish. It would be the part of each parish priest to procure a book, and register the names of such of his parishioners as became, from time to time, members of the fraternity, or union, for the support of the Missions, or by whatever other designation it might be agreed to call the association. But the aggregate numbers need be all that would require to be recorded by the diocesan secretaries. Another part of the duty of these secretaries would be to keep up a correspondence with the parish priests, informing them of any general meetings of the association which it might be thought desirable to hold; conveying intimation of the object or objects which the rector and vicars had determined upon to recommend for the general Offertory, on such anniversary as should be agreed upon; receiving such reports of the progress of parochial branch associations as any parish priest might be disposed to communicate for the information and encouragement of their brethren; and occasionally, perhaps, sending round a circular-letter, giving an account of any peculiarly cheering event, or very pressing want, in connexion with our foreign or colonial Churches. Thus would opportunity be afforded of, from time to time, effectually stimulating the sympathy and liberality of the faithful, and directing their flow into useful and legitimate channels. In fact, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to particularize all the ways in which a whole diocese, and the aggregate of dioceses which go to make up the English Church, might be effectually stirred up, by the use of the Church's own machinery, to set forth God's glory and set forward the salvation of all men; urging onward the consummation of that joyful time when all the kingdoms of this world shall have 'become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.' We will only specify one more species of this *internal* work. Through the secretary's communicating with the parish priests, it would at any time be perfectly easy to secure the united intercession of a whole diocese, or of many dioceses, for any special object for which it might be desired. Such might be the establishment of a mission in a country where there had been none before; or the foundation of a new colonial diocese; or bishops or other missionaries going out to commence their labours; or missionaries or infant churches exposed to peculiar trials and dangers, such as was the Delhi Mission and others during the recent Indian rebellion—in fact, a thousand things which practice and expe-

rience only would fully indicate. But in a measure dependent upon and correlative to this internal work of the diocesan mission secretaries, would be their work *external* to the diocese. This would consist, in part, in maintaining a correspondence with other diocesan associations through their respective secretaries at home. Abroad, they would correspond with missionaries, receiving from them reports of their progress, of their hopes and fears, their encouragements and their discouragements, for the edification of the Church at home; and again communicating the knowledge of the intercessions and sympathies of the mother Church at home to those her daughter churches abroad. A constant mutual intercourse of this nature, whether by epistles or by the voice of living messengers, would appear to have been universal in primitive and apostolic times. We shall find the writings of S. Paul perfectly studded with the traces and indications of it, and even of direct reference to it. For the apostles themselves did not think it any derogation from their high dignity thus to rehearse in the ears of the mother Church at Jerusalem which 'tarried at home,' how they of her household, her spiritual princes and warriors, 'divided' for her enlargement the 'spoils' of the Gentiles.

And just as S. Paul appeared to be especially desirous of interesting the Roman Church in his projected missionary journey into Spain, that he might be refreshed by their sympathy, and brought on his way thither by them, so might each settled diocese single out some one or more struggling missionary dioceses for the peculiar exercise of its Christian love and sympathy—the rich and strong diocese furnishing all things necessary to support the poor and weak. Nay, might we not suggest a still further expansion of our scheme, and say there are some rich single parishes in England, such as S. George's, Hanover-square, and S. James', Westminster, which might, almost without feeling the burden, undertake each to support one or more colonial or missionary dioceses, including the maintenance of a missionary bishop, and a staff of missionary clergy? And why should not this be done? We shall hope yet to behold such a plan, or something similar, accomplished. A further advantage which we are convinced would result from the adoption of the plan which we advocate—and which, though a collateral one, would not be inferior to any of the others, but in some respects, perhaps, surpass them all—would be a constant and ready supply of suitable and zealous labourers for every department of work in the missionary vineyard. We should not behold any longer the melancholy spectacle of the same advertisement appearing, week after week and month after month, begging for some one to come forward and volunteer for

God's service in India, or China, or Ceylon, or Borneo; and all sorts of worldly inducements held out to influence men, in despair, as it would seem, of their being attracted by *love* alone to Christ and souls. And why is this? Not because suitable qualifications are not to be found in abundance, especially among our younger clergy; not because there is not much love to Christ and yearning over souls amongst them. There is all this; and a vast amount of energy and burning zeal, and even of enthusiasm, besides. But the cause is to be traced to that which we showed at the outset to be the true reason of the absence of anything like adequate pecuniary contributions. That is, the cause of Missions is not brought home to people as it might and ought to be. Listlessness, and apathy, and inactivity, want of appreciation of the magnitude of the interests involved, and the dignity of the interests concerned, seem to prevail, in consequence, almost everywhere. But how great a difference would speedily be recognised, if the system we propose were inaugurated. The cries for aid from heathen lands would penetrate many a noble Christian heart. Men filled with the purest flame of Christian love would hesitate no longer about the call being made personally to *them*. They would be like S. Paul at Troas, when he beheld the man of Macedonia appealing *personally* to *him*,—'Come over into Macedonia, and help us.' England's Church would glory and rejoice in giving the very choicest of her young men to strive for a crown but little, if any, less honourable than the martyr's—the crown which shall be the prize of the successful missionary: while she herself would be abundantly watered in return by the dew and showers of God's blessing, and would be replenished with the golden sunshine of His grace. A double portion of the Spirit would rest upon her, calling many of her sons and daughters to give of their substance and their energies for the conversion of the heathen—men and women who desire only to spend and be spent for Christ, and who believe that there is nothing so high or so noble as to give up all for God's service and glory.

Let us very briefly sum up the advantages which would result from a general adoption of our schemes, which are both negative and positive.

Negatively, it would not interfere with any existing machinery; but would in truth greatly promote the efficiency of any which does exist. Those clergy who now collect the alms of their parishioners, to forward them to the Church Societies, would still continue to do so; only that they would, in all probability, find far more liberal and abundant contributions, arising from the greatly increased interest which would be taken in everything connected with Missions.

Positively, it would have its great direct effect in instituting a general system of intercessory prayer for the conversion of the world to the worship of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. It would show how, actually and practically, it would be possible to carry into effect that advice which is so constantly pressed upon us at missionary meetings, and in missionary publications, exhorting us to pray for the conversion of the heathen, but which, it is to be feared, seldom takes effect, except in promoting for a little time, while the advice is fresh, a few desultory, aimless prayers: and all for want of some effectually systematic method with which people could become acquainted, and through which they could satisfactorily comply with the exhortations which they have heard, and by which they are doubtless often stirred up. Finally, it would so direct the attention of good and earnest Churchmen of all classes to the cause of Missions, and so excite and promote sympathy with it, that the most crying want of all would be in a fair way of being supplied,—the want of men, men earnest-minded, and self-denying, and holy. And though probably, in reference to the greatness of the harvest, our Lord's words—'the labourers are few'—are intended to apply to all time, yet, viewed in reference to the dearth which once existed, it might be truly said,—'the labourers are many.' And surely 'their reward is with them, and their work before them.'

ART. IV.—*Life of Mary Anne SchimmelPenninck.* London:
Longmans and Co.

THERE are few points in which we differ more, one from another, than in the impressions left on us by the period of childhood. Persons associate without any apparent intellectual disparity, some of whom may not retain other than a dim visionary impression of existence before the age of eight or ten, who are only conscious of thinking and acting for themselves subsequently to that period—all the previous time a succession of dissolving views, dreamy scenes without beginning or end; glimpses of pain or pleasure, snatches of thought or feeling, connected with a few names, a few persons, a few childish interests; but all vague, misty, and hardly connected with the present existence:—while others may regard the same period, from their earliest consciousness, with a clear, vivid retrospection, with a sense of reality which no after phase of life equals, as being full of *first* impressions and new knowledge. They look back on the dawning, one by one, of new ideas, on the distinct consciousness, for the first time, of certain faculties, on the acquisition of definite facts, and the working of infant reason and judgment upon them; on the introduction to society as a new influence beyond the social circle. They recall the gradations in learning, from the nursery and drawing-room to the austerer school-room, with its professional teachers; they recollect the first glimpse of public affairs: they know the sensations when first sublime and religious ideas stirred the heart; when the teaching of conscience first woke within them: they have not forgotten the first sin, the first repentance, the first confession. They can revive the image of things and persons as they were, can conjure up when they please faces now faded, young, fresh, and habited in extinct fashions: they can renew the sensations of minute size and infantine proportions, before the foot stood firm or the limbs were practised in their work: they know how it feels to be lifted in air, and borne in strong protecting arms; what it is to nestle in a lap, to climb a knee, to sit triumphant on a shoulder: they can recall the relish of baby jests, the music and mysterious suggestions of infant rhymes, the swelling absorbing enchantment of the opening world of romance, with its fairies, giants, dwarfs, and ogres; and again the wonder and awe of graver learning, the first facts of history, the first idea of a far receding past, the first sense of citizenship, the first books which set the thoughts in those channels in which they have

flowed to this day. Those are to be envied who can trace thus far up to the hidden well-spring of being, whether their advantage lies in circumstances or in natural organization, for both commonly go to the formation of a memory acutely alive to early impressions; and a faithful record of these impressions must always form a valuable addition to the common experience, and, rightly used, throw a light on the most important period of education, the first training of the heart and intellect.

Just such a record does the volume before us furnish. The peculiar circumstances of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's childhood, the varied interests in which she was engaged, the union of early mental culture with leisure and seclusion enough for the exercise of thought, and the happy constitution of her own mind for profiting by these intellectual advantages, all combined to produce a remarkable fulness and intelligence of memory, observation, and analysis long before these faculties are brought into play with children of more ordinary information and habits, and have resulted in an autobiography of her childhood and early youth, which must, we think, be read with general interest and profit, both as the history of a remarkable mind, and as a picture of once influential society now forgotten. Not, of course, that anything so very exceptional as the circumstances of her childhood can be useful as a direct example, even on those points where we must approve the intention. With many children, such early forcing of the faculties and the judgment would have ended in the shipwreck of both; but the union of strength with docility, and the natural weight and seriousness of her interests, rendered her a fit subject for them. Early gravity did not end in mature frivolity, as we sometimes see, because it was the real bent of her mind: what she once received was assimilated into her system never to be changed or cast aside, so that when she came to record her youthful history, she could view it with the same eyes, trace it with the same feelings, which saw and actuated her at the time, and this constitutes its value. Her life was a whole, always true to itself and with no sudden dislocations to destroy the current of sympathy of one period with another. Naturally candid, and a lover of justice, her course (though we must wish it had brought her to a more complete conformity with what we hold to be the truth) was not one to betray her into perversions and suppressions for the sake of system or party: a real benefit is never disowned because the benefactor would offend her own subsequent convictions or startle others' prejudices. Once grateful she is always grateful; a spiritual truth was such a reality to her, and once received so incorporated into head and heart, that she could not conceive harm or risk in recording from whom she received it,

nor acknowledge its nature changed, its value deteriorated, by after fuller enlightenment. The characteristic of her self-history is honest truthfulness. We doubt if it is possible for persons to write of their early days without tincturing them with the interpretations and conclusions of maturer thought; but nothing of this sort is intentional: we have the rare and refreshing sensation, in reading a religious biography, of—in a full sense—believing what we read. We detect nothing as said with an unavowed covert ulterior purpose. She wishes to record her personal history, so far as it influenced the training of her soul and its gradual reception of Gospel truth. She has no fear of man before her eyes in the task; what she thinks, she writes fervently and well: not what she supposes she *ought* to think, or what she imagines would serve the interest of religion, but the actual experiences of life and thought. She may be mistaken, but she is never cowardly or false to her innermost conviction. She has faith in the truth, as it is the fashion to say, without gloss or comment. We are left therefore with real facts and real opinions to judge from—realities on which the reason may work, and form its own conclusions.

Most of our readers, if not acquainted with Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal,' which excited considerable attention some thirty years ago, have probably been attracted recently by her very inharmonious and unpronounceable name in the lists of new books, and already are aware of her connexion, by birth and education, with the leading Quaker families, and hereditary heads of that denomination: that her mother was a Barclay, that this lady and her husband, Mr. Galton, while nominal 'Friends,' were, through their wealth and intellect, prominent members of a distinguished circle of *litterati* and scientific men, men of genius, who exercised great influence in their own day, and formed a sort of centre of liberalism; a circle to which intellect was the only passport, and where religious or irreligious distinctions were wholly disregarded. Into this circle their daughter Mary Anne was admitted, a young, observant, silent child, imbibing impressions from the leading spirits of their day, at an age when most children are confined to the nursery. It is this—her early familiarity with differences, and her early respect, deep and sincere, for many whom she knew to differ on what she already felt to be important points—from which arises one distinctive feature of this volume, the absence of denunciation and bitterness; of direct protest of every sort. It is the mildest, gentlest, most apologetic of religious biographies. We miss sternness, terrors, and thunders, whether orthodox or fanatical. In the abstract, there perhaps is not enough of dogmatism; but as its subject is a woman, one of the sex who

must teach by example rather than by formal precept, we do not quarrel with the deficiency, and are able to go along with her much further in consequence; and, moreover, natural piety precluded the tone; for who can denounce the teachers who have first taught the knowledge of God, who have first led the heart to the perception of noble ideas? and here her mother taught her out of Dr. Priestley's catechism; and the truths she learnt through this strange medium were abiding ones. Dr. Priestley was an honoured guest at her father's house, and she had thus an opportunity of testing his teaching by the effect upon his own manner and bearing, and even upon the expression of his countenance. From her earliest years she was a physiognomist; and learnt (we cannot tell with what justice) to trust her own conclusions. She unconsciously looked for some visible fruit from any spiritual knowledge, an indication of the mind satisfied and profiting by its faith; mere intellectual activity, the expression of search and investigation, however complacently pursued, did not fulfil her ideal; even in childhood she felt a want; she thought she saw it fulfilled in the philosopher whom all looked up to.

'I can never forget the impression produced on me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by cheerfulness. I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mæcenas, even as a child, I used to feel when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief of the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality. I believe that no Divine truth can truly dwell in any heart without an external testimony in manner, bearing, and appearance, that must reach the witness within the heart of the beholder, and bear an unmistakeable though silent evidence to the eternal principle from which it emanates.'—Pp. 31, 32.

Her mother must have been a very remarkable woman. It is not easy to form an idea of her from the conflicting testimony of her daughter's enthusiastic reverence and admiration, and certain facts which come out in the sequel: yet it is certain she was one formed to have influence, and to excite strong sentiments of esteem and respect. We see a sort of 'Friendly' Minerva, so strangely do the practices of her sect, her heathen sympathies, and stoical philosophy combine. Her mind was highly cultivated; she was a Latin scholar, and deeply read in her own and foreign literature. She shone in society, had a fine taste, and was fortunate in a person to set off these distinctions: everything she did and said was with intention, and had weight; she stood in a sort of setting, and was clearly

accustomed to be regarded as something separate and choice, exempt from the pettiness, the frivolity, and the humiliations of mere ordinary humanity. After the lapse of sixty years or more, her daughter fondly dwells on her perfections, and the impression they produced.

'Amidst all the rank and fashion of the people who then frequented the Pump Room, my mother's appearance was ever singled out as eminently striking; few entered that room without asking who she was. Her figure and deportment were majestic and yet simple; in the expression of her countenance were both strength and delicacy; her complexion was exquisitely beautiful, forming a charming adornment to the strength of her chiselled features, and a colouring perfectly suited to her French grey satin pelisse with mother-of-pearl buttons, the lining of which, as well as her ample muff, was of Angora goats' fur.'—P. 77.

'My mother, whose word was like that of a queen to all within her circle, and to whom I had ever looked as to a tower of strength.'—P. 143.

Contrasting father and mother, she writes :—

'It is curious to me, after the long lapse of years, to look back to the difference of the mental streams I received from my father and my mother. My mother's conversation spoke forth the fortitude, brilliance, and beauty of her soul. It breathed self-devotion, generosity, and sacrifices for her friends. With the most entrancing eloquence, she told of calamities bravely borne, self-sacrifices nobly achieved, or sufferings in the midst of which the soul rejoiced for those it rescued. My father, on the other hand, in the recital of the same chances, loved to detail all the ingenuity of intellectual resource by which they might be mitigated or averted, the presence of mind, or science, or ingenious evasion, by which they might be turned aside. Thus, whilst my mother awakened the heart by generous feeling, the instructions of my father continually pointed out the means of service either to others or oneself. The one was great, the other useful.'—Pp. 53, 54.

'The unalterably firm but kind and wise government of my mother! whose voice was always sweet, clear, and equable, firm and deepening in solemnity like the diapason of an organ, or bright and refreshing with cheerfulness. For the twenty-eight years I lived at home, I never—in voice, look, or gesture—saw in her the slightest expression of temper. This I say, not as a mode of speaking, but as an actual reality. Her orders were precise, definite, always bearing on essential points, and wholly free from worry or petty detail; her reproofs were grave and austere, yet mingled with sweetness, and never bestowed but on known and wilful transgression. Prompt and instant obedience she enforced, or rather it was always willingly given.'—P. 63.

'I honoured the greatness I myself had not, and I gloried in her noble truth whilst I often quailed before the force of her character.'—P. 102.

'Before my mother came down for the evening, I was often struck by the whole conversation being frivolous, sentimental, and full of flattery; I was no less struck by the change which immediately took place when she appeared. As the door opened, it seemed as if the whole party rose into a more elevated region, and the tone of conversation, just now so poor and despicable, became animated and refreshing, really answering the purposes of social intercourse. I also observed that every one of the actors in the little scene appeared to experience the same relief as myself, and to enjoy being raised, from the low spot each had before occupied, into higher ground, where they all seemed to breathe more freely and stand more erectly.'—P. 145.

However coloured all this may be, it raises a really imposing image, and we can understand the power such a character must have had over a susceptible and enthusiastic mind. Intercourse between parents and children was not then on the familiar footing of our own time, and probably it was one of Mrs. Galton's peculiar gifts to make all the world keep their distance; but the kind of state in which the child saw her mother at the periodical season in which she was admitted to her presence, enhanced the effect of her example and the force of her teaching. There was this adaptation in the character of mother and daughter, that it was the habit of the one to instruct by formal precepts, and that the mind of the other was peculiarly open to this mode of instruction; a terse saying took tenacious hold of her memory, and found a home at once in her reason and heart. She was eminently teachable, and disposed to put everything she learnt at once into practice; and every principle which actuated her subsequent course, she traces back either to its direct inculcation by forcible words or more forcible example. She says of herself that as a child she lived intensely in the present: the strong influences to which she was exposed, the vigorous minds to whose conversation she was admitted, the force of the energies around her, would all tend to this; and having strength of mind enough not to be daunted or bewildered by the atmosphere of intellect in which she lived, as many a child would be, she breathed freely in it: the realities of science and morals took early hold, and left no room for that dreamland which more than divides with fact the inner mind of ordinary childhood. This living in the present was one of the fundamental points of both parents' teaching. She speaks of

"A very favourite, and I think important, principle which my intellectual father and my dear mother were equally fond of inculcating on all their children: this was to be deeply earnest in whatever we did, and, whether it were great or little, to give our whole mind and being to it. My parents both inculcated this principle on all who came within their sphere, but on very different grounds. "Give your whole mind to what you are about," said my mother; "for it is a part of practical truth and integrity; whatever you seek to do, *really* do, and what you profess, *really* fulfil." "Give your whole mind to what you are about," said my father, "whether in play or study, for there is no pursuit, even in childhood, so trivial, but that numbers of useful things may be made to cluster around it. On very little pegs may be made to hang an infinite variety of useful things."—Pp. 134, 135.

It is to this habit of giving the whole mind to what at the moment engaged it, to which she attributes her memory; and we see clearly that, according to the amount and degree in which the intellect works, must be the impression made by its working. If we do not see things vividly at the time with a concentration

of the powers, we cannot hope to retain a clear impression. Into a mind thus impressible and retentive, her mother's teaching fell with living force, from the first inculcation of the idea of a God, when, in answer to her question where the sun and moon came from, with great solemnity, and after some hours of preparation,

'She took me upstairs, through her bedroom, into a little dressing-room, into which I was not habitually allowed to enter, but which from that time I as distinctly remember as though I now saw everything in it. She shut the door, and said she was now going to answer my question;—that that answer would be the most important thing I should ever hear in my life, for that it would involve everything I should hereafter feel, or think, or do;—that if I made a good use of it, I should have such happiness, that nothing whatever could make me completely miserable; but if, on the contrary, I made a bad use of this knowledge, nothing could make me happy. She then spoke to me of God.'—P. 3.

And she went on to inculcate the duty of prayer. Again, she habituated her child to *confession* at stated times:—

'There are two things for which I am more especially indebted to my dear mother, amongst the innumerable benefits I received from her. One is, that she always took the season of our Sunday talkings, in which I poured out my mind to her as in the presence of God, or as a Catholic to his confessor, to tell me of my faults; and that she represented her doing so as a mark of her especial love and confidence, and of her full assurance that it was my first wish to do well and improve.'—P. 24.

The other principle, which we subjoin, was one which our subject took as her rule through life. However excellent, it is capable of a one-sided development, and we do not doubt issued in some eccentricities; though unfortunately for the complete view of a character, and consequent profit from our study of it, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's faults and peculiarities—such as humanity must be subject to, which are implied by herself in many a passing confession, and which are admitted by her tender, loving biographer—are reverently withheld from our knowledge. However, it sounds a safe rule, and is one of the best, rightly applied:

'The second thing my mother taught me, and which indeed is connected with the same principle, is to value things at what they *are*, and not at what they *seem*. It had pleased God, by His blessing on the industry of my grandfather and father, that I was brought up in the midst of wealth and of everything which pertained to what was really useful, either to the physical or intellectual life; but whilst this was the case, there was not one single thing, either in the furniture of our house or the appurtenances of its inmates, which was for show or for fashion; there was a use for everything, and we were taught to despise that which was not useful. No one saw at Barr the least difference made on account of rank, or riches, or fashion, though often, I am sorry to add, they might on account of intellect. Our table, dress, and equipages were precisely the same when we sat down to dinner a family party of fourteen, as when we had ten or twenty guests—with the simple difference of the necessary additional quantity. The table at breakfast, dinner, and supper was always beautifully adorned with

flowers, as were our sitting-rooms. My mother was always handsomely and exactly dressed, and she expected the same from all her family. She said we should *be* and not *seem*; we should do things to make home beautiful and cheerful to those who live there, more even than for others who may be occasional visitors; though they equally demand our respect and attention.'—Pp. 25, 26.

This all looks very wise, but we suspect requires a large fortune to carry out; for to entertain our friends, even with the moderation Mrs. Galton practised, would imply to most of us a good deal of management and some meagre days. Gala days are made for people whose rule must be a straitened economy. It is very well for those who always live in luxury to make no extra preparation for their guests. Nor can we reconcile this philosophic restriction to necessities with the fact that once comes out, that Mr. and Mrs. Galton travelled with their own four horses and two out-riders. However, as far as we can judge from the memoir, our only guide, Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck was free from the faults belonging to a love of show and pretension, and was more independent than most people of the world's estimate. There is simplicity in her tone on all such matters; and she attributes the serenity with which she endured subsequent reverses, to her mother's teaching and example. In addition to the morals of the New Testament, in which the little girl was instructed on Sundays, she was indoctrinated with the love of heathen virtues and an emulation to rival the endurance and moderation of Stoics and Spartans. She is grateful here again to her mother's stern lessons on the endurance of pain, even though carried to a preposterous excess on more than one occasion, when as a little child she bade her walk slowly the length of a room, her hand wrapped in burning cotton, by which a scar was left for years; and, again, refusing to listen to the poor sickly girl's complaints on being condemned by the doctor for eight or ten years to the discipline of an iron apparatus which cramped and subdued all her movements, and rendered the free careless action of youth impossible. Keenly alive to whatever was great in action, and eager in her reception of all knowledge, she records some amusing examples of infantine pedantry, characteristic at least of the reality of her acceptance of all teaching as a thing to be put in practice.

'I well remember one day when George Bott, the Friends' dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the Primates. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bott said I was "the best little girl he had ever seen;" and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, "Do you think Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain; or the little Spartan

boys?" He laughed heartily; and, my mother just then coming in, he said, "Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain, but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comforts, as a mark of love and kindness;" to which I acceded with great delight.—Pp. 5, 6.

'Sandford and Merton' was written by one of this same philosophic set. The little Mary Anne was an ardent admirer and imitator of Harry, even to the seizing a live snake in her hand at her mother's bidding. She abhorred fox-hunting squires, and prayed that one of her neighbours might be thrown into a quagmire near, where he would get no harm, but have time to reflect. Her mother's creed on the subject of finery, and the tone of the philosophic story, exactly accorded, and Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck drank in contempt for fine clothes, which, to judge from her portrait, must have lasted her life: for her uncommonly intelligent comfortable elderly face is surrounded by a modification of a Quaker's cap, curiously neutralized by a *cross* worn on her bosom—the whole symbolizing the amiable eclecticism of her course. Of that religion of which this Cross was the symbol, her childhood heard nothing, unless we except such allusions as the following, where at Oscott, in Miss Berrington's boudoir, she sees a picture:—

'On one occasion when Miss Lunn happened to come into the room, she pointed to the picture of Joan of Arc on her charger: "Voilà la femme forte," she said. "Yes," replied Miss Berrington, quietly pointing to the cross in the picture above, "and there was the source from which she drew." How earnestly did I wish to have these enigmatical words explained! I saw, by the reverent change which passed over Miss Lunn's countenance, that some deep meaning was thereby intended; I knew not what, but deeply did I ponder these things in my heart.'—P. 177.

She calls the period of her childhood the lowest ebb of Quakerism.

'With many, religion was a mere bundle of strict outward observances and peculiarities; with others, who lived in the love of God, it was indeed a living, but mystic consecration; but both these parties alike were ignorant of many of the leading principles of divine truth.'—P. 61.

And of her mother she writes:—

'She had also taught me, that the true object of life was to aim at being perfect, even as, or because, He is perfect; but there her instructions left me. My dearest mother, excellent and high-minded as she was, had not lived with those who had the slightest tincture of what we now term the doctrines of the Gospel. She believed that the field of free inquiry was open to all; and that so long as people were sincere, they were acceptable to God. She had never been thrown in common life; she seemed to live in a charmed atmosphere, where every one paid her glad homage as to a superior being; and, in truth, she had never experienced anything of the rubs and collisions, the tug of war, in the battle-field of life.'—P. 99.

It is good for no one to live in a charmed atmosphere, nor for any woman to have a husband 'who,' as she expresses it, 'con-

siders all her singularities as perfection;’ and the astounding fall which the story discloses from all this magnanimity and excellence, must be owing to this life of spoiling—to this uninterrupted exercise of her own will, without dispute or question. The effect, upon those who have always been used to their own way, of any interruption to this state of things answers to the shock of an earthquake: the foundation of things seems failing, Nature herself giving way; and especially may this be the case where the homage has been that of reverence for the judgment, and where an equable consistency of conduct has matured self-esteem into a principle. We have, it is true, to form our judgment from the statement of one party, though that party is not Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, but her biographer. Yet an absolute final rejection of a child who earnestly and humbly perseveres in seeking a reconciliation, whatever the original offence, implies an obduracy revolting to all our feelings. After Mrs. SchimmelPenninck’s marriage, some difference in the disposition of her *own* property inherited from her grandfather, in which, to the end of her life, she believed herself in the right, was so resented by father and mother—and here the mother was the ruling spirit—that, to the end of their days, they never saw again their devoted daughter, whose part we are the more inclined to take, because there is no word in her autobiography inconsistent with the most loving affection towards either of her parents; nor would she ever allow them to be blamed in her presence by those who resented the treatment she had received, and saw the deep and permanent sorrow it caused. This was characteristically shown by her constant practice of wearing mourning from November—the month her mother died, unreconciled to her daughter—to Christmastide, when she felt the universal joy ought not to be obscured by private regrets. The form of Quakerism grafted upon Stoicism, and personified by a woman, is, after all, not an agreeable image, and some curious results may be expected from it. The old grandfather Barclay, at Dudson, is a far pleasanter portrait, and, no doubt, exercised a salutary influence on the thoughtful child, over-excited, in mind and body, by the perpetual stir of intellect at her father’s house, and in a state to appreciate the repose which reigned under his directions. He made a good use of a large fortune, and could indulge his benevolence, not only in mitigating the sorrows of men, but in making animals happy.

‘It used to be a delight to me, when, standing near my grandfather in a rustic fishing-house at the farthest end of a pool, he applied to his lips a little silver whistle (such as now, sixty-six years after, I wear in remembrance of him), and immediately the surface of the lake seemed instinct with life. Water-fowl, of all descriptions, rose from their coverts, and

hurried towards us : the heavy Muscovy ducks, sheldrakes, Burrow ducks from the Severn, sea-gulls, Canada and Cape and tall Peruvian geese, and the little moor-hen and teal, half-sailing, half-flying, with six majestic swans, all drew near to be fed. How well do I remember my grandfather then saying to me, "Thou canst not do much good, and canst feed but a very few animals; yet how pleasant it is to do even that! God, the Father of all, opens his hand, and all his creatures on the face of the wide earth are filled with good. How blessed is He!"—P. 41.

He taught her the habits of his favourites, which she spiritualizes in her notice of them; and she, the most grateful of scholars, thus records her acknowledgments:—

'My grandfather only told me the facts of natural history; but I have thought, in long after years, that he had a deeper meaning, whilst he waited till the word and Spirit of God might itself explain the living truth to my heart; and oh! how often have I blessed him for it!'—Pp. 42, 43.

In spite of her openness to impressions, she early felt something in her opposed to the religious system in which she was born, so far as she could be said to be born to any.

'My grandfather's household was a strictly Friendly one, and there were some about him very anxious to train me in the habits of Friends. One of these persons sometimes said to me: "See how beautiful are the sober and unobtrusive colours of the linnet, the dove, and the redbreast! I hope thou wilt imitate them in thy attire." I would answer: "But art thou not glad, though, that it pleased God not to create grandpapa's peacocks and golden pheasants on Friends' principles?"'—Pp. 45, 46.

She was particularly impressible through symbolism: her mind from the first eagerly caught at spiritual meanings in things, and welcomed every sign which spoke some hidden truth—a habit for which Quakerism supplied no food. We attribute to an early chance awakening of this instinct, her subsequent choice of a denomination. When Moravianism was presented to her acceptance, at the close of a long period of doubt and religious perplexity, it had already a home in her fancy. At seven or eight years old, she went to Tenby with her parents:—

'Of the rest of the journey I recollect little, excepting that one evening at sunset, I rather think near the beautiful woods of Lord Dynevor's park at Llandilo, at the moment when the glowing tints were lighting up the dark trees, solemn and sweet sounds borne on the air reached us: as they drew nearer, there passed a simple funeral procession, preceded by some wind instruments, with which voices sweetly blended. The procession was habited in white, and the coffin covered with a white pall, on which were affixed, in large characters, a few Scripture texts. I remember these amongst them: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

'My mother told me that this was a Moravian funeral, and that the Moravians were persons who love God and love each other as brothers and sisters; that they call dying "going home," and give thanks, and sing praises, and rejoice with those who depart. I was much impressed

by the whole thing, though little did I imagine that, in after years, God's mercy would bring me into intimate relationship with those very people.'—P. 51.

As far as we can judge, her home was a really liberal one, with no affinity to that pseudo-liberalism of the present day, which compensates for unbounded licence in one direction of thought by the bitterest intolerance in another. At any rate, we are not let into any of Mr. or Mrs. Galton's antipathies, and certainly their child was indoctrinated with none of them. Amongst the incongruous circle at Barr (her father's residence near Birmingham), mixing, on easy terms, with Friends, Unitarians, Materialists, Infidels, represented by such men as Priestley, Day, Edgeworth, Lord Monboddo, and Dr. Darwin, the Rev. Joseph Berrington, of Oscott, occupied an important place. We must give her description, as an illustration of the state of religious parties in the last quarter of the past century:—

'Such are some of my recollections of the Lunar meetings. It was at one of them, at the house of Dr. Priestley, that my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, as it happened, was the Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. I never shall forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me, when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time, on a summer afternoon. The drawing-room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared; a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen anything like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty; his complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, his prominent temperament; and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His countenance exhibited, if one may so say, sternness and mirthfulness in different proportions; his nostrils were slightly fastidious; his mouth closed like fate. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the church of ancient monuments and memories; his cold, stern eye instantly silenced any unbecoming levity either on religion or morality; his bearing was that of a prince amongst his people, not from worldly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. His voice was deep and majestic, like the baying of a blood-hound; and when he intoned Mass, every action seemed to thrill through the soul. . . . He was our most intimate neighbour at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea-table; and as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely that some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome. Amongst these I should especially mention Bishop Berrington, cousin to our Mr. Berrington; Dr. Bew, an eminent doctor of the Sorbonne; Miss Henrietta Berrington,

who often stayed months with her brother and months with us, and became one of our most intimate friends; likewise Miss Lunn, afterwards Mrs. Neve.'—Pp. 36, 37.

We do not find much mention of members, or at least of clergy, of our own Church in this set; nor do we find that it was ever presented to her in any near association, in a way to touch her sympathies; but we have the following anecdote characteristic of the time:—

'Another acquaintance my mother formed at Bath was that of Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin. His conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive. He presented my mother with Gregorius Leti's "*Life of Pope Sixtus V.*," which opened a new vista of entertainment and information to us. Dr. Hastings was zealously attached to the English Church, and gave my dear mother many books on the subject. I remember, towards the close of Mrs. Priestley's visit, Miss Berrington came to us. I have heard that my mother was once walking in the Pump Room between these ladies, when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book, but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his view of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, "Well, my dear madam, I do indeed wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should were you an Unitarian"—My mother, interrupting him, said, "Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing you to my friend Mrs. Priestley;"—"or," Dr. Hastings then resumed, "what is so much worse, a Roman Catholic." My mother replied: "This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition." Dr. Hastings courteously answered: "Nay, madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies—the true medium between those who hold too much and those who hold too little."—Pp. 77, 78.

Yet our Church was not without its word of instruction to the harassed, perplexed child, who—with stimulated intellect, and with wretched health confining all her energies, even relaxations, to head work—was already beginning her search for some standing-ground for her soul to rest on. She had been left at Dawlish—owing to her mother's long absence, from ill-health—under the care of indiscreet governesses and a worldly aunt. The desultory life of amusement did not suit her. She was depressed and dissatisfied. We may here observe, too, that the constant companionship of her brothers and sisters, all younger than herself, was no source of pleasure; their noise tried her, their interests seemed frivolous; in fact, though one of a large family, her training, owing to the principle of separation carried on under her mother's management, was that of an only child; and we must infer, from silence on this head, that the fraternal relation exercised very little influence on her at any period of her life. She tacitly admits this, and confesses the errors of temper—and, as we see, errors of training—which caused it. On this occasion it happened that, dull and sad, all these uncongenial children,

cooped up in small lodgings on a rainy Sunday, there drove up to the door their father's carriage, containing some of the family servants and an old schoolmistress of the dame class, 'a thorough' and devoted member of that old-fashioned Church of England 'School, which was rather occupied in living the truth than in 'defining it.' Trim in dress, gentle in manner,

'She came in on that day, in the midst of the dreadful tempest, bright, cheerful, and placid, delighted to see us, as we were to see her; and when asked about her journey, and its having prevented her attending her favourite church, and the preacher in whom her whole soul seemed concentrated, she respectfully replied, "No; I had a very pleasant journey, for I came in the way of duty; and I know my Heavenly Father would not have sent me from His house, and turned me out to travel, on a day like this, unless He had had a blessing in store for me; besides, I knew that the heart of the whole Church was lifted up for poor travellers by sea and land; and I knew that God Himself, who always answers His children's cry, was with us, and watching over us." Never shall I forget these words; they came to me as a sunbeam bursting through a thick cloud; my eyes filled with tears; eight months had elapsed since I had heard the name of God mentioned with love and reverence.' No one could describe what those words were to me; they were as a refreshing shower on a parched ground,—like dew on a desert,—where every blade of vegetation had perished, but which was ready to germinate and put forth buds; they were like the first soft breath of spring which shakes off the snow, which loosens the frost-bound soil, and bids the snowdrop and the primrose again burst forth. Since the heavy Christmas Day on which my dear mother was first taken ill, I had indeed had moments of intense joy; both at meeting her at the Corselawn Inn, and again when I was with her at Bath; but that feeling was still essentially different in its nature from the happiness it now was once more to have the reality of God's loving presence brought home to me. In an instant my heart seemed lightened with the feeling that the name of the Lord is a strong fortress, into which those who enter shall be safe.'—Pp. 107, 108.

With this one exception, influential religion came to her observation in the familiar garb of Quakerism or in Roman Catholicism. She gives us two pretty pictures of how these struck her, in their several developments, at the age of ten or eleven. First, her cousin Priscilla Gurney is described—a leading light amongst 'Friends,' whose experience is given, as well as her portrait, in these fair and glowing terms:—

'Her costume was that of the strictest Friends of that day. How well, I remember, her coarse stuff gown contrasted with the exquisite beauty and delicacy of her hands and arms, her snow-white handkerchief, and her little grey shawl; her dark-brown hair divided after the manner of a Gothic arch over her fair forehead. Then she wore a black silk hood over her cap, and over all a black beaver bonnet, in the shape of a pewter plate, which was then esteemed the official dress of the gallery. Her voice was most musical and enchanting: as clearness and brilliance was the characteristic of my mother's voice, so sweetness and flexibility was that of my cousin's.'—Pp. 190, 191.

'One day my mother sent me to her room with a basket of fruit and a message. Her apartments on this occasion were in what we often called

"the Catholic quarter" of our house, because so often used by Catholics. They were the same which a few months before had been occupied by our friend Miss Berrington, to whom I had also once been sent on a message; and the contrast between the scenes presented by the rooms and their occupants on the two occasions forcibly struck me. When I went with no small awe to Miss Berrington, I saw on her dressing-table, Missals, the "Imitation," and other devotional works on one side; the Peerage and "Court Calendar," and the looking-glass on the other: but the latter books appeared new, as if seldom opened, whilst the former, though perfectly well and reverently kept, looked as if used daily. There were on the same table essences and various powders, and artificial flowers, the usual accompaniments of dress in that day: but there also stood scales to weigh medicines for the poor, a crucifix, and beads. Before the table, in her easy chair, sat Miss Berrington, her figure tall and elegant, her dress gay and tasteful, and her manner kind, yet brilliant with finished politeness: there she sat in all the adornment which I had learnt to consider as a thing of the world, but her table and often the floor were covered with work for the poor, which all her solitary hours were occupied in completing; and whilst her conversation was full of wit and mirth and anecdotes of the great world, the early morning beheld her solitary walks to attend the little chapel at Oscott, or to visit and cheer the sick and needy.

'When the same apartment was occupied by my cousin Priscilla, it had undergone a complete transformation. The looking-glass was banished, and on the table were the works of the venerable Isaac Pennington, whose memory, with that of the legislator Penn, and the genius of Milton, have consecrated the little village of Chalfont. Few have probably read these books which my cousin loved so well, without a blessing, and without drawing nearer in soul to that God who was the bond of union in that blessed society. But, above all, you ever saw with her the Holy Scriptures open, and on entering the room and looking on her countenance, it seemed as though the reflection of light, and love, and calmness from the written and inward Word, beamed from that face with an impress not to be mistaken. Truly, when I opened the door, I felt "This is holy ground;" and whilst I thought myself at an unutterable distance from her, I was elevated in spirit, as we always are in the presence of the greatness which is of God, in contradistinction to that which is of the world. There my cousin Priscilla was sitting, engaged in reading, or in holy meditation, and sometimes speaking to her little maid Joan.'—Pp. 196—198.

It is these singular experiences of a mind suffered to form its own conclusions upon them, which give its distinctive character to this work. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's mode of receiving spiritual truth was essentially different from the ordinary one. We must not wonder that her conclusions are different also, and that no reader can be satisfied, or find his sympathies fairly met, while we think *all* must appreciate the candour, sincerity, and seriousness of aim with which the search was pursued. We cannot but regret that while arriving so near in creed, and principle, and feeling to our own Church, she, to the last, continued external to its visible fold; while we do not wonder that the 'religious world,' as it is called, is dissatisfied with the tone uniformly adopted by her towards the Church of Rome. We see, indeed, that this Church occupied the *idea* of a Church in her mind to the exclusion of every other. Its pretensions

so far won upon her that she never recognised ours, and she probably never acknowledged the Church of England in her own mind—as she would never hear it spoken of by such of its members as came in her way—as other than the largest and most influential of the various denominations amongst which she was free to make her election. The Church of Rome held certain dogmas in which she felt it impossible she could ever believe; she was not one to force her conscience; she therefore acquiesced in the disunion, but there was much in the writings and history of that Church to excite her even enthusiastic admiration and sympathy; much that her training amongst ‘Friends’ prepared her for. In all cases where there is independence and originality of mind, however teachable and susceptible that mind may be, influence will not take the most obvious direction, which is to mould it to an outward form. Ordinary minds are first impressed with the forms of things, and acquiesce in them without much thought of their meaning; and their ideas of fellowship are satisfied if others hold the same form with them. Thus we constantly see the utmost dissimilarity of principle united by some strong external bond. The best religious education is when valuable forms are enforced with a full instilling and acting-out of their motives: but here is a child, of grave inquiring mind, thrown amongst a sea of forms and no forms, not one of which is enforced upon her with any show of authority and preference—welcome to sit at Friends’ meeting or attend service at Oscott Chapel, as she or her governess pleased, and driven, therefore, into a search of motives and first principles; a process which was pretty sure to assimilate in her mind many supposed opposites. She could accept of nothing without knowing what it meant. Those she most revered adopted a certain garb, observed certain practices, were not afraid of singularity, used a peculiar language, exercised a stoical command over natural feeling. Many merely docile minds would have accepted these observances as a matter of course, have got used to them, moulded them into habits, allowed their feelings and affections to wind round them before tracing them to their first principles. This child accepted them at once because they suited her temperament, but looked mainly to what she believed their intention. What did the plain garb mean?—separation from the vain customs of the world. What did the formal speech mean?—a religious, truthful precision of word and thought. What those long silences?—to give the soul opportunity of communion with the Unseen; to leave it open to the visitations of the Spirit. What the suppression of outward signs of pain or grief?—to show the superiority of mind and eternal things over the body and its short-lived infirmities,

These observances sank deep into her heart ; she loved them her life long as symbolising truth. But then she loved them wherever she found them ; not only in the broad brim and the prim bonnet, but in the monk's hood and the nun's veil, the fast, the vigil, the endurance of pain, the self-denial, the sacrifice of what was pleasant to the eye, the silence of the cloister, the wrapt meditation of the cell. When first she became acquainted with monastic life, through the writings and history of the Port Royalists, she seemed to breathe familiar air. Her early reverence for the contemplative life—as shown in her cousin Priscilla, who had renounced marriage, attired her fair form in coarse camlet, and retired from her worldly home to a retreat where a 'solitude' had been prepared for her—was all renewed in La Mère Angélique. Even as a preacher, uplifting her persuasive voice from 'the gallery,' some parallel could be found in the mother abbess's emphatic utterances. The inexorable silences of Port Royal asceticism were within her own experience, and always agreeable to her feelings. Nor could even her taste be forced to draw distinctions, for La Mère studiously made the garb of her order ungraceful, and watched over every indulgence of fancy as carnal backsliding. Even the forbidding exterior of the meeting-house found its counterpart in La Mère's architecture, who, when urged by her ecclesiastical superior to consult symmetry and order in her building, set him down with prompt Quaker-like decision, 'I will not have it.' We are not drawing the parallel for ourselves, but as it would seem to her. What we are accustomed to call extremes would, under her mode of viewing it, be one same idea under different names. It was the consequence of her education and natural bias that she scarcely realized doctrine apart from its fruit and effect ; the presence of a *creed* in the one case, and the want of it in another, would not, therefore, influence her judgment to the degree it *ought* to do. She looked always for frames of mind ; was, perhaps, more gratified by uniformity of practice than of abstract faith—indeed, would only recognise that part of any man's professed faith as real or appreciable which influenced his conduct ; moreover, while men generally are taught to define religions by their differences, she was brought up where there was no dogmatism on the subject, and thus, perhaps, naturally estimated them by their points of likeness and analogy.

One pursuit of her childhood contributed to this tone of thought. We have said her earliest instinct was to study countenances ; at ten years old, she read Lavater with intense interest, and probably with great benefit as counteracting the material influences by which she was surrounded. It is an illustration of the power books have in their own day, when they hit the want or the humour of the age, to see what a strong hold, what lasting

influence this work exercised on the mind of an intelligent child.

'It was Madame de la Fitte's French translation, equally distinguished for an eloquence which gives it the effect of an original work, and for accurate physiognomical portraits, the peculiar characteristics of which have been altogether blunted and lost, in the English elaborate but unfaithful plates. Hour after hour did I spend entranced over its contents. Its ardent piety, its elevated aims and consecrated objects, absorbed my whole soul, just as a first view of an ocean, a sunset, or a mountain. How did the eighth Psalm, as I now read it in Lavater, seem the utterance of my heart, and his picture of the family of adoring worshippers, looking upwards to God, with arms stretched out, soaring towards the immortal world, made an indelible impression on me. I took them to be all portraits; and my very heart said from its inmost depths, "Oh that I knew such people! people from whose faces and attitudes the light of God's glory seems reflected!" Then I looked at all the other portraits, and read what was said of each with earnest curiosity. I loved to see how, in every face, some trace of goodness, or intelligence, or capacity for blessing, might be found. . . .

'Lavater had taught me that the restoration God effected in man was by intensity of love, and that a copy of that love is the only means of restoration man can employ towards his fellow; just as pieces of iron, of various shapes and sizes, will grate against each other, till exposed to the heat of a furnace, when the cold hard iron will flow and melt together in one.'—Pp. 140, 141.

In like spirit she, later in life, took up phrenology, towards which the early possession of a skull, and her childish musings upon it, may have influenced her. Of which science she writes:—

"May I be allowed to add, that I believe Phrenology either eminently useful or otherwise, according to the principles upon which it is studied? How invaluable is a science imparting self-knowledge, where it leads to a practical sense of the necessity of Divine help! How useful the knowledge of the working of other minds, if it be made a basis of forbearance and charity; and how inestimable a testimony does Phrenology bear to Christianity, by pointing out many parts of the cerebral structure which can find their scope only in a Divine revelation!"—P. 462.

All knowledge of character, all study of human nature, tends to toleration of views, so much so that men who confine themselves to this study lose their niceness of perception of abstract truths, and are incapacitated for becoming theologians. There must be two ways of regarding the same opinion; one, the fact as it is—the other, how it came to be what it is. The business of the controversialist makes him keenly alive to differences; he has nothing to do with *how* the difference has arisen,—it is to him a monstrous perversion of truth which he defies and spits upon. The student of human nature, holding the same views, but through the medium of another organization, views differences with a studious, speculative eye. Wherever he sees an effect he looks for a cause. He is not content till he has discovered

whence it springs, and in the course of his inquiries discovers intrinsic and inherent variations of mind from mind, which must issue in viewing the same truth from different sides as it is pursued by different faculties; and even where in the end he sees grave error, the process of analysis has had a tranquillising effect. He owns difficulties, he makes excuses for the offender, he even feels conscious that his own confirmation may not be so perfect but that aspects and phases of the truth in all its fulness may escape him. All study, all teaching, makes men deliberate, pause, weigh, vacillate; it takes away that confidence in the judgment which some minds feel from a fancied intuition, or from ignorance of the other side of the question—for all deep questions have two sides, and minds are apt to see them according to their order of faculties and temperament. Thus her habits and pursuits furnish reasons in abundance why this lady should be tolerant; but it is satisfactory to perceive that there were always bounds to her toleration, and that she had an instinct of strong antipathy to infidelity, as far as it touched upon any received truth. As all her experiences were with leaders in their several lines, so here her first near acquaintance with Atheism was through the notorious Dr. Darwin, who, in the unbounded liberalism of her father's house, was allowed to utter his blasphemies against every spiritual truth unreprieved in her presence. But here her Stoicism proved a valuable ally. She revolted against his gross self-indulgence before she listened to the Materialism from which it sprang. We have not space for her first description of his vast and massive figure, with his head almost buried between his shoulders, and sagacious eye—his travelling luxuries of fruit, sweetmeats, and cream and sugar to beguile the tedium of a forty miles' journey, the luncheon-table set out with his favourite dishes which greeted his arrival, and at which he sat till the dinner-bell rejoiced his soul—but pass on to the particulars of his next visit:—

'It was in the beginning of 1789' (she was born the end of 1778) 'that my mother was again far from well, and my father sent for Dr. Darwin. Baneful and ominous these visits appeared to me, and I felt an instinctive dread of them, child as I was, for which I could assign no reason. All the winter I had been more or less under the upward aspiration I have described; and when on Dr. Darwin's arrival, he entered the room and sat down to the usual well-spread table which had been provided for him, I felt an instant repulsion. His whole conversation, I remember, on that occasion, was characterised by the merriment and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which, imperfectly though I yet knew them, afforded me the only comfort in distress which I had ever experienced, and seemed to me the only wells of living water in the desert where we then found ourselves. When I observed Dr. Darwin lingering over his repast, and recollected my mother's suffering state, and the high eulogiums with which she always spoke of him and her care to

maintain his honour and to consult his comfort, I was struck equally with aversion and indignation at conduct which appeared to me to evince a total want of feeling. I do not give this as a judgment upon Dr. Darwin; perhaps so far as his jocose manner extended, he might imagine it an alleviation in our case, but on me, a child, the impression was indelible. I could not admit the possibility of his allowing any idea to intervene between his entrance into the house and his ascertaining my mother's state and trying to relieve her. I will mention one observation of Dr. Darwin's, to show how grievous it is to receive objections to Holy Scripture without first looking round and ascertaining if there be not a reply. He said on one occasion that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were a tissue of fables, unworthy to be trusted even by their own confession, seeing it was there stated that the Book of the Law was lost for a long period, and only found again in the reign of Josiah. This staggered me not a little, for he omitted to add that this applied only to the original identical copy of the Law, since every king of Judah was obliged to transcribe a perfect copy upon his ascending the throne; that copies in like manner were deposited in every Levitical city, and that so exact were they in point of correctness, that the failure of one letter cancelled the sheet. Though I shrank with horror from such observations, and the sneering manner which accompanied them, and though they seemed to strengthen my resolution in the opposite direction, yet I believe from experience that it is wise not even to listen to things we know to be false, whether against Holy Scriptures, or against the character of individuals; for though we may rebut them at the time, yet often in hours of weakness or particular temptation, those very things will recur again, and insensibly obtain a lodgment even in the mind which had at first unhesitatingly rejected them. Well has the word of God compared the arguments of infidels to thorns and thistles; like the former, how do they lacerate and entangle the mind—or at least, as it were, catch the intellect or habits or tastes, which are the mind's clothing—and impede it; whilst, on the other hand, the sneers and gibes of the infidel, like the worthless thistle-down, from their very lightness, are wafted far and near, and soon grow up into a crop of poisonous weeds.—Pp. 149—151.

It is deemed essential in most religious biographies of a certain school that the subject shall pass through a stage of unbelief—we say so because it cannot be otherwise accounted for why minds of different temperaments, and exposed to different trials, should, in much the same wording, go through this one peculiar discipline—but, in the case before us, the temptation came in a tangible shape. We can understand the perplexities, the doubts, the horror of darkness, which assailed this earnest inquiring spirit, and arranged themselves against her feeble light. When the French Revolution broke out, she describes vividly the intoxication of blind welcome with which it was received, the total change it produced in the conversation of her father's circle, the upsetting of all preconceived opinion. The new empire of reason and benevolence, ushered in by the destruction of the Bastille, fell in with her notions; the general contempt for experience and custom infused habits of self-reliance in her own mind; nor could she, even as a child, look up to the guidance of those who were searching out the way for them—

selves. She heard present interests pronounced the only realities; the unseen and its vast concerns thrust into the shade. Dr. Priestley descanted on the blessings of free inquiry, wherever it might lead. Dr. Darwin more boldly than ever preached the supremacy of the senses as the only gates of knowledge; conscience a weak figment of the imagination; the soul, a future world, the existence of a God, points of which we could know nothing. Even her father was, unintentionally, one of her tempters, by perplexing her with intricate moral questions, and engaging her in a labyrinth of metaphysics. She was at this time condemned to her iron frame, which tried her weak health, irritated her nerves, and drove her to exclusively intellectual pursuits with liberty of indiscriminate reading on philosophical subjects from a library full of infidel works. To add to her afflictions, her father took it into his head to become her instructor. Their minds were differently constituted; he forced her into a study of the exact sciences, had no patience with her failures, bewailed himself at her dulness, upbraided her, that with so bright and intellectual a mother, and a father so fond of science, they should be tried by so stupid and wayward a child, and clearly abandoned himself to those transports of impatience which make some fathers the worst teachers their children can have. It really seems as if mind and body must have given way under the extraordinary pressure of excitement, but for the sedative of her mother's calm consistency, when she saw her,—which was not often, as she was much from home, owing to ill-health,—and days of serene enjoyment at her grandfather's, who was not at all carried away by the French Revolution, and saw all things with the same eyes as before, and by the very potency of quiet preserved some sort of equilibrium in his little favourite's mind. But all her ideas seemed at sea. Her soul found no anchor. She was miserable in the loss of her confidence; so miserable that, not able to endure uncertainty any longer, she determined, according to the new doctrine, to judge for herself, and be directed by her own reason whether there was truth in revelation or not. For this purpose, at some thirteen years of age, she applied herself to the received authority in her father's house, the representative of Christianity in his set—the works of Dr. Priestley. These satisfied neither her reason nor the hidden principle of faith within her.

‘I thus entered the room, believing Christianity, if true, to be the most glorious and blessed of all things. I quitted it, not indeed believing Christianity to be false, but convinced that I had wholly mistaken its object, its hopes, and sanctions. That Dr. Priestley was a sincerely religious man, it was impossible to doubt. Nevertheless, it is as true that the principles his writings set forth produced on me at this time an evil effect, which total infidelity had never fully achieved; for infidelity I could not altogether accept. His teaching of Christianity I supposed must be true, and I

found it wholly unsuitable to my wants, and powerless to assist and sustain. I was isolated and separated from God and man. I felt my heart full of conflicting evil passions, and my soul was prostrate in the midst of enemies stronger than myself. I needed a Saviour, who to human sympathy added Divine strength, to bestow life as well as consolation. I was wholly perplexed amidst intricate doctrines and teachings I was unable to unravel, and precepts I could not definitely understand. Vain was it to me to have revelation put into my hand, unless the Divine Author were Himself near to explain it, by the communication of His Holy Spirit of life, love, and knowledge: nor did I only need the truth as set forth by a mere inaccessible lawgiver; but, above all, I needed the love of it, and fervent zeal for it to be kindled in my lonely heart. Oh, what a vivifying cordial would it have been, had I then known assuredly that the Good Shepherd had given His life for His sheep!—Pp. 254, 255.

She seemed to herself to lose all faith and love; *seemed* only, for she never ceased to pray, and that with a passion and fervour in her troubles incompatible with real unbelief. She describes herself as fretful and unamiable, eager about trifles as if the only things left to her, and wavering even in her principle of truth and rectitude. She tells a beautiful story of a temptation under which she now fell, owing to her unprincipled governesses reading bad books before her. She knew her mother would disapprove, yet on one occasion was tempted to carry off in her pocket the interesting story to finish at her leisure. At this crisis her mother arrived suddenly after a long absence—so confident in her eldest daughter's high principle, so certain of her always doing her best! The poor child was in an agony of remorse, longing to produce the book and convict herself, but hindered by circumstances. But an abstract will only spoil the reader's pleasure in the feeling, force, and reality with which the incident is narrated. In the meanwhile her education proceeded on a much more solid and complete method than we are used to, or than perhaps most women would be the better for. She was a good Latin scholar, and read Virgil with enthusiasm. She had taught herself a little Anglo-Saxon, through which she acquired an interest in the detail of early English history. She understood German, and French was familiarly spoken in the family. In later years she taught herself Hebrew. In all her pursuits she was accustomed to give her full mind to the work. As a child she made charts and tables, architectural models and elaborate drawings. She would even fight with mimic armies the battles she read of, and raise fortifications and earthworks. She was a botanist, mineralogist, and geologist, throwing herself into these sciences with the full energy of her understanding. Her mother made a great point of style, read our best authors with her, taught her to throw all her heart into Pope's Homer, till the conflicting lessons of Sunday and weekday, the heathen code of virtue and the Sermon on the Mount,

conflicted strangely in her practical mind. Her mother, who was a fine reader, particularly impressed on her the beauty of our translation of the Bible, of which she seems herself to have been a most careful student. That inspiration which was disputed to the original, was in fact accorded to the translators. All her life certain passages remained in her ear and memory as examples of the sublime; so that we recognise a particular providential value in the majesty of those periods and the sustained subtle music of sentences which in a day of unbelief made for the truths they conveyed an abiding home in many hearts perplexed with evil suggestions and exposed to false and captious questionings, but who felt a divinity in the teaching which came to them clothed in language of such unapproachable beauty.

The autobiography closes with the year 1793, when its subject was fourteen. It was not written, but dictated to the lady who writes the concluding half of this interesting narrative, a process difficult to most people, implying a mind having strong hold of its resources, and surely a very remarkable exercise to be carried on at the age of seventy-five to seventy-seven. It leaves off at some accidental interruption, the stream of anecdote in full flow; but we believe few self-histories can be carried on beyond early youth, with any fulness, unaided by diaries. The whole is characterised by a very admirable candour and truthfulness; so that, in the midst of the strange deficiencies of her religious education, and the evil influence to which she was exposed, it is impossible not to respect certain prominent principles in her training—that comparative freedom from prejudice which left such spiritual truth as did reach her something like fair play; its healthful development was not blighted by meanness, narrowness, or bitterness; she was always allowed to admire and reverence what seemed noble and good, without warping insinuations to counteract the obvious lesson. The soil was not barren or stony into which fell the good seed, grain by grain; but good ground open to receive it. We do not gather that her mother was ever led away by any touch of the scepticism heard in her circle; there was the firmness and certainty of conviction in her teaching, as far as it went, and we would also notice one practice for which her daughter offers grateful acknowledgment, and which bears upon discussions of our day. We do not adduce the following passage as any argument for habitual confession—the mother and the child bear little real analogy to the confessor and the adult penitent, and it is clear that the mother discontinued her practice on principle as reason grew; but at least it may be a warning against rejection of confidence, that hatred of examination by a *rule*, which we see now so passionately enunciated in many quarters.

‘ Nevertheless, my Sunday instruction was not what it had been before my mother’s illness. She no longer began by a solemn pause, nor took the Sermon on the Mount, the Commandments, and the Lord’s Prayer, as texts by which, sentence by sentence, to interrogate me on the intentions of my heart, and on my conduct during the week. Possibly she thought that such an examination was more likely to be answered in simplicity and truth by a little child wholly trained by herself, than by the same child in after years. She saw, too, I was timid, and probably thought these questions might be a snare for my integrity, yet in reality this omission deeply pained me. She was the only being in whom I felt a full confidence. Whilst I could never have shown her my feelings, I always could, with perfect fearlessness, tell her my faults, and it was a real unburdening of my soul when she invited me to open my conscience to her. Her directness, her truth, her strength, her magnanimity, supplied me with the support I wanted; and just at this time, when my conscience and views were plunged in chaotic perplexity, I deeply felt being bereft of that aid of which I had now fully learnt the value.

‘ Parents and instructors often imagine that children do not like the restraint of being advised and spoken to by those older than themselves, but I believe nothing can be a greater mistake. Judging from my own experience, I should say that the most severe sufferings of childhood arise from perplexity of view and uncertainty.’—Pp. 228, 229.

In the Life we pass rapidly from childhood to youth, and are introduced to her as others saw her and thought of her. She appears from the age of fifteen to have been much from home, partly on account of her own delicate health, and a good deal also on her mother’s, who had probably contracted habits of solitude which made her independent of her daughter’s society. Both had been habituated to live much alone, a practice which no doubt tends to bring out all the resources of the mind, and so to strengthen the character, though Mrs. SchimmelPenninck considers it to have dulled her powers of sympathy.

‘ I have often deeply regretted in myself the great loss I have experienced from the solitude of my early habits. We need no worse companion than our own unregenerate selves; and, by living alone, a person not only becomes wholly ignorant of the means of helping his fellow-creatures, but is without the perception of those wants which most need help. Association with others, when not on so large a scale as to make hours of retirement impossible, may be considered as furnishing to an individual a rich multiplied experience; and sympathy so drawn forth (let it be remembered), though, unlike charity, it begins abroad, never fails to bring back rich treasures home. Association with others is useful also in strengthening the character, and in enabling us, while we never lose sight of our main object, to thread our way wisely and well.’—P. 179.

Bearing upon this point, we have been told that, full and attractive as her conversation was, it had the fault, so common with clever people failing in social sympathy, of being too much a monologist; she had not the art of drawing out others, and did not seem to study it. Her own powers were stimulated; she exerted *herself* where she wished to give pleasure, and her friends were delighted listeners, but she did not seek a response.

At fifteen or sixteen her strange experiences came to a crisis. She was then on a visit to Margate, 'amongst cold, argumentative unbelievers, and profane and immoral persons of genius,' whose influence, though 'most baneful,' was short-lived. For she was soon taken with typhus fever, during which, as it seemed to her, a voice said to her soul, 'Seek me with thy whole heart, and thou shalt not seek in vain.' Her own inner convictions, combated by external assaults, made themselves felt.

At eighteen she paid a visit to her cousins, the Gurneys of Earham, and formed a warm friendship with Catherine Gurney, sister of Mrs. Fry. The minds of these young people seem to have been in much the same stage of inquiry, and the pursuit of general knowledge was as eager in both. One of her recollections of this time says:—

"I think I have often spoken to you of my visits to Earham. On one occasion I remember they had all gone to Meeting, and I remained at home. In their absence I walked up and down the gallery at Earham, where were a great many portraits of the Bacon family, from the thirteenth century [?], and I began to think, 'What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from earth?' So on my cousin's return, when she joined me in the gallery, I said to her: 'I am twenty, thou art twenty-five: and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself whether the Bible be true: and, if it is,' I added, in the folly and ignorance of my heart, 'I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it; and if not, I shall think no more on the subject,' and I prayed, if there were a God to hearken, that He would reveal Himself to me."—Pp. 295, 296.

In this darkness and perplexity the cousins were aided by Mr. Pitchford, a Roman Catholic gentleman, to whom she was ever after in the habit of attributing some of the first distinct rays of spiritual truth she received.

She now spent two or three seasons at Bath with the celebrated Miss Hamilton; she was also on terms of familiar friendship with Mrs. Barbauld; a good deal with friends in London, where she entered into society without, as we see, any adoption of Quaker peculiarities. We are glad to have some idea given of her personal appearance in her youth.

'A few years ago a lady who mixed in these circles, and who had known the subject of this memoir from early life, described her to me as she then appeared. I cannot resist giving my readers the picture she drew of her young companion, when taking her to a public assembly; I think it was a concert. "She was dressed with perfect simplicity; and, as was the fashion of that day, she wore a gold band round her head, her dark brown hair clustering in rich profusion over and around it: the colour on her clear cheek heightened by the scene, she looked beautiful, her simple dress in perfect keeping with her countenance of rare intellectual beauty. As they entered the room, every eye was attracted by her appearance; and the young Mary Anne, with the unfeigned modesty which then as ever

characterised her, was probably the only one in that large assembly who was unconscious of the sensation she occasioned."—Pp. 305, 306.

Some curious letters of advice from her mother, about this time, on manners, and deportment in society, let us into what were her peculiarities, and how the habit of tracing all things to their principles influenced her conversation. It is amusing to see so dignified a mother instructing her daughter to learn to talk on trifles,—and very good advice, too, in this particular case :

"In the first place, then, I beg you will consider this journey as a lesson which is to teach prudence and circumspection. I hope that, if a great many young gentlemen resort to the house in the Crescent, you will learn how to behave upon such occasions; not to do too much or too little; not to lay aside established forms, or to practise the starched prude. If young men are present, talk to them as much as you please, but always sit in the circle with the ladies.

"Above all things enter into no *investigations* with anybody; no abstruse speculations, no referring to principles in common conversation, unless your opinion be asked; and then give it clearly *once*; but make no effort to maintain or enforce it, unless some wise and older person lead the way to an argument; and then put an end to it as soon as you can with a jest. . . . Talk about matters of fact. Surely there are follies enough in the world to supply conversation, without referring to reason upon every occasion. Expatriate upon the weather, upon the journey, upon the fashions, upon the faces of people you see; in short, upon all you see or hear, but say very little about what you think, and take care to *think* as little as you can help."—Pp. 299, 300.

When about three or four and twenty, while staying at Bath with her parents, she first became acquainted with the Moravians, with whom her later life was passed in fellowship. Weak in health, torn with the doubts which had so many years rankled in her intellect, and destroyed her peace, she describes herself as sunk in the lowest despondency. On one occasion her mother, going to the Pump Room, left her in a bookseller's shop, where the multitude of books around her, contrasted with the unsatisfied craving for the one true knowledge, affected her to tears. While in this condition, she was observed by a pleasing young woman sitting near her, who in a sweet and gentle voice asked if she could do anything for her.

"Oh!" I replied, "can you do anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where nor how to obtain peace?" She paused for a moment, and then said: "There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ."—Pp. 308, 309.

In the course of conversation this lady, who was a 'Labourer' in the Moravian community, offered to read the Scriptures with her at stated times, an offer she could not accept, as she knew her family would not approve. A few days after her parents left Bath, and as her health required her longer stay, took a

lodging for her in a respectable family, with whom she might occasionally associate. She left all passively to their management, and was not a little moved when the first voice that greeted her in her new home was that of her unknown friend. She had fallen amongst Moravians, who received her with a gentleness and sympathy that won her heart.

'While, I remained with this family, I used to read the Scriptures with Miss Tucker, and I came to know the Lord. They used to speak to me of His love; and oh! how kind they were to me! I can never forget it; for I used to blurt out my wild thoughts in a way I am sure I should not like a person to do to me. Indeed, I one day said to them: "It surprises me very much that you should be so kind to me; for you cannot like me; I am so disagreeable." They replied, "You mistake; it is not your being agreeable or disagreeable that we regard, we look upon you as a field our Lord has given us to cultivate, and we do not ask if there are few or many weeds; besides, 'when we were yet sinners, Christ loved us.'"'—P. 310.

When she returned home she resumed family habits, and went to Meeting as usual, devoting herself to a deeper study of Scripture, and making her first attempts at authorship. Ladies did not slip into this exercise as easily then as they seem to do now. Her mother at first dissuaded her from it, on motives which never actuate anybody now, regarding it as a profession entailing labour and responsibility, and to which her health was not equal. There are interesting extracts from her journal at this time, both at home and when she returns to her Moravian friends at Bath, implying much thought and mental conflict; but every religious biography has its hiatuses, its blanks at important points of the history, which throw us off the scent as it were, and leave us to our own unassisted discrimination for a solution—occasions where the narrative, so far from affording any clue, rather misleads us. So we must own this story gives us no reason whatever why Mrs. SchimmelPenninck married Mr. SchimmelPenninck. There is nothing to lead up to the fact. One page we leave her immersed in religious contemplation—fancy free, as it seems; the next she is indissolubly united to this scion of a noble Dutch family, brother of a Stadtholder of Holland. Whether there had been time to discover all the affinities our ideal claims for this relation, or whether, as we rather suspect, it was a very sudden affair—possibly not the first in which her feelings had been engaged—we are not informed. Mrs. Hannah More, however, spoke for the *family* being intellectual; which satisfied some of Mrs. Galton's requirements, and the match seems to have met with general acquiescence. We are not told what were the husband's religious views, but the same voucher, while saying that her mode of thinking differed materially from his, felt confident of his being a religious worthy man; and he is spoken of as well informed and interested in some favourite pursuits. One

qualification he possessed, 'a proud delight in his richly-endowed wife,' which no doubt adapted him for one trained in Quakerism, where women naturally take the lead: a position which we cannot but suspect fell in very well with the good lady's ideas and habits; and the union, which lasted nearly thirty years, seems to have been a very happy one. He in every way conformed to her wishes, and she was a good, faithful help and counsellor in the pecuniary troubles which soon came upon them from the disorder of his affairs. It was this conjuncture which led to the unfortunate money difficulty with her family, which resulted in her total estrangement from them. Whatever her grief at this rejection, she never allowed poverty, of which there are vague hints, and altered circumstances, to affect her happiness, and she knew both how to want and how to abound without the peace of her own inner life being disturbed. We think it likely, from certain allusions, that her notions of housekeeping were at first crude enough. She had to lament that her mother had confined her education to the intellect: she neither knew how to guide a house, or to use her needle, but set about instructing herself in both accomplishments with laudable energy, and attained, we are assured, to satisfactory results, though her biographer admits not always by ordinary means.

'There was nothing she thought too little to come within the sphere of duty, nothing too minute for a child of God to mark (as she expressed it) with the stamp royal of the Divine character; but these things were done by her with a simplicity, and a bright cheerfulness, which those who knew her cannot fail of recollecting, and which no words could adequately convey to those who knew her not.—P. 360.

It was never her plan to renounce general society. The intellectual reunions at Barr were renewed at a humble distance in her smaller home; and late in life her biographer records the effort she uniformly made to render meal times intelligently cheerful and amusing by the ample resources of her mind, and her store of anecdote. But we must return to the course of the narrative. The marriage took place in September, 1806. It was not till 1808 that she came to a decision on her choice of a religious community to which to belong; and it sounds a strange one, for which again we have no preparation. The Moravian body was that to which she leaned, but it appears that its rules require election by *lot* to entire fellowship, and to this she had at that time conscientious scruples. In the meanwhile the reception of the sacraments, from which her education had hitherto withheld her, pressed upon her conscience. In the difficulty she decided on Wesleyanism, because some of the early Methodist writers had powerfully affected her, and she was finally baptized by a Methodist minister, and received the Holy

Communion a fortnight afterwards. She remained in this body ten years, though never quite feeling at home in it, keeping up her intimacy with and affection for the Moravians; till at the end of that time, her scruples about the 'lot' overcome by the examples Scripture furnishes of this mode of election, she followed her first aspirations, and became a 'sister.' There is no doubt that nature did not design her for a Methodist; and a very exceptional member she must have been, frequently refreshing her spirit in the silence of the Friends' Meeting, and in friendly intercourse with Roman Catholics of the old hereditary class, who were naturally anxious to draw her into their communion.

'She had also at this time very frequent intercourse with the late Lady Bedingfield, and with Mr., afterwards Cardinal, and Mrs. Weld, who then resided at Clifton, and with Sir Thomas Clifford, whom she constantly met at their house. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained the highest respect and esteem for these excellent friends, but letters written at this time bear witness that she was enabled to resist the most strenuous efforts made by them to bring her over to their communion.'—P. 366.

The Moravians are not a controversial body. The quiet tenor of their course would assimilate them with that form of religion she had loved in her grandfather, while her Catholic sympathies found a home in their ecclesiastical order, their creeds and liturgy,—which she found to suit her individual case, and no doubt her taste,—far better than extempore prayer,—and their observance of ecclesiastical seasons; all uniting her as she trusted with the universal Church throughout the world, with which her spirit craved to be in peace and invisible fellowship.

We may gather from slight indications that the section of our Church with which she came in contact did not meet in the same degree these sympathies. She was repelled by the violent language of ultra-Protestantism, and knew its injustice in particular instances. She could not admire its hero-worship and tendency to be led by favourite preachers; her ear quarrelled with a certain tone of voice prevalent in serious circles; and religious loquacity, and all the conventionalisms which grow out of partisanship and exclusive association, were repugnant to her whole temperament. Not that any of this is expressed with asperity, and probably it did not interfere with free intercourse with the Evangelical party, but it would be enough to check any leaning towards a Church which she would regard, and would be permitted by them to regard, as only one out of many denominations open to her choice. To illustrate these observations, we find her thus contrasting the religious intercourse of her childhood with that of a later date:—

'Never can I sufficiently express my deep obligations to the Friends I met at my grandfather's. They did not indeed bring forward dogmatic

truth, as I have heard so many do since; possibly there was not enough of this; but still further were they removed from the irreverent habit of bandying about the most sacred truths as subjects of superficial and colloquial discussion. Deep and reverent was their feeling that the truth of God can only be taught to the heart of man by the Spirit of God; hence they lived the truth instead of talking about it.—P. 46.

On her final decision in favour of the Moravians, she says:—

‘During this period, too, I had seen much of the so-called religious world, and all I saw without, as well as all I had experienced within, convinced me more and more of man’s utter emptiness and of our Saviour’s all-sufficient fulness, and made me long to flee to some asylum among brethren who should have experienced, like myself, that men are nothing, and that “Christ is all in all.”—Pp. 367, 368.

Of Lady Powerscourt’s letters, which she enjoyed for their sincerity, she writes to a friend:—

“How truly blessed a person she was! Sometimes, indeed, you detect what I should call the religious fashions and questions of the day, which I think not agreeable; but then you constantly see, cropping from under all, the Rock of Ages; and she expresses sentiments, and details experiences, which she has learnt not from men, but from our Lord Himself. This it is which gives such deep value to her book, though it is not without many light or trivial expressions, and commonly repeated phrases, which one wishes omitted, and yet even these, perhaps, add to the appearance of genuineness; they exhibit the earthen vessel containing the treasure of God.”—P. 396.

More strongly she marks her sense of the temper of certain professors, as in the following comparison:—

“It is almost impossible,” she says, “to convey to you an idea how interesting, and yet how unlike any other place, is this remarkable country. The only bad thing I have seen is the roads, and they are just like many ultra-Evangelical persons, very sound in the main, but of such bad and grating tempers that you are tormented at every step you take with them.”—P. 370.

In her visit to Cornwall, she meets a lady apparently well-known in religious circles; and thus pleasantly describes her interviews:—

“She is a lady, I suppose, about fifty; in appearance something between two very different persons—Miss Tucker, our late Moravian Laboureress, and your former sentimental friend, Mrs. F. She has a most benevolent countenance; her dress is rather a worldly dress, stripped and shorn, than a plain dress, which I think has not an agreeable effect. Her manner is most kind, and all she says is good, though I think she has acquired a slight shade of that wailing tone so common, I know not why, amongst some Evangelical people, which is not according to my taste. She is, however, a very excellent person, universally well spoken of, entirely devoted to a mother ninety-four years of age, whom she never leaves. . . . She was most obliging, yet I should have enjoyed her company more, if we had not been at cross purposes the whole time.

“I being very much bent on mineralogy, and knowing S. Michael’s Mount to be a most celebrated place for minerals, and having but this

hour, was longing to know all about them, whereas Miss —— also, having but this hour with a Bristol person, was intent on hearing the biography of all the Bristol reputed saints, so that our conversation was much as follows :—

“ Miss ——.— ‘ You enjoy a great and unspeakable privilege, Madam, in being situated where you can so constantly have the advantage of sitting under Mr. ——’s ministry, and conversing with so many persons sound in doctrine.”

“ M. A. S.— ‘ Many persons of your Church, I believe, esteem it much.— But what a delightful situation you have so near S. Michael’s Mount, the richest place in England for specimens of minerals ; many exhibiting such peculiarly good examples of perfect crystalline formations.’

“ Miss ——.— ‘ Do you know the Honourable Miss Powys, and Lady Southampton, and the Miss Buchaus ?’

“ M. A. S.— ‘ I have occasionally met them.—Pray have you collected many specimens of the topazes, amethysts, chalcedony, and tin ore, for which this Mount is so celebrated ? or can you tell me where I can meet with them ?’ &c. &c. &c.

“ Miss —— talking like Christian in ‘ Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and I like Mammon in Milton’s ‘ Paradise Lost.’ Thus we went on, *à tort et à travers*, till half-past one, when Miss —— kindly took me to John Barclay’s, where we were to dine.”—Pp. 382, 383.

This strain of conversation happened to jar particularly upon all the interests excited by the locality, to which her heart was open, from the pleasure of finding herself with her cousins the Barclays, and with Friendly associations around her. Cut off from her own family, the tie of relationship was all the more appreciated, and her soul expands under the influence into a comprehensive benevolence, of which the following is a characteristic example. She writes of Penzance churchyard :—

“ This churchyard opens into a vast burial-ground, whose wide extent and crowded monumental tablets almost make it seem, not like the cemetery of a country town, but like one vast city of the dead. This is the burial-ground of strangers, and has from time immemorial engulfed the succeeding multitudes sent here, from all quarters of Europe, in the delusive hope of restoration from this mild summer-like climate. Names, not only from every part of England, but from Germany, Holland, from France—nay, many from Rome, had here found an early grave ; and as I looked on this vast mortuary field, containing names from so many nations, and kindreds, and tongues, who had here sought bodily health, I could not help feeling a prayer rise in my heart that they might be found in that vast assembly gathered from the east, and west, and north, and south, who have sought that true health which, at the Great Physician’s hands, shall never be sought in vain.”—Pp. 378, 379.

And from this scene she proceeds all at once to the Quaker Meeting at Marazion, and enjoys the phalanx of silk bonnets and broad-brim hats which surround her. On her arrival there she is equally impressed, finding, amidst the stiff formality which doubtless to inexperienced eyes would characterise the scene, points really suggestive of keen emotions.

"As the Meeting gathered, the effect to me was most striking. The deep silence, interrupted only by the rushing of the wind and the monotonous roar of the waves upon the shore; the persons before me, and especially M.F.,—whom I had so often seen in Bath, gay, and adorning such different society; and as I looked upon her countenance, oh! how in an instant, as in Mr. Crabbe's 'Parting Hour,' did I feel the work of years, and as in his poem the power of God is exhibited in tearing away the gay visions of earth, so here immediately gushed upon the heart His goodness and His power in substituting for them the enjoyment of heaven. . . .

"... The door of the Meeting was open: in the deep stillness my eye rested upon the sods which covered the graves of Edwin Price, Georgiana Barclay, and many of the friends and close relatives of those sitting around; and how wonderful did it seem, as I looked on the party before me, and saw the unbroken and holy religious composure and deep communion resting on so many of their youthful countenances, to think that the tussock of rank grass, the weed and the thistle, shivering in the wind, were really waving over the resting-places of those who, scarce two years, who scarce one year ago, were their companions, and who three years ago beamed with youth and health and strength like those I then looked on. I cannot express the profound melancholy I felt as I gazed on their burial-place near this wild and desolate shore."—Pp. 380—382.

In theory she deeply appreciated Gothic architecture; forty years before the study of it had become a fashion, she had sought into its principles, and thought she saw in it a symbolic utterance of scriptural truth. Had she looked on a churchyard through an arch, leading her eyes upward; if somehow her eye could have rested on the symbol of the Cross, the thoughts suggested would not have been those of profound melancholy; the picture of earthly decay would have been counteracted by heavenly hope. But the thoughts in both cases belonged to the scene, and spoke to a heart prepared always to be impressed by realities.

It was previous to these incidents, and some time before her reception amongst the Moravians, that through Hannah More she was first made acquainted with the writings of the Port Royalists. 'They seemed providentially sent to meet the inmost 'wants of her heart and spirit in this season of outward trial 'and perplexity,' probably arising from pecuniary troubles, and the family dissensions arising from them. She threw herself into them with enthusiasm, and published a succession of works founded upon these and others procured from a Jansenist bishop, with whom she formed acquaintance in a tour she took with her husband immediately after the peace. They created so much interest, that in 1829 the whole were collected and published under the title of 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal,' a work much read; and through which her name is chiefly known to the public. We are told 'she always rejoiced and gave thanks 'to God that she had been the means of enabling these holy 'people to speak to this generation.' They were henceforth to be her chosen friends and companions, the subject of her daily

studies and the delight of her daily life. 'She never missed an opportunity of acknowledging the spiritual blessings which it had pleased God to bestow upon her through their instrumentality.' About this time, and encouraged by her husband's warm interest in her labours, she produced several works; but with these we are unacquainted: one on 'Beauty and Deformity,' attempting an answer to the question of, 'What is the Standard of Beauty?' She re-wrote, late in life, 'the Key to her View,' being that 'the tastes are the extreme ramifications of principles.'

Her literary labours, however, were never engrossing. Her time seems always to have been at the service of her friends. We are told she devoted much of it to the poor and to the various charitable objects of Bristol. She taught in the schools, and also assembled young people around her to give lessons in general knowledge, for which her large and accurate fund of information, her peculiar gift in imparting it, and her patience, eminently qualified her. Her biographer adds that her great humility made her ever backward to appear as a religious teacher, though it is clear she did not shrink from such subjects in her instruction. Music, especially the organ, was her constant solace, and she made much use of her talent for drawing. Indeed, we perceive an energy which allowed no gift to lie neglected or unused. She kept herself 'well up' in the literature of the day, and a certain amount of light reading appears to have been a moral necessity. She seems always to have been willing to give her whole mind to the discussion of subjects important to her friends, whether it be the question of education,—which elicited a long and able letter, written with all the thought and experience she was mistress of—or phrenology, which drew from her a treatise on temperaments, amusing and full of observation, but probably needing the *instinct* of penetration to be made available—or any scriptural subject on which the extreme industry of her research qualified her to be an authority. To judge from some of her letters, her style was superior; in one instance rising to eloquence. But of this the public are to have an opportunity of judging, as a series of her works is advertised, as following upon the Life. Whatever their value, we may feel sure they will be the honest independent fruits of her own thought and study. Amongst the epistolary *essays*, as we may call them, the most important is one 'On the respective Value of the Catholic and Protestant Principles,' which the editor, in a note to the second edition, is sorry to find has given pain to some readers. Her view is that both principles ought to meet in the same Church,—the spirit, that is, of *love*, affiancing, adoration, implicit faith, on the one hand, and of sifting investigatory testing on the other,

a process *necessary* wherever fallible man is the channel of truth. In it we find this passage:—

“I do frankly own myself to be deeply attached to many Catholic writings; and though I could never join a Church through the corruptions of whose hierarchy the free access to the Scriptures may be interdicted, and where the honour paid to the Saints and to the blessed Virgin is, to use the mildest term, so indiscreet as to approximate to the honour due to God alone; and where the necessary practice of auricular confession transfers the rule of individual conscience from the word and the Spirit, the true ruler of the Church, to the hands of man; though I could by no means unite in submission to such a corrupt dominant hierarchy; I yet own I highly value the largeness and expanse of the doctrines of that Church, the ample room and help it affords for the abundant carrying out of every varied Christian leading, whether mystic, contemplative, intellectual, mechanical, or laborious. Yet I am conscious I value it not only for the good I truly think it actually possesses, enhanced, perhaps, by the prestige of its antiquity, and historic and picturesque claim on the taste; but I likewise do so by my affections being drawn forth towards it from early association; nay, I think, more than that, from its having been the channel through which our Lord Himself has often sent His blessing when no other was open to me.”—Pp. 415, 416.

Upon this we may remark, that Roman Catholicism from childhood came to her in its least aggressive form, and through persons who would not only not obtrude on her its more startling dogmas, but who would keep them in the background in their own minds, and contemplate most and be most actuated by those truths which devout Christians hold in common, and which once impressed by them on her mind, she had never to change or modify. We do not find she ever encountered any modern converts, who, as we understand, are apt to found all their teaching on the more extreme opinions they have brought themselves with much difficulty to hold; and certainly she would have felt no affinity with them.

Nearly twenty years before her death, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was taken with a paralytic seizure. Her health had always been weak and suffering, and henceforth, though she recovered from the attack, it left her a permanent invalid, and almost entirely precluded her attendance at public worship. We find her thus looking back upon the observance of seasons:—

“I have ever thought it a blessed privilege of the little Church to which I belong, to be called in an especial manner to enter into this season, so full of heart-affecting memorials of the love of our Lord; when those who love Him share the deep sufferings and rich blessings of his cross, and in which we follow Him day by day, and almost hour by hour, from the supper at Bethany to his resurrection. Some of the most happy hours of my life have been spent in our little chapel, in Passion Week, and how many seasons of strength, refreshment, and sweet remembrance are associated with her morning and evening meditations, and with her Easter Morning services; and though I can no longer attend them, it is delightful to follow them in spirit.”—Pp. 430, 431.

Her affectionate biographer, who formed one of her family, speaks of the spirit in which she bore the sufferings to which failing health exposed her. She never lost the lesson her mother taught her in bearing pain. Many of her sayings on this subject, on the duty not only of bearing but of cheerfully accepting the discipline, are very striking from their vivid reality and that sincerity which gives a value to everything she does and says.

But our appreciation of this original and attractive portrait has already carried us beyond the limits such a subject seems to warrant. If our readers have felt the attraction, we can only refer them to the work itself, which contains many subjects of interest on which we have not touched, thinking it best to confine ourselves to those points which illustrate a remarkable character formed under remarkable circumstances. One extract we must still indulge in, and that a long one, because it furnishes an evidence of the unity as well as progress of her course. There is something to us very beautiful in such a retrospect; it suggests a picture of serene and venerable old age, which more than bears out all that we here read of it, and speaks as much for the course as for the goal when attained. Many noble qualities must combine to preserve, or even enhance, the power of expression to that period of life when the bodily vigour fails, on which so much of our mental force depends. The single eye, the light of love, the conscientious cultivation of the talents committed to us, and habitual self-government, have worked together, wherever we see an old age at once wise and vigorous in thought and eloquent in words. The following letter to the friend of her youth, Mrs. Catherine Gurney, written on receiving intelligence of an illness which soon after ended in death, is surely as remarkable a composition for the harmony of its periods as for its clear strain of elevated thought and its glow of faith and thanksgiving. What are called religious letters are not often to our taste. They are generally didactic effusions, the destination of which the writer need not to determine till he arrives at the address. This letter was prompted by friendship, and could have been written to none other than her whose death-bed it came to cheer:—

“ My very dear Catherine,

“ It was only last night that I received Mrs. Cresswell's letter, and oh! how shall I describe the feelings with which I read it? All Earlham once more lived before me, and through the haze of long past years, the tints almost seemed more vivid than those of youth, yet with deep pathos and heart-affecting memories, the store and precious treasury of age.

“ My very dear Catherine, well do I remember the time when together we entered the pilgrimage of human responsible life. And now that road

is travelled, which once in prospect seemed an interminable vista, although in looking back, life is but as a tale that is told; and we both, in far different scenes, but still united in one deep heart and spirit, now stand upon the verge awaiting our call into that life where so much of our earthly, as well as heavenly, treasure is laid up, and where our Father is not only waiting to bless us with his own presence, but has prepared so sweet a welcome for us from so many we dearly loved, who are gone before.

"My dear Catherine, my heart seems still to cling to the remembrance of the beloved past, even in the nearing rays of the brighter future. Dost thou remember how often for hours we have walked up and down the drawing-room or ante-room, or sat in thy room or mine, talking of the destiny of man, his hopes, his powers, his duties; and reasoning, as best we might, from our own stores, or Mr. Search's, or others, upon a theme where all reason must fail, and where revelation can alone teach? Yet were not those sweet hours unblest or unproductive, since they effectually taught us that man does know, and can know, nothing of the centre of all truth, if untaught by God. They were the strainings of the soul upwards, the beating of the eagle imprisoned in his cage of earth against the bars of his prison. How did we go on vainly wandering in a chaos of doubts, and involving ourselves in a labyrinth of speculation, till the same God, who at first caused light to arise amid the darkness, shone into our hearts to give us the knowledge of His truth, and light, and love, in the face of Jesus Christ! How shall we sufficiently thank Him! He taught us the darkness and emptiness of our hearts, and then He illuminated that darkness, and satisfied that hunger. He taught us in measure to trust Him, and oh! how has He repaid that trust by overflowing fulfilment!

"We sought light from reason, the candle lighted up by man for time. He bade us find it in revelation, the sunbeam kindled by God, enlightening for eternity as well as time. Truly have we experienced that there is light in the evening.

"Has not our Lord led us through all the steps of our pilgrimage, even now, until its close? We began in doubt, we end in certainty; we began by opinion, we end by experience; we began in conflict, we end in peace. Oh! shall we not end in joyful thanksgiving; and, when we compare the past with the present, feel that His gracious love and unmerited mercy have indeed encompassed us with songs of deliverance! . . .

" . . . My dear Catherine, how love, divine and human, are the only two goods, communion with God, communion through Him with our fellow-men; most and closest with Him, next closest to that part of His Church with which He has seen fit to link us, in His providence, as helpers. And truly, as all real love has its root in God, so it is eternal. Those whom Jesus loved, He loved to the end; and those who love in Him, love unto the end likewise; for God is eternal, and all that is rooted in Him partakes of the permanence of that eternity. And I believe that till we are in eternity, we shall neither fully know what we are to our Lord Himself individually, nor what we are to Him as instruments to effect His purposes. For all the seed of the kingdom has life in itself, and goes on increasing, germinating, budding, blossoming, and sending forth fresh shoots, through all our life; so that we often do not know half the value and importance of a truth till very many years after the voice from whose lips we first heard it, sounds no more on earth. Mr. Pitchford, thy dear sister Mrs. Fry, the Moravians at Bath, and many others have uttered truths, scattered seeds in my heart and mind, the full import of which, after nearly half a century, I am yet daily learning more of, and how great an unpaid debt of grateful love we owe to all our friends; yea, and to all

our enemies too; for we owe most to those who have most often been the means of sending us to our Lord.

"And now, my ever dearly loved friend, God bless thee abundantly for all thy manifold kindness to me. May He repay thee an hundredfold. May He write deeply on our hearts all that has been according to His mind in our friendship, and pardon and blot out all that has been contrary to it; and may both the sweetness, and the discipline, be of the all things which, by all means and always, work together for our good. Bear me, thy old and early friend, on thy heart, as I deeply and affectionately bear thee on mine. And now, farewell! May our Lord ever hear thy prayer; and may He enlarge our hearts, enlarge us when we are in distress. The Lord will hear, for his dear Son's sake, when we call upon Him. We may commune in peace with our own hearts upon our beds; for He has said, 'Peace, be still,' to the billows that once conflicted there; and, instead of the enemy (the self-tormentor, Psalm viii.), the Comforter abides there. We may offer a sacrifice of righteousness, for He has provided it. He will lift up the light of His countenance upon us. He has put gladness into our hearts, more than into that of the children of this earth in their increase. For our corn is the bread from heaven, even angels' food; our wine, His cordial and faithful promises, and the communion of His life-giving blood; and our oil we believe to be the unction of the Holy One, which leads into all truth, and takes of the things of Him we love and shows them to us.

"O, my dear Catherine, let, us in conclusion, with heart and soul and spirit, say at the end of our course, 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.' 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.'

"The Spirit and the Bride of Christ say, Come! Let every one that heareth answer, Come! Amen. Come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore Thee: with longing hearts we now are waiting for Thee. Come soon; O come!

"My very dear friend, farewell. Bear me on thy heart and spirit, as I do thee. Ever, in true and deep affection,

"Thine from early youth to hoary hairs,

"M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK."

And here we must conclude our notice. Perhaps some apology is needed for our tone of sympathy towards one whose liberality sometimes verges on latitudinarianism. Possibly we should have expressed ourselves more strongly on the point, if it were a common fault in religious female writers. But in fact this tone is so new amongst them, and the other of dogmatism, without the learning needful to give weight to the judgment, so common, that we have allowed ourselves to yield to the charm of so agreeable a change. Those whose lot is thrown where the prevailing dogmatism is not to their mind, where the zeal, whenever it is shown, takes a direction opposed to their sympathies, learn to value moderation even at the cost of some precise statements of truth and formal abjuration of error. Accustomed to see persons and parties launch into denunciations because it is expected of them, because they could not take a certain standing without it, they warm to the absence of the grim conventionalism. One

lesson, we think, the book teaches,—that there can be no duty in expressing emotions we do not feel, in assuming an indignation which does not stir us, in seeming angry because people will respect our zeal. There can never be any harm in *waiting* where the question is a severe judgment. Perhaps, nay, probably, if we were better informed, we should feel it in certain cases, but if we do not, let us keep the peace till we do. Abuse and harsh judgments are such formidable weapons, are apt to do such harm to those, even the most experienced, who use them, that without strong conviction, independent thought, and mature conclusions, we may let them alone. Because one man who *has* thought, who has seen mischief, who has traced out danger, allows himself in violent language towards practices and even persons, let not others who have *not* thought, have seen nothing for themselves, know nothing but at second-hand, think it incumbent on them to join the cry: and yet how many fewer anathemas we should hear if this plan were followed, if only those judged who had material for judging, only those condemned who understood the question, only those pronounced a decision who had studied the case. Where would be our party demonstrations, our monster meetings, if people never showed a zeal till it actuated them, nor wielded the sword of controversy till they knew what they were fighting for? Mastering and then acting upon particular truths, or Truth as a whole, often leads men to such clear views as to end in keen, as well as just, perception of the errors of others. Let such speak with severity—it is their duty, a task incumbent upon them; but vehemence without knowledge, anger without investigation, are carnal weapons in whatever cause wielded; they begin in self-deceit and will surely end in still further obscuring the truth. Therefore, let every one keep silence, even from what he supposes good words, if they involve harsh censure, until he feels them; and if he feels them as he ought to do, where *persons* are concerned, he will find the duty so painful a one, that he will not exceed in the practice of it as those do who, leaving the responsibility of proof to others, learn to find the stimulus pleasant in itself, while, at the same time, it advances them in the popular estimation. Wherever this work excites interest and attention, it will act as a check on this prevailing temper, and as such we believe it to have a distinct use and value.

ART. V.—*Origines Anglicanæ; or, a History of the English Church.* By JOHN INETT, D.D. Oxford: University Press.

THE composition and publication of an elaborate history of the Church cannot be without effects of some kind. Either for good or for evil, it must tell. The '*Origines Anglicanæ; or, History of the Early English Church,*' by Inett, long known to the majority of students by name only, and scarcely legible in its original form, has been republished by Mr. Griffiths, late Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. Of the editor's part we shall speak first. He has given us a most carefully-corrected text of a valuable work; he has enriched it with various and ample notes and references; he has carefully referred from one part of the work to any other that chanced to explain or illustrate the text; and he has added an index, to which it is almost impossible to refer in vain. In a word, we cannot conceive how the work of an editor can be done better than Mr. Griffiths has done his; and this careful labour of years (as it must have been) has been undertaken simply from honourable ambition, and the desire of doing good in his generation. We can only trust that he will soon turn his attention to something still more important and deserving his time and pains.

Dr. Inett divides his work into two parts. Of these the former embraces a period of 656 years; that is, from the taking of Rome by Alaric in 410, to the death of Edward the Confessor in 1066; and the second extends to the death of King John in 1216, with which event his work concludes. He has, in fact, gone over the period of our Church's history which is in many respects both the most important and the most interesting. By commencing where he does, he escapes giving any opinion on the first evangelization of the country, or on those subsequent events, real or supposed, such as the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea, and the baptism of King Lucius, which have offered such abundant food for controversy to our historians and antiquaries; but in which, if silence can be taken for proof, he evidently had little confidence. He also touches but lightly on the existence of the British Church before the coming of S. Augustin: telling us scarcely more than the patent facts that there were several British bishops in Cornwall, and that the Welsh had their metropolitanical see at Caerleon. From thence he passes at once to the history of the Saxon Heptarchy. In this arrangement we propose to follow him: for whatever were

the position, powers, or privileges of the original British Church, it is no longer a living reality—it has passed away, and left hardly a trace that it ever was.

It cannot be denied that the student of the history of our country is often disheartened and thrown back by the peculiar difficulties of Anglo-Saxon history. The relations of the kingdoms with each other seem hopelessly confused and involved; the successions of the kings innumerable, and their actions mostly insignificant and such as have left few abiding results.

Admitting that there are difficulties to be encountered, we nevertheless think that men are apt greatly to exaggerate them. We may easily have a sufficient knowledge of these times, without the profound learning of a Palgrave or a Lingard. The terms which must be committed to memory are not many, and the kingdoms which were especially prominent were, at most, but four. These were at first Kent: Northumbria, in its two divisions of Deira, or Deer-land, and Bernicia, or Bear-land, so called either from those parts having been infested with bears, or from the bear-like qualities of their fighting men: and Mercia. When the first of these had sunk into obscurity, Wessex took its place, and eventually absorbed the rest. The three remaining kingdoms were, from their smallness, always more insignificant. It is here that the antiquarian may discover the germ of many of those secular laws and customs which form the foundation of our present constitution; and the ecclesiastical student, if he would have any just idea of the origin and significance of our ecclesiastical polity, as it still in its essence exists among us, must seek it carefully and diligently in the statutes and ordinances which were framed by popes and kings, when Christianity was yet new in the land, and civilisation had to be reconstructed. For it was now that the foundations were laid of that sacred edifice which was to weather such grievous national calamities as the wars of Stephen and Matilda, the frequent struggles of the barons with each other and with the crown, and the consequent oppression and sufferings of the people, caused by a state of things which rendered tillage useless and commerce an impossibility: which was to give a home to the aged and sick at heart; which was to mould for eternity the minds of such countless thousands, whether of those who were from the first dedicated to the service of God, or of such as deserted the world and its riches, and literally acted on the words of the holy Psalmist, who has said, 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness;' which was subsequently adorned by the profound learning and the many graces of the bishops and doctors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and which is yet, as we may confidently

trust, despite its many marks of time and weather, and of sacrilegious hands, destined by its Divine Architect to be the shelter and protection of His people from the storms of the world, and the snares of their arch-enemy.

The 'History' of Bede and the 'Saxon Chronicle' are the principal sources from which we derive originally our knowledge of those times: but of these, the former is somewhat confused in arrangement; and the latter contains merely an enumeration of events under the year in which they happened, and therefore, however valuable, is scarcely attractive or interesting. The chief modern historians, beside Inett, are Collier, to whose care and diligence those who have come after him owe more than they are always willing to acknowledge; Fuller, whose worth is somewhat lessened by his habit of turning everything possible into a jest; Turner; Lappenberg; Lingard; Soames; and, latest of all, MacCabe. Lingard—learned, thoughtful, rarely erring, always collected, but, as many think, dry and uninteresting in style—lets us, as it were, behind the scenes of these important and interesting times, making us acquainted with their habits, customs, and tastes; and MacCabe—with a vehemence which occasionally degenerates into the abusiveness of a mere partizan—yet tells us much of the deeds of remarkable persons of both sexes, interests us in scenes and places, and by an unusual power of realising ancient events, brings them, as it were, before our eyes, and makes them our own.

The Anglo-Saxons, it is known, owed originally their conversion, after the mission of S. Augustin in 597, to Ethelbert King of Kent and Bretwald of the island south of the Humber; and his wife Bertha, the daughter of Cherebert, King of France. To the use of Bertha, who at her marriage to Ethelbert was already a Christian, was allotted an ancient British church dedicated to S. Martin at Canterbury, which was served by a French bishop and a staff of chaplains, whom she brought over with her: and to her S. Gregory wrote when he sent hither S. Augustin. The king, in a great measure prepared for the reception of Christianity by the influence and example of his wife, was baptized about the year 597, ten thousand of his subjects following their monarch's example. S. Augustin soon after received episcopal consecration in France; and, on his return, Ethelbert, by his authority as Bretwald, facilitated his reception in the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Now ensued those discussions with the native British Christians at Aust, in Gloucestershire, which ended in their rejection of his authority, their refusal to submit to the Romish claims, and their determination to remain subject only to their own superior, the Bishop of Caerleon. It was their fate, however, to become

absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon Church; and not long after this they disappear from history.

S. Gregory, in the year 601, sent Augustin the pallium of an archbishop, and with it directions for the scheme of government which he was to establish in the English Church. The metropolitical see was transferred from London to Canterbury, and S. Augustin was constituted primate, with authority to erect another but subordinate metropolitical see at York. Each metropolitan was to have twelve suffragan bishops under him; and after the death of S. Augustin, the metropolitical see was to be removed again from Canterbury to London, and the two archbishops were to take precedence according to the date of consecration. Such was the original draft of ecclesiastical government in our island, in which, as the apostles had been accustomed to make the capital cities the seat of the chief bishop, the primate (or metropolitan, as he was afterwards called), Canterbury—as the metropolis of the kingdom first converted, and, in fact, of all England south of the Humber—was made the metropolitical see of the English Church; the privilege being taken from London to mark that the succession which the Church was henceforth to acknowledge was that of S. Augustin, and not in any manner of the original British bishops. It was on the same principle that S. Augustin was directed to consecrate another metropolitan for York and the parts above the Humber, which, as not being subject to Ethelbert as Bretwald, formed the independent kingdom of Northumbria. In making this arrangement, however, and in his plan for the transference of the metropolitical see to London after S. Augustin's death, S. Gregory evidently expected a much easier and more speedy settlement of the Church in the country than actually took place. He was ignorant of the obstructions to this result, in the barbarous nature of the people, their idolatrous tendencies, and want of civilisation; nor could he foresee the rival power to his own hierarchy, which afterwards existed for a considerable period in the kingdom of Northumbria. His evident and unavoidable ignorance of the state of the island was the reason why his order of government was not suffered to remain unchallenged. Subsequent popes considered themselves at liberty, as their pleasure dictated or as the needs of the day seemed to require, to alter S. Gregory's arrangement. Pope Vitalian (668) placed the whole Anglo-Saxon Church under the sole jurisdiction of Theodore, the Greek Archbishop of Canterbury; and Agatho (697) confirmed his order. Leo I. restored the Archbishopric of York. Adrian (787) instituted an Archbishop in Lichfield, the capital of the kingdom of Mercia; whom Leo III., sixteen years later, de-

prived, confirming to the see of Canterbury that precedence in rank and authority which it has possessed from those times to the present day.

The British Bishops having refused all communion with S. Augustin, the honour of the conversion of the country is to be ascribed solely to himself and his successors. In little more than eighty years from his arrival, that great and difficult undertaking was fully accomplished. The kingdom of Northumbria had for its apostle, Paulinus, an associate of S. Augustin, who was aided in the good work by Ethilburga, the wife of Edwin the king, and daughter of Ethelbert. East Anglia, consisting of the present counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, was converted by Felix, a Burgundian prelate; Wessex, or the West Saxons, extending from Sussex to the western extremity of the island, by Birinus; Mercia, or the midland counties, by the priests, Adda, Betta, Ceadda who was afterwards consecrated the first Bishop of Lichfield and is the Chad of our calendar, and Diurna who subsequently became their Bishop. The East Saxons, or Men of Essex, were converted by Cedd, the brother of Ceadda, who came from Mercia, and was made Bishop of London; and the South Saxons, who occupied the modern county of Sussex, by the celebrated Wilfrid of York, who, when driven from his bishopric by Egfrid, visited this people.

The interest of the history passes at once on the baptism of Edwin to the kingdom of Northumbria. That prince held the throne six years from the time of his conversion, when he was killed in battle with Penda, the pagan king of Mercia. His two successors, Osric and Eanfrid, renounced Christianity: but Oswald, who, in the brief space of two years, succeeded them, again established it. He, as we learn from Bede, had spent the time of Edwin's reign in exile with the King of the Scots; and to him he applied for missionaries to aid in restoring to his kingdom the knowledge of the truth. The first who was sent was Gorman, and we all remember Bede's account of the result. The people would not listen to him, and he returned to Iona. A council met to consider the matter, before which Gorman stated his case, complaining bitterly of the reception he had met with. Aidan, who was present, replied: 'I am of opinion, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till being by degrees nourished with the word of God, they should be capable of greater perfection, and be able to practise God's sublimer precepts.' The members of the council considered that one possessed of so much discretion should be ordained in Gorman's place, which was accordingly done: and

thus with Aidan commenced the succession of Scotch Bishops who, for 260 years, ruled the Church of Northumbria.

The history of these men forms at once the charm and wonder of their times. Scarcely, if at all, can we find a parallel to their singular diligence, their humility, their contempt of the allurements of the world, their apostolic poverty and simplicity, and their unwearied exertions in evangelizing the country, which in some appear to have almost surpassed the ordinary powers of nature. They lived part of each year as hermits, but passed the remainder with their people, mixing freely with all classes. Hence their success in their work was very great. Under their spiritual rule, too, grew up a race of kings more than one of whom was as remarkable for kingly virtues as were their instructors for those of Churchmen: and the people profited largely by both. Oswald was noted for charity: Oswin for singular humility: and in the reign of Edwin, the quiet and honesty of the kingdom were such, that, as it is said, a woman and her new-born babe might pass from sea to sea without question or molestation.

But whilst we see in this devoted band so much to admire and revere, we must admit that their virtues were not wholly without alloy. Partly, perhaps, from the ideas of the age, and partly from the want of mixing largely with minds which might have beneficially influenced their own, they seem to have erred in carrying to excess some particular graces. Thus, the love of wholesome and, in their case, necessary retirement, degenerated with some into total seclusion which must surely have had an unhappy effect on the Church of which they were rulers. Taught, too, by a reasoning which to us of later times is unintelligible, to consider the absence of cleanliness a virtue, they frequently pushed their self-mortification to a revolting extreme of personal neglect. Yet, despite these and similar drawbacks so likely to be found in a people far more fervent in serving God than instructed in the world's politeness, it must on the whole be confessed that their failings were mostly those of their age and circumstances, whilst their graces, their zeal, their self-denial, their devotion were their own.

But at the outset of their history we are met by the question of their origin, one most interesting in itself, and full of importance, but by no means easy of solution. The first of their band came, as we all know, from Scotland; but whence did the body of missionary teachers who were their fathers in the faith derive *their* origin? Were they an offshoot of Rome, or were they, as some think, members of one of the churches founded by S. John in the East? In the former case they would naturally have formed a part of the great Western Patriarchate, and in

the absence of any sufficient reason for withdrawing from its communion, they would have been subject to it: in the latter, they would clearly from the first have been independent of it. Bede tells us that Pope Celestine, in the year 431, consecrated Palladius bishop of the Scots, who preached first to the people of Ireland, and then crossed to Scotland; but Usher proves that the gospel was known to the Irish long before those times. Probably, however, the convulsions of nations, as yet purely barbarous, caused it to be lost again in both countries: for it seems certain that S. Patrick, in the middle and latter part of the fifth century, converted Ireland, and founded colleges and schools from which missionaries passed over to Scotland.

The earliest of these was probably Columb, who, as Bede relates, came to Scotland in the year 565, taught the northern Picts, and founded the monastery of Iona; as Ninyas, a native Briton, but taught and ordained at Rome, had previously converted the Picts of the south. Thus were the monks of Iona connected through S. Columb with Patrick, who it cannot be doubted was either directly or indirectly a missionary of Rome. But if the Anglo-Saxons were so clearly connected with that see, how did the Bishops of that communion, when, in the reign of Oswy, thirty years after the flight of Paulinus, they again penetrated north of the Humber, find them differing from it both in their time of keeping Easter, and in the manner of the tonsure? They kept the Easter festival according to what is sometimes called the Eastern computation, that is, upon the Sunday which fell between the 14th and 20th day of the first vernal moon: whilst the Romans kept it on that which happened between the 15th and 21st inclusive. In reckoning the age of the moon, moreover, the two parties followed different cycles. The Scotch adopted that of Sulpicius Severus of 84 years: the Romans the Alexandrian of 19 years, which was introduced into the West by Dionysius Exiguus, A.D. 527. The practical result of this difference was that those who followed the Saxon computation were occasionally keeping Easter when the others were celebrating Palm Sunday.

A light, though a feeble one, is thrown on the subject, by the different liturgies used by the English, the Irish Scots, and the Continentals. The two former had their own liturgies, which differed at once from each other, and from that of Rome. The one was called the *Cursus Gallorum*, the other the *Cursus Scotorum*: and it is probable, as Dr. Inett suggests, that those parts of the island which were converted by Irish missionaries used their liturgy.¹

¹ Inett, Book I. chap. iv. § 11.

The *Cursus Gallorum* was the liturgy of Gaul: derived, as it seems, through S. Irenæus, from S. John. The *Cursus Scotorum* was most probably that of Rome, and was given to S. Patrick by Celestine when he consecrated him bishop of the Irish in the year 432. Mr. Palmer tells us that there is a tradition, but it finds no favour with him, that the Irish liturgy was that of S. Mark, and was brought to Gaul by Cassian, and was used by Germanus when he came to Britain and Ireland and made Patrick archbishop of the latter country. His reasons for rejecting it are very cogent. The proper liturgy of Germanus and Lupus was that of the Church of Gaul; and why should they have introduced a strange and new one to the British and S. Patrick? If, therefore, the liturgy of S. Patrick was that of Rome, it is very plain that he may have kept Easter himself, and taught his followers to do so, according to the time at which it was kept at Rome in his time. Or, as it is uncertain by whom S. Patrick was ordained bishop—for, in his Confession, which is thought by some to be in the main a genuine work, it is said that he was ordained in his own country—he may have introduced the Gallican style into Ireland, either from Germanus, or from Martin of Tours the preceptor of Sulpicius Severus, whom he had known in Gaul.

However this may be, in the Council which was held at Whitby on the subject, in the year 664, Colman, then Bishop of Lindisfarne, claimed to have received his style from S. John. Wilfrid, the champion of the other side, replied that this was an error, as S. John was a true quarto-deciman, and kept the festival on the 14th day of the month, on whatever day of the week it fell.¹ In this assertion he was correct; but Colman's meaning seems to have been, that the British cycle was derived from the Gallican, which he imagined, as it then stood, to have been derived from S. John. It must not be forgotten that the Scots were called Quarto-decimans improperly; that title being affixed to them, not because they kept the festival like S. John and his followers, the true quarto-decimans, but because they sometimes kept their Easter as early as the 14th: whereas the Roman body, to avoid sometimes agreeing with the Jews, never did so earlier than the 15th.

It appears to us, then, not only that there is no sufficient evidence to connect the Scots with the Church of the East, but that that which does exist tends rather to connect them with Rome. And as between the consecration of S. Patrick and the introduction of the Alexandrian cycle by Dionysius, there was a considerable period, possibly as much as ninety-five years:

¹ Eusebius, *Hist.* v. 24.

and as history mentions no followers of S. John who visited the Irish shores, it seems most probable that the Scotch kept the festival on the same day as was customary in the Church of Rome and the West, previously to the Council of Nice. This Council ruled indeed that it should henceforth be observed only on Sundays; but as it gave no directions for computing the day, it still left room for those great differences which existed in various parts until the time of Dionysius: and thus the words of Bede become simple matter of historical fact. He says that the Scots erred from being so far out of the world that no one had communicated to them the Synodal decrees for the due observance of the festival. Although we cannot precisely say what were the decrees to which Bede makes allusion: whether they were those of some Italian Council known to him, but unknown to us; or whether, more probably, he mistook the general directions of Nice, that the festival should be held on Sunday for a definite specification of the particular day on which it should be held: it is certain that between the time of Dionysius and the coming of S. Augustin, history makes mention of no Western missionaries having arrived in the island, who could have communicated to the people the day, as newly re-formed, of the Roman observance of the festival in question.¹ The other question, of the tonsure, debated at Whitby, is too insignificant and too obscure to be of any weight either way. The Roman party affirmed that their own circular form of tonsure had come to them from S. Peter; and they accused their opponents, who did not complete the circle, but shaved only the front part of the head, of having adopted that of Simon Magus; but it is certain, as even Butler acknowledges, that for the first four centuries tonsures were wholly unknown.

The East Saxons—that is, the people of Middlesex and Essex,—the Mercians, and, in a word, the whole of England from the Frith of Edinburgh to the Thames, were converted by the Scottish bishops. But Kent and Wessex, having been converted by S. Augustin and his followers, received from them the Sacramentary of S. Gregory: and this eventually formed the Liturgy of the Anglo-Saxon Church; whilst the alterations which each bishop in those times had power to make in his own diocese, gave rise to those different rituals which

¹ On this question, which is more important in the conclusions which have been attempted to be drawn from it, than it is in itself, our readers may consult Collier, Fuller, or any other of our ecclesiastical historians. A very lucid account of it may be found in 'Prideaux's Connection,' part II. book iv. Our own conclusion agrees precisely with his, though by no means founded on it. Dr. Lingard also takes the same view.

were afterwards known by the title of the Uses of York, Sarum, Bangor, &c.

The Saxon kings at this period possessed powers in things ecclesiastical of no slight extent. There was, indeed, a sense in which they were supreme.

'In the first conversion' (says Inett) 'of that people, each prince made such establishment as best suited the convenience of his own dominions; and excepting the kingdom of Kent, no one kingdom had in the first establishment more than one episcopal see; the bishop whereof was independent, owning no metropolitan; and with the advice of their clergy and people, the princes founded or removed episcopal sees, or divided bishoprics, as they were led by the interest of religion and the good of their churches and people.'¹

He proceeds to show, by the case of the West Saxons, that these powers were possessed by the kings whose dominions had been converted by the Roman missionaries, no less than they were by those whose first teachers had been the Irish-Scots; for Cenwalh of Wessex first settled the Episcopal see at Dorchester, and afterwards founded a second at Winchester.²

But on the death of Deusdedit the Archbishop of Canterbury, soon after the Council at Whitby, the kings of Northumbria and Kent agreed to elect as his successor one who should receive his consecration at Rome, and bring the English Church to a conformity in discipline with that Church. Wighart their nominee dying at Rome, the Pope, Vitalian, prevailed on Theodore, a Greek by extraction, to consent to be consecrated in his place. Theodore was the great archbishop of the Anglo-Saxon Church. Hitherto it had possessed no thorough organization, nor any principle of unity with itself. These vital wants Theodore at once set himself diligently to supply. He was the first metropolitan of the whole Church; and, as such, one of his first acts was to found schools and colleges for the instruction of the Saxons in the Greek and Latin languages, arithmetic, geometry, music, and other sciences. The good effect of these schools was remaining in Bede's time, sixty years after.

Theodore next held a Council at Hertford. It is here, as Inett says, that we gain

'The first view of a national English Church, united under one common Metropolitan, and [it] gives us some light into the terms upon which the Churches, before independent on each other, were united into one.'—Book I. chap. vi. § 1.

The twelve canons were directed to the establishment of unity in the Church; except the last, the object of which was to check the sin of unchastity, to which, as we shall presently see, the Saxon was especially prone. The chief term of communion

¹ Book I. chap. iv. § 10.

² *Ibid.*

with Theodore (as it had been with S. Augustin) was the observation of Easter after the Roman manner; but this of course involved the acknowledgment of him as metropolitan. After this came the order that such bishops as had been ordained by the Scots or Britons should have imposition of hands by a Romish Bishop; that chrism and the holy Eucharist should be given only to those who united themselves to them; and that those who doubted of their baptism should be re-baptized.

But we cannot agree with our author when he says on this Council that—

‘These terms of communion lie so open to reproachful reflections on the truth and honour of the churches wherein the greatest part of the English people had received their baptism, that it is hard to say whether there was more insolence in imposing on the one side, or more mortification on the other in submitting to them.’—Book I. chap. vi. § 1.

It was surely better that the Church should abandon a forgotten and erroneous style of keeping Easter, and assure herself in all respects of being at one with that of Europe, than that she should present the appearance of a church at unity neither with herself nor with that of the great Western Patriarchate. And in fact we know that before the Council of Whitby, the king of Wessex, and Alfred the son of Oswy of Northumbria, had been brought by Wilfrid, an Englishman by birth, to the Roman computation of Easter; and that Oswy himself, at that Council, decided in favour of the missionaries of Rome. When Theodore, too, challenged the validity of the ordination of Bishop Chad, that prelate, instead of indignantly refusing to entertain the objection, quietly submitted to receive imposition of orders from Theodore. Nor was there any national resistance to that prelate's decrees; on the contrary, the kings, or some of them, wished their Church to be in communion with that of Rome, and the people accepted the unity.

In fact, a mistaken principle seems to pervade all that Dr. Inett says of the relative position at that time of the Churches of England and Rome. He sees ancient times through our own: a common but fatal mistake for a historian to make. Having told us that Theodore first introduced the principle of Auricular Confession in the fast of the tenth month; that is, at the season of Advent: he objects that the Church of England was not then acquainted with the peculiar doctrines of the Council of Trent. Of course she was not. How could she be? She must have been a most far-seeing Church if she had been. But what Dr. Inett means, and in this we entirely dissent from him, is that because the communion of the Churches was broken in the sixteenth century, it ought not to have existed in the seventh;

and that nothing but slavery or heterodoxy did or could ensue to the Saxon from her communion with her sister Church. What then does Dr. Inett wish to have been the state of things at this period? Romanism and Tridentine doctrine were not then in existence; and the whole Church was in entire and perfect unity with itself in all its branches. Would he have had the English branch to stand alone in a position of separation from, and hostility to the rest, and that on such grounds as caused the holding of the Council of Whitby? We do not see to what his ideas tend, except to the position that because the Church of Rome was concerned, division even then was to be preferred to unity. To admit this is to give our adversary the greatest possible triumph: for it is to take to ourselves what we ascribe to him, the responsibility and the blame of the division when it was made. We are surprised that he did not perceive, as he committed this part of his work to paper, its erroneousness both in reasoning and in fact. We are still more surprised that one so familiar with the mediæval history of our Church, did not see and feel the great advantages which, with whatever drawbacks, did in so many respects result to this country from that union with the then more educated and refined continent. It was a uniting of a corner of the world with the centre of civilization. We do not deny that there were many instances, not only after these times, but even now, of Papal usurpation which were unjustifiable in themselves, and, as such, provoked continual opposition in the country. Many heavy exactions were also imposed. But on the other hand, if we had not then been in communion with Rome, how many men of learning and conduct, such as Theodore, Lanfranc, Anselm, and a host of others, would have been lost to the church and country. What combinations of skill, experience, and talent should we have missed in the founding and construction of our cathedrals and colleges. And setting for a moment the principle aside, it was fortunate at once for the Church, the country, and themselves, that such kings as the persecutors of Anselm, and the murderer of Beckett, had some one to check their savage natures; something of which they were afraid. If, too, external assistance were necessary in our own as in other cases, for the bestowal at first of a succession and a Church, and after that for the directing of the efforts and the maturing of the powers of the youthful body; and the case lay between the original Scotch missionaries and those from Rome: the whole question is reduced to a narrow compass, and can be easily solved. Did the Scotch missionaries prove themselves able to train the people to any enlarged views in religion? Did they give them real refinement? Could they even maintain the ground they had gained? If they had made the whole of

England permanently that which they succeeded for a time in making the kingdom of Northumbria, would she ever have achieved a high place among nations? Their own virtues were indeed great: but they were the virtues of eremites, and tended rather to produce retirement from the world than mastery of it. Their light shone no doubt very brightly; but they ever hid it too much under a bushel. What individual, too, what single country, what Church, but, if debarred from interchange of thought and mind with others, becomes more or less torpid? What but the fact of her holding communion with herself alone, causes the stagnation of the Greek Church at the present day? Nay, the want of free discussion and independent opinion tends to produce the same result even with the Church of Rome; and it would be so with ourselves also, were it not for the many active and energetic Churches which are in communion with us; *e.g.* those of America, Scotland, and our Colonies. Union is proverbially strength. The Church was intended by her Divine Founder and His Apostles to be one. There was a time when she was so, and such ought to be the case now. That it is not so is our lamentation, but not our fault.

But this by no means applies to the time when the Church of Rome habitually persisted in usurping our national liberties, and in defiling the pure well of Catholic truth. It was right that the Church should be in union with that of Rome; it was also right that she should resist, as she did, all attempts of the Pope to assume over her an authority beyond that laid down for metropolitans and patriarchs by the Œcumenical Councils.

And in fact, Theodore was by no means a partizan of the Church of Rome as opposed to that of England. The only prelate of that time to whom such a title could in any degree apply, was the English-born Wilfrid, who really appears to have paid court to Rome for his own benefit rather than on principle. For when he was first nominated by Oswy to the see of York, overlooking the native bishops, and regardless of the appointment of S. Gregory, he caused himself to be sent at the national charge for ordination to Paris. Afterwards, on being deprived of his bishopric by Ecgrid, he appealed to Agatho the Pope, and received from him a papal mandate, directing his restoration to his see. But so far was this appeal from being considered as decisive, that Ecgrid, with the consent and advice of his bishops and nobles, not only refused to reinstate him, but even proceeded to unwarranted violence on his personal liberty. At a synod held subsequently at Osterfeld (the modern Oysterfield, near Ripon), in presence of Alefred, his early friend and patron, and Berthwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, the sense of the English Church as such, on the subject of the papal authority in the

country, was expressed still more decidedly. Wilfrid was deprived of all his preferment in Mercia and Northumbria. He vehemently resisted this decision, and reproached the Council with its contempt for the judgment of the Popes in his favour, and its preference for the constitution of Theodore; and he threatened to proceed to Rome, and bring the matter again before the Pope. Inett shall relate what followed:—

‘Whatever Wilfrid expected, this resolution made no change in the sense of the Council but what was to his disadvantage. For the Council was so far from stopping their proceedings, or thinking their authority inhibited by Wilfrid’s threatening to complain to the Apostolic See, that this his conduct gave occasion to the most public declaration that could be made by such a body, that they believed that their authority was final, and that they knew of no right the See of Rome had to take cognizance of things transacted in England. And, therefore, immediately upon Wilfrid’s saying he would go to Rome, the writer of his story adds, that the king and the archbishop, hearing what he said, immediately replied, that now he had justified their proceedings, and made the sentence against him appear to be just, by choosing to be judged at Rome rather than by them; and in great indignation the king subjoined that, if the Council thought fit, he would presently force him to submit and declare he was ready to abide by their judgment. But the Council having passed their promise to Wilfrid that no violence should be offered to his person, dissuaded the king from this course; but to vindicate their authority, they immediately excommunicated him and all his followers and adherents; and were so severe in their proceedings, that they decreed, that if any abbot or priest of Wilfrid’s party should with the sign of the cross bless the meat of any Christian people, it should be esteemed as meat offered to idols, and thrown out of doors; and that the very holy vessels made use of by that party should be esteemed as defiled, and not used till they had been washed.

‘And, to show that this was not the effect of resentment, but the steady and settled judgment of the English Church, and that the judgment of their Metropolitan in Synod was final, and there lay no appeal to Rome as to a superior court, whatever deference upon other accounts might be due to that See; when they sent their messengers to Rome, to prevent the aspersions or false representations of Wilfrid, the first thing they charged upon that prelate, and chiefly insisted on, was his refusing to submit to the sentence of the Archbishop and his Synod. And when Wilfrid returned from Rome, King Alcfred (Aldfrith) and his Bishops and Council did again declare, that what already had and what should be hereafter decreed by the Archbishops and Bishops should never be altered by any decrees of the Apostolic See.’—Book I. chap. ix. § 6.

A second time did Wilfrid proceed to Rome; and now he entreated Pope John to make use

‘Of his interest and gentle admonitions to persuade Alcfred, king of Northumberland, to observe what Agatho and his Council had determined in his favour; at least he hoped, that by the help of the Pope’s petition in his favour, he might be permitted to enjoy his two monasteries of Ripon and Hagulstad’ [Hexham].—*Ibid.* § 8.

This, as Inett continues,

‘Has so little of the air and form of an appeal, as would be esteemed an affront rather than a formal appeal to a superior court. For the very

asking the Bishop of Rome to petition in his favour is so open a contradiction to a canonical right vested in that see to receive appeals as a court superior, that, if there were no other argument, this alone was enough to prove that the English Church was as yet a stranger to the late doctrine of appeals.¹—*Ibid.*

John, in return, did not attempt to direct authoritatively what should be done, as a superior would do if appealed to against an inferior; but he simply wrote to Ethelred and Alcfred, requesting that a Council might be called, and the question, if possible, settled. Wilfrid accordingly urged his cause afresh, at the Council of Nidd. The Council decided that it had no authority to annul the decree of that of Osterfeld and the decision of the kings Ecgfrid and Alcfred and of Archbishop Theodore. The result was that Wilfrid was not restored to his undivided diocese of York, the original cause of contention, but was allowed to possess the monastery of Ripon and Hexham, with the latter see.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of the case. Mabillon, overlooking the real point at issue, says that the Council of Nidd reversed the sentence of Theodore and of Osterfeld.¹ But, as we have shown, neither in word nor in deed was this done. Dr. Lingard tells us that it showed the utility of the supreme jurisdiction of the Pontiff, and the good of Papal appeals. It may be so; but we can only say that it does not seem very easy to discover the good that ensued to the Church of England, the Pope, or Wilfrid, from the appeal of the last. The Church was nothing bettered by it: for the question once raised, her good must have consisted either in being rid of Wilfrid altogether, or in having him restored to his see, neither of which took place. The Pope, whether commanding or entreating, was not listened to; and the best that befel Wilfrid was a compromise. Lingard urges, as a proof of his opinion, the fact that from this time to the end of Edward the Confessor's reign there were no bishops deposed by the king or the metropolitan; but he offers no proof that this better condition of the Church resulted from, or was at all connected with, the appeal of Wilfrid; and it is obvious that there are other reasons to be assigned for the circumstance.

However this may be, it is certain that very great improvements in the Church, and the kingdom with it, were effected by Theodore. By introducing unity into the Church, and making it to be one body and at peace with itself, he was beyond doubt the great means of paving the way for the union of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy: a union so necessary to the right employment of the means of the nation, and the development

¹ Annal. Bened. ii. 12, 13.

of its strength. To him we owe the beginning of a Church establishment; and by his efforts an end was put to the custom of each kingdom of the Heptarchy having only one bishop. The larger dioceses were divided, and new sees established wherever additional episcopal superintendence was required. Churches were erected in towns and villages, their patronage being secured to those by whose aid they were built; parishes were marked out; the Church was settled on a firm footing, and due support secured to the clergy. Theodore's chief literary work was his 'Penitential,' which contains a list of the crimes and offences requiring ecclesiastical censure, with their several punishments. Its reputation was very great, insomuch that it formed for a long period the chief standard of discipline, not only for the English Church, but also for several of the foreign churches. Egbert, Archbishop of York, took it as the model for his 'Pontificale.' It is published in Thorpe's 'Ancient Laws and Institutes.'

The laws of Ina, king of Wessex, and of Ethelbert of Kent before him, were no doubt a great assistance to Theodore in his reforms. Among other things, Ina ordered conformity of the clergy to the Canons, and protected their interests; commanded due observance by the people of the Lord's day, and payment of tithes and church dues. We also think—and if we have Lingard against us, the more eminent antiquary, Spelman, is on our side—that the yearly tribute to the Pope of a penny for each household, called Peter's pence, hearth penny, Rome fee, and other like titles, was, if not first instituted, yet first enforced as a custom by him. The question has been, whether he or Offa, king of Mercia, was the author of this grant. We are assured by Malmesbury that Ina did institute such a payment; but some antiquarians have overlooked the fact, that his law, made for his own kingdom of Wessex in the year 728; however binding on it, could in no way affect that of Mercia under Offa, nearly seventy years after; and therefore, although the latter potentate was not the first absolutely to make this grant, he was the first to do so for the kingdom of Mercia. Afterwards, when Egbert, king of Wessex, had reduced the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his single rule, he extended to the whole island an impost which had been originally levied in Wessex and Mercia alone. Hence there seems no difficulty in receiving the account of Polydore Virgil (who was a collector of the tribute in question), that Ina first levied it and Offa followed him. It is Dr. Inett's opinion that no such charge was made by either of those kings, or by any other before Edward the Confessor: because Pope Leo III., the immediate successor of Adrian, to whom it is supposed to have

been originally granted, knew nothing of it; and he considers it was not a tax on the subject, but a pension from the crown. Had he proved this, his argument would have carried much weight. His able editor shows that it was collected at least as early as Edward the Elder, and was a charge on the people.¹ Dr. Inett thinks that Gregory VII., when in the eleventh century he levied a like tax on France and Poland, extended his demands successfully to England. It was collected on the first of August, which day was called *S. Peter ad Vincula*, and hence it came to be called Peter's pence. It was continued, although with many encroachments on the part of the Pope and frequent complaints from our parliaments, till the time of Henry VIII.

It greatly excites our surprise that Dr. Inett makes scarcely any mention of that marvel of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman times, the patron of Lindisfarne and Durham and bishop of the former see, *S. Cuthbert*. There are many histories of this Saint extant, two of which are by Bede; but Inett only alludes to the comparatively brief mention of him by that author in his *History* and *De Temporum Ratione*. Of Cuthbert's wonderful asceticism he says nothing; nor of the promise he exacted from his monks on his death-bed, that if they were ever compelled to quit Lindisfarne, they would take his remains with them; and of the seven years of wandering which was the result of that promise, until a resting-place was at length found at Durham. His remains were here interred, until exhumed successively in the times of William the Conqueror, and Henry the Eighth, and by Dr. Raine and others, in our own century. The miracles ascribed to this Saint are innumerable. It was held that the important victory over the Scots at Neville's Cross near Durham, in the year 1346, was won through the prayers of the monks of Durham, and by means of a relic of *S. Cuthbert*, which was borne by some of them to the scene of slaughter, the virtue of which was supposed to have overcome that of the standard of David, king of the Scots, who was taken prisoner, and of the celebrated Black Rood of Scotland.

His notice of Bede is also brief and meagre: nor is there any attempt to delineate his character, or to give an account of his numerous writings, and the effect they had for many centuries on the Church. Besides, there are others of each sex, of more or less note in their day, whose lives and acts we might have expected to find discussed, but of whom he makes little or no mention. We shall endeavour presently in this respect briefly to supply his omission.

In the year 766, Offa, the king of Mercia, already alluded to,

¹ Book I. chap. xiii. § 11, note 1.

resolving to make the Church in his kingdom independent of that of Canterbury, caused his bishops to withdraw their allegiance from their metropolitan, and transfer it to the Bishop of Lichfield, then the capital city of his kingdom. Pope Adrian, at his request, sent him the pall, and Lichfield was for the time erected into an archbishopric. The arrangement, however, was but short-lived: for soon after Offa's death, in 796, the metropolitan powers and privileges were again transferred to Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lichfield returned to his original position of one of the suffragans of that archiepiscopal see. A more important event was the creation of an archbishopric at York, in 736, of which Egbert was the first occupant. He sat for thirty years, and left behind him the reputation of an able scholar and a good prelate. He had been a scholar of Bede; and through his pupil Alcuin, the friend and adviser of Charlemagne in his many and important ecclesiastical acts, and the supposed founder of the schools of Paris, he exercised a wide and lasting influence on the whole Western Church. His 'Pontificale,' a collection of Canons, has been lately published by the Surtees Society; and it forms one of the many benefactions to literature for which we have to thank that learned body. Fuller has done his best to throw an unmerited odium on this work. Inett doubts if such portions of it as Fuller complains of are genuine; but it must be remembered that the Saxons were by no means guiltless of the offences which meet the oburgations and penalties of Egbert, against the seventh commandment; and the true blame surely lies at the door of those who render such laws necessary, and not of the rulers of the Church, whose duty it is to make and enforce them. Otherwise, how many of the Councils, including even that of Nice, are liable to the same terms of opprobrium as those with which Fuller has defamed Egbert. Alcuin, at least, was far from thinking his master to have a vicious mind and depraved imagination, and has given him a character wholly inconsistent with the insinuations of Fuller.

In the year 790, Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, was selected by Offa of Mercia for his daughter Alffeda. Ethelbert thereupon visited the court of his proposed father-in-law, when either by the direction of Offa, or of his queen Quendrida, he was murdered in a manner which strongly calls to mind the concluding scene of 'Kenilworth.' MacCabe, who can see nothing wrong in one who is in subjection to the Pope, and nothing right in any one else, endeavours to find an acquittal for Offa in the conduct of Leicester; but, *pace sua*, the Mercian king was at least as criminal as the English earl. If not the direct murderer of his guest, he was at least an Ahab in the matter, and gave way to the superior resolution and daring of his queen. To

make the parallel more exact, Offa did not hesitate to seize and appropriate the territories of his victim. The arguments of Quendrida, and the hesitation and final acquiescence of Offa, as they are related by Matthew Paris and the other historians, remind us of the scene in 'Macbeth,' where the murder of Duncan is finally resolved upon. And it is at least curious that thirty years later the weak and insignificant kingdom of East Anglia became the ultimate means of the destruction of the strong and wide-spread one of Mercia. In the year 823, Egbert, King of Wessex, defeated the Mercians in the decisive battle of Ellendane or Wilton. On this reverse of their worst enemies, the East Angles, to escape their tyranny, placed themselves under the service of Egbert. The King of Mercia, with such powers as he could gather after his late defeat, attacked them, but was overcome and put to death. His successor followed his example and shared his fate. Mercia being thus deprived of its rulers fell an easy prey to Egbert: Northumbria submitted to him soon after: Kent had been already subdued; and thus the whole island became united under a single rule, and Egbert was crowned king of all England. Dr. Inett, who does not very closely follow the secular fortunes of the different kingdoms of the Heptarchy, makes but passing mention of these wars and revolutions.

We will now give a brief account, as we have promised, of a few of those great names of the period whom Dr. Inett has either omitted, or has mentioned too slightly. The first in time is the Abbess Hilda. She was the grand-niece of King Edwin of Northumbria, and had been a convert of Paulinus. In her thirty-third year she assumed the religious habit, and became abbess of the convent of Hartpool. Some years later, she founded the double monastery of Whitby: that is, a monastery which contained both monks and nuns. The two sexes were, however, very strictly separated, and Hilda was the superior of both, for they as her servitors lived on her property, and were supported by her.¹ Hence it was that she presided at the Council held there on the Easter question. Hilda was the constant adviser of prince and peasant. Five of her monks were raised to the episcopate, amongst whom were S. John of Beverley and Wilfrid. Having presided over this monastery for many years, she was afflicted, as we learn from Bede, with a fever which, having wasted her strength for six years, at length proved fatal. He adds that her death was revealed to two persons, Begu, a nun of the monastery of Hackness, thirteen miles from Whitby, and one of the sisterhood of Whitby

¹ Lingard.

itself, both of whom saw her soul borne up to heaven by bands of angels.¹

In the monastery of Whitby lived Cædmon, the author of many poems on sacred subjects, some of which are still extant. One of a people of whom nothing ordinary can by any possibility be related, he is said to have received the gift of poetry in a dream, and late in life, at Hilda's recommendation, abandoned the secular for the monastic habit, and died a monk.

S. John of Beverley was at first Bishop of Hexham, but he gave it up to Wilfrid to whom it had originally belonged on his return from Rome, and was afterwards placed in the see of York. Bede received from him the orders of deacon and priest. He built at Beverley a double monastery like that of Whitby; where he died, A.D. 721. Athelstan founded his minster, in which his remains are deposited, at Beverley, in memory of a great victory gained by him over the Scots, through, as supposed, the Saint's intercession. Bede recalls many miracles said to have been wrought by him, such as healing and the like, of the usual type found in his History.

Benedict Biscop had been the minister of King Oswy, but he early took the vows of a monk, and built on some land given him by Egfrid the monastery of Weremouth, dedicating it to S. Peter. He travelled several times to Rome, and brought thence many valuable books. He seems to have been one of the first who built stone churches, having brought masons for that purpose from France. He also introduced, from the same source, the use of glass; and by his persuasion, Abbot John was induced to come from Rome to Weremouth, and teach the monks the art of singing and chanting.² After the monastery of Weremouth, he built that of Jarrow, of which Bede was the chief ornament. He died of a pestilence after an illness of three years, about 703.³

Guthlac, the hermit of Croydon, was of good birth. He served eight years as a soldier; and then took the habit of a monk, at Repton in Derbyshire. After two years he repaired to the place now called Croyland, which was then an island in an immense lake, situated on the eastern boundary of Mercia. His clothing was of skins, and his sole sustenance is said to have been a little barley-bread and water taken once a day: but we are not told how nature was supported, and life continued, on such insufficient fare. He was ordained priest by Hedda, Bishop of the West Saxons; and Ethelbert, afterwards King of Mercia, was for some time his companion. After a residence on his island for fifteen years, he died, A.D. 714. Ethelbald

¹ Bede, iv. 23.

² Ibid. iv. 18.

³ Ibid. iv. 18.

subsequently built on the spot a monastery, and endowed it with the island.

S. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany and Archbishop of Mentz, was born at Crediton in Devonshire. His English name was Winfrid. He was educated at the monastery of Exeter, and at the age of thirty received priestly ordination. He converted many in Thuringia, Friesland, Hesse, Saxony, and Bavaria. In Hesse, he destroyed an oak that was dedicated to Jupiter, and built an oratory from its timber. He was martyred in Friesland, A.D. 755.

Among the places that are worthy of note in Anglo-Saxon history are Aust, in Gloucestershire, on the Severn, the place of meeting of S. Augustin and the British Clergy; Baddesdon Hill, either in Berkshire or near Bath, where King Alfred gained his twelfth and most decisive victory over the Saxons, and still commemorated by the celebrated 'White Horse;' Beverley, which contains the minster of S. John of Beverley; Coldingham, where stood a celebrated double monastery; Cricklade, near Oxford, where Archbishop Theodore first established his schools; Dorchester, the Bishop's see, till it was removed to Lincoln; Evesham, where Bishop Egwin built a monastery; Godmanham, at which place Colfi, the pagan high-priest of King Edwin, profaned the Saxon idols, when Edwin was converted to Christianity; Hatfield, where King Edwin was attacked by Penda of Mercia, and killed; Hexam, in which Bishop Wilfrid built a splendid minster; Portsmouth; the rivers Swale, near Richmond in Yorkshire, and Trent near Southwell, in which Paulinus baptized his Saxon converts; Whitby, the abbey of which place was built by Hilda, as before stated; Wilton, the scene of the decisive defeat of Beornwulf, King of Mercia, by Egbert, King of Wessex, which eventually resulted in the destruction of the Heptarchy.

Much light is thrown upon the condition and customs of the Church and people at this period by the canons which were made in the different Councils. Of the latter, the chief were that of Whitby in 664, on the Easter question, as already stated; Hertford, 673; Hatfield, 680; Beaconsfield, now Bapchild, near Sittingbourne, in Kent, 694; Berghamstead, or Berstead, near Maidstone, 679; I. Cloveshoe, which has been thought to be either Clyff near Rochester, or Abingdon, or some place in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, A.D. 747; I. Calcuith, a place unknown, but supposed to have been in the kingdom of Mercia, and situate on the Thames, A.D. 785; II. Cloveshoe, 803; II. Calcuith, 816; and the two held on Bishop Wilfrid, the former at Osterfeld near Ripon, and the latter near the river Nidd, in the neighbourhood of York. Of those

we have already given the history. Without inflicting on our readers the canons of these Councils in full, it is sufficient to state that each in a measure repeats the other. The chief abuses which required to be repressed were then, as subsequently, sacrilege; the intrusion of clergy into each other's spheres; and sins against the seventh commandment. Thus Hertford and II. of Calcuith direct Bishops not to invade other dioceses. The good government of monasteries is provided for in Hatfield, I. of Cloveshoe, and II. of Calcuith. I. of Calcuith forbids illegitimate children to succeed to the crown or to inherit—especially the children of nuns—and opposes marriages within the degrees.¹ Monks are to obey their abbots;² the clergy are not to leave their dioceses without permission of the bishops;³ synods are to be held once a year at Cloveshoe;⁴ the Church is to have freedom of all her privileges, customs, and revenues;⁵ the oath of a priest was equal to that of the thane, the bishop ranking with the earldormen, and his affirmation, like that of the king, being conclusive in itself;⁶ uniformity in performance of the services was to be practised;⁷ and clergy and monks are forbidden to live in the houses of the laity, or anywhere but their own monasteries.⁸ At Hatfield no canons were framed; but the rising heresy of the Monothelites was opposed, and the faith of the Church of England declared to be that of the first five Councils. Hertford forbids divorce except in case of adultery, and prohibits incest and fornication. Berghamstead punishes such crimes according to the degree of the offender; banishing the foreigner, fining the native according to his rank, and punishing the conniving priest with suspension. We learn from Dr. Lingard that the Saxons, before their conversion, had been very peculiar, and quite unlike other nations in their law of chastity. It was their custom to hang the adulteress and her partner in guilt, and to burn her remains: or to scourge her from place to place, till she died under the infliction. At the same time they allowed themselves in the practice of incestuous unions. The son did not hesitate to marry the wife of his deceased father; or the widow the brother of her husband. Gregory the Great, in consideration of the ignorance of the people, and their recent conversion, restricted the prohibition of marriage from the seventh to the first and second degree, which in the eighth century was extended to the fourth, and in the eleventh to the sixth, where it

¹ Canons 12, 15, 16.² Hertford, Canon 4.³ Ibid. Canon 5.⁴ Ibid. Canon 7.⁵ Berg. Canon 1.⁶ Ibid. Canon 8, 9; Palgrave, vol. i. p. 164; Lingard, i. p. 170.⁷ I. Cloveshoe: I. Calcuith.⁸ I. Cloveshoe, Canon 20.

remained till the Norman Conquest. We also find in Thorpe that the Saxons were especially severe on those who offered any insult to the honour of females. Their degrees of guilt were carefully enumerated, and punishments were apportioned according to the circumstances of the offence and the rank of the person insulted.

Lingard is exceedingly severe on Inett for his account of the Council of Cloveshoe, and the inferences drawn from it by him. Inett maintains that the Council proves the English Church to have been independent of the Pope. Lingard asserts the contrary. Inett gives, as the probable cause of its having been convoked, the activity of Archbishop Boniface, and the desire by which he supposes him to have been actuated to bring the English Church into that submission to the Papal See which he had established already in the Church of Germany. Lingard tells us that it was assembled in obedience to the mandate of Pope Zachary, who had threatened to excommunicate the English Bishops if they did not exert themselves to put an end to great scandals and immoralities which were rife among the nation, and that they obeyed the exhortation of the Pontiff so far as to make certain canons, by the execution of which they hoped to correct the evils complained of, and to avoid his censure. Inett, in proof of his opinion, brings forward the profession of the Bishops assembled, in which, whilst they promise an universal rule of charity, they repudiate flattery to any: this he supposes to refer to the Pope; and as Archbishop Boniface sent his own canons to England, he thinks that others were founded on them, and ratified; but from the Council having omitted all mention of any superior authority to the Metropolitan, he concludes that they intended simply to refer the final settlement of all disputes to the Archbishop and the Provincial Synod.

Lingard answers that this cannot be so, for whilst Boniface's canons were only eight in number, those of Cloveshoe were thirty: and that the former sent them to England only in answer to Cuthbert's inquiries of what he was doing in Germany, and expressly asked Cuthbert's approval and suggestions on them; and he maintains that the Council's promise of peace and charity refers to the Bishops of the province of Canterbury alone, who, to use his own words,

'Belonged to different nations, having different and opposite interests, and lived under kings and earldormen, generally at variance, frequently at war with each other; on which account the covenant bound them to look upon themselves as one body, to preserve religious peace and harmony among themselves, and to protect, according to their power, the rights of their several churches.'—LINGARD, vol. i. p. 391.

Or it might have been, he thinks, that the proposed division of the province, and the creation of Lichfield into an archbishopric, had already transpired, and the rule in question was intended to protect the rights of Canterbury.

There is here a great deal that is evidently purely hypothetical on both sides. To us it does not seem that the question of the connexion of the Churches of Rome and England was raised, or even contemplated at this Council at all. As for the cause of its assembling, a more obvious reason than those of either of our controversialists may be found without difficulty. The Council of Hertford, seventy years before, had directed, in accordance with the rule of the Council of Nice, that a Council should be held yearly: and the place for its meeting was named as Cloveshoe. We can, therefore, see nothing in the assembling of the one in question but a fulfilment of this direction. Dr. Lingard may be correct in those particulars on which he controverts Inett, and yet have failed to prove his main position; and it seems a pity that Inett tried to discover in the Council a question which is not there, at least directly: for it is certain that on the subject of the obedience to the Church of Rome to which Boniface urged them by his own example, they returned no reply whatever; but as far as they spoke on the subject at all, they said something different.

We think that it was at the Council of Osterfeld and Nidd, held more than forty years before, that this question was really decided, and that the English Church (while in communion with Rome, as at that time she ought to be) proved herself free of her rule; maintaining precisely the same position as that which was afterwards procured for her by the laws enacted in the reigns of Edward I. and Richard II.; when, without any infraction of the union, many of those papal exactions and usurpations which had been gradually growing up among us were cut off, and the Church was restored to something at least of her original freedom.

Although Dr. Lingard is very minute and laborious in attempting to prove that the Council of Osterfeld not only does *not* disprove the subjection of the Anglo-Saxon Church to Rome, but directly establishes it, we do not perceive that he has endeavoured to show that such subjection is to be concluded from these two Councils. He infers, it is true, that the appeal of Wilfrid to the Pope was formally admitted, because Archbishop Berthwald sent his own messengers to Rome after Wilfrid. But we have shown that Wilfrid sought rather a recommendation than any formal decree from Rome; and it is evident that the more Lingard insists on this appeal as a formal act, and the higher he puts the papal claims before the Council

of Nidd, the more must they be lowered after it; for the Church, by her Archbishop and others in authority there, met Wilfrid in council, heard the sentence in question, and formally refused to submit to it, or be in any way bound by it. If the appeal proved that the Church of England was subject to that of Rome, as Lingard contends, what does the subsequent decision of Nidd prove? Dr. Lingard does not tell us this, or show, as he ought to have done, how the sentence in question tends to establish his conclusion.

It will now, perhaps, be allowed us to take a brief glance at the Church and Clergy at the Anglo-Saxon period: for there is much both of useful and interesting information on the gradual increase, endowment, and final establishment of the one, and the sources of derivation, the training and instruction, the manner of life, and the possessions of the other, in the country, which can only be obtained from the study of these times.

The churches were originally built of the rudest materials, and in the most humble style. The Romans employed in their construction unhewn stone; and the Scots before Benedict Biscop are said to have generally used wood: which they might have done, even if acquainted with the arts of masonry. The covering in both cases consisted simply of reeds or straw.

The clergy came originally from monasteries. These were then the only seats of learning and priestly education in the land. S. Columb founded the first in the island of Iona: Aidan, when brought into Northumbria, followed his example, choosing for the site of his own the island of Lindisfarne. There he and his staff of clergy dwelt, and from hence they, at periodical seasons, visited the surrounding people, teaching, baptizing, and 'houseling' or communicating them: after which they returned again to the island. Much the same was the case in the South of England. S. Augustin, by permission of Ethelbert, had built two monasteries, one within, the other without the walls of Canterbury. Cathedrals were soon erected to be the bishops' churches; and here were trained up a band of clergy to aid the bishop in his different labours. Next we find that kings, earldormen, and thanes built churches on their own lands, for their own benefit, and that of their villains or servants of the soil. These formed the original of parish churches; and so necessary were such churches soon found to be, that no landed proprietor could be a thane unless there was one on his estate.

The clergy originally had no subsistence apart from the bishop; but the whole of the ecclesiastical revenues were divided into four portions, and distributed equally to the bishop, the clergy, the poor, and the fabric. Inett says that Ethelwulf

(A.D. 855) first exempted the clergy from secular services, and gave them tithes.¹ But we find mention of tithes in the canons of Archbishop Egbert, and in the Council of Calcuith, A.D. 816; and Sir F. Palgrave shows that Ethelwulf's grant was not that of tithes proper, but of one-tenth part of his kingdom which he exempted from all royal tribute and rates. Their tenure of holding was, freedom from all secular services, 'in order that those who held them might pray for ever for Ethelwulf, who gave them, and his nobles, who concurred in the gift, and permitted it to be made.'²

In the reign of Alfred, tithes had become a national institution; and his son placed the English and Danes on an equality as to their payments. The tithes of younglings were paid at Pentecost; those of fruits in autumn: if not given willingly, they might be taken by force. Besides tithes, the Church possessed endowments of lands, and different kinds of offerings. To some of the churches was attached the remarkable privilege of sanctuary. Of these, the chief were the minsters of Westminster, York, Ripon, Beverley, and the abbey of Croyland. To them the homicide, thief, and maimer might flee, and for a season be secure from the officers of justice, and, in cases of manslaughter, from the vengeance of the kindred of the murdered man. The duration of sanctuary varied at different periods and places. It commonly ranged from three days to thirty; and its object was to allow the criminal time to make peace with the law and his pursuers. This he could do, either by proving his innocence, or by paying the fine or *were* prescribed for the rank of his victim, according to the 'dooms' of Ethelbert, Alfred his son, Edward the elder, Canute, Edward the Confessor, and William the Conqueror. But if, after the prescribed time, the culprit failed to satisfy the law and the avenger of blood, the right of sanctuary ceased, and he was given up to the officers of justice. To the traitor and the sacrilegious no sanctuary was allowed: they might be taken even from the foot of the altar, and executed. Offences committed in the sanctuaries themselves were visited with the same penalties as infractions of the king's peace: homicide there done could be remitted by no fine; but, except the king forgave the crime, the offender forfeited both life and land.³

The manner in which sanctuary was sought was peculiar. To the great gate of the church was affixed a huge knocker; and over the gate was a small chamber, in which was lodged the officer whose duty it was to receive the claimant, investigate

¹ Inett, Book I. chap. xvii. § 31.

² Palgrave, i. 159. Churton, *Early English Church*, p. 112.

³ Palgrave, i. 165.

the case, and admit him to sanctuary by day or night. The original knocker may still be seen over the north door of the cathedral of Durham. Our readers will remember numerous allusions to this 'privilege of holy Church' in Shakspeare, and in Sir Walter Scott, the best of all commentators on ancient customs, especially the beautiful lines put into the mouth of the novice Clare, in 'Marmion':—

' And if it be the king's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary
In that inviolable dome
Where e'en a homicide might come
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead.'—Canto V. Stanza xxxii.

The king's presence, as an anointed ruler, and, as he was called, the Vicar or Vicegerent of Christ,¹ was also itself a sanctuary; and the virtue of that presence was conveyed to a distance by his hand and seal; and precisely as the violation of the king's peace either increased the fines for remission of the offence, or incurred the sentence of outlawry—in which case the culprit might be put to death whenever and by whomsoever met with—so the palace and the grounds around them for a considerable distance were invested with the same privilege.² A case of the infraction of this part of the prerogative, and its penalties, are forcibly described (as our readers will remember) in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'

Our custom of granting exemption from arrest on Sunday is a remnant of the ancient privilege of the peace of the Church. This forbade all feuds on Sundays and holydays, and during the seasons of Advent and Lent. It also protected from arrest every one engaged on the service of the Church, whether travelling to join in public worship, or to attend the diocesan or national councils, or any other like cause.

In addition to the clergy who were derived from the monasteries, a considerable number was supplied from the parish minsters; the clerks of which were under the instruction of the parish priest; and from the cathedral establishments. The last formed the order known as the canons regular; living like monks, by rule and according to canon law, and having all things in common; eating together, sleeping in the same chamber, and being in submission to the bishop, and under his close inspection. The bishop was the absolute head of the diocese, and the priests acted under him. Their necessary teaching consisted of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed: these all were required to know. The bishop ranked with the earldorman;

¹ Churton, *Early English Church*, p. 241, note.

² Palgrave, i. 165—284.

and the priest with the thane: or, rather, the priest was the thane—the mass thane, or servant of the altar, as the other was the world thane.¹

It is not known what rule of life the monks before Wilfrid followed. He is thought by some to have introduced that of S. Benedict, with additions and variations taken from the rule of S. Aidan. S. Benedict prescribed for his monks seven hours in each day for manual labour, for which study was before long substituted; six for sleep, with the service of midnight lauds; and two for study; which, with seven sacred services, left but little leisure for relaxation and refreshment. The diet consisted of twelve ounces of bread, a little wine, and two dishes of vegetables; animal food being allowed only to the aged, the infirm, and children. Private property was strictly prohibited, although the monastery itself might possess much wealth. The monks had all things in common. They seldom left their convent, and when obliged to do so always travelled in pairs. They were in all things strictly under the rule of the abbot, who had power to punish the refractory, as he saw fit, with excommunication, corporal chastisement, or expulsion. But true are the words of the poet:

‘ Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back on our old flesh and blood.’

However fair were these establishments in their first promise, and however useful in their early working, by the middle of the seventh century they had begun to degenerate. The Council of Cloveshoe forbids monasteries to be made the resort of buffoons, poets, musicians, &c.; for it soon became the custom for secular persons to build, or have bestowed upon them as a reward for past services, houses into which people of all sorts entered, bringing (says Inett) their vices with them. Bede, in the last piece he wrote,—his letter to Archbishop Egbert,—complained greatly of the excessive number of these retreats in his day, and of the evil they did, and would be likely to do. He shows them to have been hot-beds of all that is pernicious to morality and good order. These were what is called secular monasteries. The regular monasteries long showed a very different state of things. It was from these that many of the best and greatest of the Anglo-Saxon bishops and clergy were derived. But in the end they also degenerated. The love of dress and secular display crept into them. Drunkenness, one of the vices of the Saxons, was often, if not habitually, committed in some. The monks procured themselves to be admitted to holy orders; after which they began to look with contempt on their former

¹ Palgrave, i. 165.

humble position, renounced their monachism, and became canons. The canons, too, followed the general decline. The regulars degenerated into seculars, living apart, marrying, and abandoning entirely to vicars the sacred services. It was with these that S. Dunstan waged that contest which has made his name so well known. Acted on by such causes, and influenced by universal example,—partly, too, harassed and destroyed by the invading Danes,—the order of monks for a time disappeared: so that by the beginning of the ninth century, the monasteries which a century and a half before were so numerous, had fallen into decay, or had been pillaged and razed by the Danes. Alfred and his son actively employed themselves in reconstructing the edifices, and in restoring, which they did with difficulty, the order of monachism.

With the Anglo-Saxons, as with other nations of the period, one cause of demoralisation was the frequent pilgrimages made by both sexes, and even by nuns, to Rome and elsewhere.¹ Among these devotees had been Offa, the king of Mercia, Cadwalla and Ina of Wessex, and a prince of the East Saxons.

The doctrine of the Anglo-Saxon had been declared at the Council of Hertford to be in accordance with that of the Universal Church. The Sacramentary of S. Gregory was, as we have said, soon established in England; and that, as it then existed, would declare its doctrines and customs. The book of Ratram and the works of Bede show that on the Holy Eucharist the belief was that of the early ages—of a real presence of that body spiritual which is opposed by S. Paul to the body natural. Transubstantiation, as afterwards taught by Lanfranc, and ‘Concomitancy’ were not only unknown to either of the above authorities, but they use language opposed implicitly to either. Thus one sees many and wide differences between their language and that of mediæval or later Romanists. The contrast, for instance, is strong between these and Harding, the opponent of Bishop Jewel, or Cardinal Perrone in our own day. Alcuin says:—

‘He that hideth his sins, and is ashamed to make a healthy confession, God is now a witness of them, and will hereafter punish them. Confession, with true penitence, is the angel’s medicine for our sins. God’s mild-hearted pity helpeth them that now repent; but in death there is no repentance.

And, again, Egbert says:—

‘He who fasteth for the dead, it is a comfort to himself, if it helpeth not the dead: God only knows whether his dead are helped by it.’—CHURTON, *Early English Church*, p. 127.

¹ Letter of Archbishop Boniface to Archbishop Cuthbert.

There is one subject more on which, as having given rise to much discussion, we hope to be allowed a few words. We refer to the pall. The pall was a part of the archiepiscopal vestments. It was made of lambs'-wool, uncoloured and undressed. It was about two inches in breadth, and was worn over the shoulder, hanging down before and behind. It was originally supposed to signify humility, as becoming the clergy better than their costly robes; innocence, as they ought to resemble the simplicity of the lamb; and industry, as teaching the wearer to follow his Lord's example, who was unwearied in fetching home the wandering sheep on his shoulders.¹ Because some of the immediate successors of S. Augustin received the pall from Rome, and one was sent to Egbert, first Archbishop of York, and to others of our Archbishops, it has been inferred by a section of the writers of the Church of Rome that these prelates were confessedly in subjection to the see of Rome. In this conclusion they assume, but incorrectly, that the pall was from the first a badge of inferiority. Inett, however, has proved that palls were not known in or before the time of Gregory the Great, as anything more than a mark of amity in the giver, and of merit in the receiver: they were not then supposed to convey any spiritual authority, or to show inequality of power or rank. In proof of this, palls were often sent to suffragan bishops, with the express proviso that their gift by no means intended to interfere with the rights of the Metropolitan. Nor were they considered necessary to the confirmation of a Metropolitan in his position; for Lanfranc and Anselm performed all their archiepiscopal functions before the reception of them. So, too, did some of the French Metropolitans. Of course it is absurd to suppose that the sixth canon of the Council of Nice, which first with œcumenical authority laid down the law of Metropolitans, supposed that this or any symbol of subjection passed from the Roman to the other Metropolitans then named. It was originally a mark of honour, freely given by the Pope, and all payments for it were, till the middle of the eighth century, indignantly refused. But afterwards, as Fuller tells us, one Pope gained for the pall of an Archbishop of Canterbury a sum as large as £1,125. And Collier shows that Walter de Grey, Bishop of Worcester, when promoted to York, in John's reign, paid for his pall the enormous sum in those days of £10,000. At this time the pall had, beyond question, become a mark of subjection. In a Synodal Letter of certain English Bishops to Pope Leo III., sent by Ethelard, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 796, they complain of the novelty and the heavy charge of

¹ Fuller's Church History, Book II. chap. ii. § 38.

having to go to Rome for palls, citing against the practice Bede's History, and the example of S. Augustin, who received his consecration from the Archbishop of Arles, and himself consecrated his successor. They conclude, from the words of Alcuin to Offa, King of Mercia, that the English Archbishops ought still to consecrate each other, and that the Bishop of Rome ought to send the pall to the Archbishop so consecrated.¹

We now turn to the period of the invasion of the people called Danes. These marauders came not only from Denmark, but also from the coasts of Norway and Sweden. In the year 875, a vast army under their sea-king Halden, crossed the Tyne, and destroyed the monasteries of Jarrow, Hexam, and Lindisfarne: as they had already destroyed those of Beverley, Ripon, and some others. Earldulph, the last Bishop of Lindisfarne, fled with his monks and the relics of Cuthbert; and now commenced the seven years' wanderings of this devoted band, which ended in their settlement at Durham, and the construction of the noble cathedral of that city.

The chief points of interest in the 240 years, from Egbert to the Conquest, are the laws of King Alfred and his son Edward; and the struggles of Archbishop Dunstan with the secular clergy. The object of the seventeen laws of Alfred, as stated by Inett, was to settle the English and Danes in the belief and practice of Christianity; and to regulate the conduct of the clergy, the payment of tithes, and the due observance of holydays. They were made between Alfred and Guthrum the Dane, his godson, or Rollo, as he was called after his baptism, to whom he had given as his tributary, the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely.

In the year 958, died the Danish Archbishop Odo 'the good,' whose Code of Ten Canons had done much to renew and improve the discipline of the Church. In them he lays down the duties of kings, bishops, priests, and monks. Kings are to take heed to their spiritual fathers the bishops. Bishops are to visit their dioceses yearly, and carry out the discipline of the Church without fear or favour. Priests are to teach and guide their flock. Monks are not to ramble about from one monastery to another; but to pass their lives in manual labour and holy services. Odo was especially severe on prohibited marriages, punishing them in all cases with excommunication. These laws give a good idea of the state and discipline of the Church at this period; her needs, and as we may say, her daily life. Dunstan afterwards merely carried them out in different directions.

¹ Inett, Book I. chap. xiv. § 4.

To Odo succeeded for a short time Brethelm, Bishop of Wells or Sherborne; but his incompetency was the alleged cause of his being soon degraded from his higher station, and dismissed to his original sphere of duty. Dunstan was appointed in his room. He, with the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester, and other prelates, immediately commenced a fierce war against the secular canons, to secure the downfall of whom he built many monasteries, into which he introduced Benedictine monks, and caused the seculars to be ejected from as many cathedrals as possible. He also, with King Edgar, made laws, ordering the Church services to be conducted in many respects as it is still performed amongst ourselves, especially as regards the Holy Communion. He moreover turned to the account of the Church his skill in the arts of music, painting, working in metals, and architecture. It is little surprising if a man possessed of a number of accomplishments which would have caused him in any age to be accounted a wonder, should in those rude times and by a semi-barbarous people be accused of magic. Accordingly, his enemies have brought against him the events of two councils, held by him against the seculars at Winchester, and Calne. At the former, a crucifix is said to have delivered an oral judgment, forbidding the restoration of the seculars: and at the latter, happened the well-known accident of the falling of the floor, which caused death and wounds to many present, whilst Dunstan himself, who was seated on a beam, remained safe. The voice from the crucifix, if anything of the kind took place, was no doubt the result of ventriloquism; and if done with the knowledge of the archbishop, he was of course highly to be blamed. But the whole account, even indeed to the existence of the council itself, is full of doubt; and it seems highly significant of the times, that they could believe the falling of a floor all but one particular beam, to have been the effect of magic or of miracle; but could not comprehend that it might have been produced by natural causes.

England, which had suffered so much from the Danes, was, in return for their tyranny, to be made the instrument of their conversion. A mission, headed by Sigefrid, Archdeacon of York, at the request of Olave, King of Sweden, proceeded to Sweden and Norway, and there founded a Christian Church. From the same mission, another visited the Orkney and Zetland Isles, which were then, and for many centuries afterwards, subject to the King of Norway. The alliance with Norway soon extended to Scotland, and was long closely maintained. Our readers will remember the marriage of Eric, King of Norway, with Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. of Scotland, in the thirteenth century, and the disastrous voyage of Sir

Patrick Spens, as described in the fine old ballad which takes its name from him:—

' To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway, o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. i.

But whilst England was returning such Christian measure to her enemy, the Danes were still ravaging her shores. In the year 1012, they sacked and burnt Canterbury, and put to death Alphege, the archbishop. In the space of six years, however, their Paganism was finally checked; Canute, the king, having by stringent law forbidden the practice of idolatry, and established throughout the country the faith of Christ.

In Edward the Confessor, the Saxon line was again for a time restored; but with him it finally expired. Dr. Inett, we perceive, has lent his authority to the story of the accusation of the Queen-mother Emma, by Robert the Norman, then Bishop of London, of criminal intimacy with Alwin, Bishop of Winchester; and of the vindication of her fair fame by the ordeal of fire. Mr. Griffiths, in his note on the text, relies for disproof of the legend on the silence of early historians; and we may add, that it carries its own confutation with it. Emma's accusation is placed about the year 1044 or 1046; and Speed places her marriage with Ethelred in 1003. The queen, therefore, at the time when she is said to have walked blindfold and unhurt among the hot ploughshares, to prove her reputation without spot, must have been little, if at all, less than sixty years of age. A truer cause of the harsh treatment she met at her son's hands is, no doubt, that given by Speed and Hume; namely, her marriage with Canute, the inveterate enemy of her first husband Ethelred, and of England, and her preference for Hardicanute, the son of that marriage, to himself and his brother. The death of Edward, and the youth of Edgar, the legitimate successor to the crown, tempted Harold to usurp the government, and incited William the Conqueror, the cousin of Edward, to oppose his own claim to the throne—a claim which was decisively settled at Hastings.

One of the first cares of the new king was the Church. The Conqueror, no doubt, felt that he ruled by force of arms; and it was his policy, as much probably as his inclination, to feel himself surrounded by Normans. Hence, he soon began to remove the English clergy, bishops, and abbots from their posts. His first victim was the Archbishop Stigand, who, at a Council held at Winchester, in the year 1070, was deprived of his archbishopric. It was alleged against him that he had

accepted a pall from the usurping Pope, Benedict, and before its reception, he had used that of Robert, his predecessor; that he had usurped the see while Robert was yet alive; that he had instigated the men of Kent to make a sudden attack on the Conqueror, by which the latter was surprised into granting them terms more favourable than those which he gave to the rest of the nation; and that he had held the bishopric of Winchester in conjunction with the archbishopric. But Inett well observes that

‘Those who make Dunstan and Oswald saints, who led the way to the irregular practices of holding two bishoprics together, and magnify Lanfranc, who came into the archbishopric while Stigand was yet alive, cannot easily think that the same practices, which passed uncensured in Dunstan and Lanfranc, were the true causes of Stigand’s deposition. And the examples of Lanfranc and Anselm, his immediate successors, who performed all the functions of the Metropolitan before they sent to Rome for their palls, will hardly suffer one to think that there was any weight in the article of the pall; though there is ground enough to believe that Pope Alexander could not but resent Stigand’s favouring the interest of his adversary, Pope Benedict. And it is very evident that Stigand’s intruding into the place of Robert was a reason little considered at this time. Upon the whole matter, it seems most likely that the king’s resolution to put that trust into the hands of a Norman was the true cause of Stigand’s deposition.’—Part II. chap. i. §§ 9, 10.

William next proceeded to deprive the Bishops of Norwich and Winchester; the Abbot of S. Augustin’s, Canterbury, with several others, shared the same fate; and Egilwin, of Durham, fled: so that by the end of the year there were only two bishops left who were not either Normans or in the Norman interest. The conduct of William the Conqueror in this treatment of the prelates invites comparison with that of the third of his name, in 1688. Both were usurpers of the crown: both stood in essentially the same position, having the army in their favour, but the bulk of the nation against them: and both in many particulars acted in the same manner. But if the comparison be urged further, it will not, as it seems to us, result in the favour of the more modern, and, as some pretend, the more refined of the two. One thing, at least, is certain—their panegyrists must praise them for their personal qualities, or for the accidental success of their counsels: viewed by the light of principle, both must be alike condemned. Though even here the Conqueror has the less onerous charge to contend against. Harold was nothing in any way to him, and William had been guilty of no previous deceit or treachery like those of his namesake. Harold was merely one adventurer, as William was another; and had he had the wisdom to listen to the counsels of his brother Gurth, as to the conduct of military operations against

William, before the battle of Hastings, he would, beyond a doubt, have proved the successful one.

The same result is arrived at from a comparison of their treatment of the clergy. Stigand has, on all hands, the character of a bad man and an unworthy prelate. Fuller says truly, that he was eminent only for vice and covetousness, and signifies that he had been guilty of simony; whilst, if the story of his having arranged the Kentish men against William be true, a reprisal on the part of the latter might not unnaturally be expected. Thus there is no parallel between Stigand and Sancroft. The Conqueror, it may be thought, must have despised the former for his want of those higher qualities which in Sancroft evidently caused the fear and jealousy of the Prince of Orange. In the case of Sancroft, there was no pretence of justice; nothing resembling a hearing was granted him; and no vices of any kind were laid to his charge. The Conqueror observed the appearance at least of equity. It was not his own will and sentence alone that caused the deprivation of Stigand. A Council was allowed to sit on the case, and (by the custom of the times) an appeal to the Pope was open to him. Wulfstan of Worcester, too, who for his many virtues might almost be termed the Ken of his times, was dealt with more mildly than was the saintly Bishop of Bath and Wells, and allowed to retain his see. Nor was there any underlying vein of hypocrisy and deception in the Conqueror. He at least did not profess in words to regard the interests of the Church before his own, and then show himself ready to strike any blow against her prosperity, or even her existence, which might render his name popular with her enemies, and so secure him better in the throne he had usurped.

Lanfranc was selected by the Conqueror to fill the place of Stigand. He was Abbot of S. Stephen's in Caen, and had been Prior of the monastery of Bec, the first of many of that house who, in the Norman dynasty, were made Archbishops of Canterbury. He had been useful to William in Normandy; and his wisdom and statesman-like qualities, which were almost as necessary in an archbishop of those days as in a king, were thoroughly appreciated by that sagacious ruler. He was in everything the first man of his age; but his education had been wholly secular, and it is intimated that his knowledge of Holy Scripture and theology was by no means sufficient for his very responsible position.

In Lanfranc's time began a closer union with the Church of Rome than had hitherto been possible. He had been the personal intimate of Pope Alexander II., and of the notorious Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., when he was as yet only

Archdeacon of Rome. Yet it is both singular and significant, that, if he did not lean unduly to the side of the king, he was at least no thorough partizan of the pope. He acted for some time as archbishop without a pall from Rome; and when he had one, he still stood aloof from papal laws and demands. In a council at Winchester, he allowed the married clergy to retain their wives, although Gregory had commanded that they should be put away. More than once he refused the citations of Gregory to Rome, to share his councils and to aid in carrying out his designs, and took shelter under the power of the king. Nay, when Gregory was deposed by the Emperor Henry IV., after a pontificate of seven years, Lanfranc, writing to Cardinal Hugo, treats the question as open, gives the opponent of Gregory his papal title, and evidently signifies that it rests chiefly with the king to decide between the two.¹ In fact, he governed the Church of England, and that alone, refusing to subject her, as Gregory required, to Rome: and although he found two great powers in existence and at work—the pope's and the king's—he neither attempted nor wished to set the one against the other, nor, by throwing the weight of his own position and influence into the one scale, to make the other kick the beam.

William's policy towards the Church was very peculiar. He in many respects enlarged her sphere of action, increased her powers, and extended her liberty. But whilst emancipating her from other lay rule—and to that end marking out her privileges more clearly than they had in this country been distinguished before—he took care that she should be, even in her purely spiritual acts, most closely under his own individual control. He subjected the pontificate to the regale in a manner quite unknown before, and quite as much as did any of the Tudors afterwards. Every concession to the Church was balanced by a fresh encroachment of the crown, and was granted to that end. At the Council of Westminster, A.D. 1075, he permitted the novel sight of a papal legate sitting with the bishops: but he took care that the acts of the Council, and the whole remodelling of the Church which was its result, should be ordered strictly in accordance with his pleasure and interest. He separated lay and episcopal courts, and remitted all purely spiritual offences, and offences by persons in orders, to the latter: but at the same time he prohibited the use of the spiritual authority, even in the most flagrant cases, without his sanction first obtained. And not only did he refuse to do homage to Gregory when required, but, reversing the Hildebrandine order

¹ Collier, i. 252.

of things, he directed that no pope should be recognised as such without his permission, and that no national council should pass any laws but such as were agreeable to his pleasure, and were first ordained by him.¹ He also kept in his own hands the appointment of all bishops and abbots, and the ordering and arrangement of the sees.² He was guilty of habitual injustice to the Saxon clergy; neither their virtues nor attainments availing to obtain for them the slightest favour. He gave, of his own power, to Battle Abbey, the singular privilege of exemption from episcopal visitation. Lastly, the custom of investiture which had prevailed for some centuries, viz. that of the king putting bishops and abbots into possession of their respective trusts by delivering to them a staff and ring, he resolutely kept in his own hands, despite an edict from Gregory in council, that no layman whatever should pretend to the power of such investiture. This was the great question which was raised between the successor of Lanfranc, S. Anselm, and Henry I.

Whilst William was thus encroaching on the Church, Lanfranc was innovating in questions of doctrine. On the subject of the Holy Eucharist, he introduced into the English Church the doctrine of transubstantiation; and in one part of his conduct in relation to Berenger, the unhappy victim of that controversy, there is reason to think, although neither Inett nor our other historians have noticed the fact, that he is open to serious blame. Berenger had written to warn him, when Prior of Bec, against the novel doctrine of Pascasius. The letter is written in a tone of earnest and friendly remonstrance, and of course was entitled to a similar reply. By some unexplained means, the first result to Berenger of having written it was a notice of formal condemnation at Rome, and a citation to a council at that city. It is said, that when Berenger's letter reached Bec, Lanfranc had gone to Rome on other business, and that his 'friends' read it, and sent it after him, in order that he might clear himself of all suspicion as to his faith. If this be so, Lanfranc is clear of the charge of treachery to an unsuspecting friend; and it is only to be wished that he had replied in some manner to Berenger's letter. But this version of the affair is questionable. The Life of the prelate, from the ancient MS. in Bec, speaks doubtfully on the point: '*At tum forte Lanfrancus ad urbem profectus est;*' and the modern German collector of Berenger's remaining works, as quoted by Neander in his edition of them, is positive that Lanfranc started for Rome after the letter had reached him, and because of its re-

¹ Eadmer.² Council of Westminster, A. D. 1075. Spelman, vol. ii.

cept. However this may be, it is clear, as the German observes, that this letter was the first cause and incentive of the opposition raised against Berenger, and the source of all the after miseries of his life.¹

Lanfranc's doctrine was undoubtedly that of Pascasius Radbert; and, as it is now termed, Romish. He says:—

'I believe that the earthly substances, which are divinely consecrated on the Lord's table by the ministry of the priest, are in an unspeakable, incomprehensible, and wonderful manner, by operation of power from above, turned into the substance of the Lord's body, though the appearance of the things themselves, and some other qualities remain; *** and though the Lord's body itself is in heaven at the right hand of the Father, remaining immortal, inviolate, whole, unbroken, and unhurt: so that it may be truly said that we receive the same body which He took from the Virgin, and yet not the same; the same as to its substance, and proper nature, and virtue, but not the same if regarded as to the appearance of bread and wine.'

But there is a noble passage in his work against Berenger, which seems to show that he had adopted his opinions rather as they were those of his day than from study and conviction; and that if he had been more fortunate in his guides, he would have held differently:—

'Quod vero sententiam qua panem in veram Christi carnem, et vinum in verum Christum sanguinem converti credimus, vecordiam nominas, de hac re opportunius tibi respondebo, cum fidem hanc, authore Deo, divinis autoritatibus, et manifestis rationibus veram esse monstravero. Porro autem quod dicis, erat autem Burgundus in sententia vulgi, Pascasii, atque Lanfranci, me etiam cum vulgo deputas, certissimum habeto tu, indubitanter credant amici mei, atque Ecclesia Christi, quasi etiam deesset mihi autoritas, atque ratio, quibus fidem meam tueri possem: mallem tamen cum vulgo esse rusticus et idiota Catholicus, quam tecum existere curialis, atque facetus hæreticus. Sed si Dominus Deus te, atque me in audientia sancti concilii dignaretur conjungere: de pietate ejus confido, quia mutares verba, mutares sententiam.'²

There is much, too, in Lanfranc's works to suggest that he did not always bear in mind the particular point at issue. This was, not whether there was a presence of Christ in the Eucharist; for that there was, they were both agreed: but whether, after consecration, there remained the substance of bread and wine, or only their accidents. Berenger maintained the former: Lanfranc the latter. Berenger followed the doctrine of the Fathers of the Church, as far as words can express a meaning: Lanfranc followed Pascasius Radbert; and the Church of Rome has since followed him.

Inett's remarks on the conduct of S. Anselm, the successor

¹ Berengarius, de Sacra Coenâ. Berolin. 1834, pp. 3, 4.

² Cap. iv.

of Lanfranc, are the least happy portion of his work. In addition to more than one important mistake in fact, he speaks in a tone of unmerited vituperation of S. Anselm, both as regards the fact of his resistance to Henry I., and the principle on which he acted, which is altogether unfair, and which we can neither approve nor sympathise with. It indicates a bad theological bias in his mind.

Saint Anselm was with the utmost difficulty, and not without some amount of personal violence, induced to undertake the office of Archbishop. An episcopate so commenced was not to continue in peace and harmony. Suffering, tribulation, and persecution were his lot almost from the day—ill-fated to himself—on which the ring and staff were forced into his hand, to that which saw the close of his blameless and devoted life. William Rufus had nominated him to the see, when lying on a sick-bed, in imminent danger of death, and amid the distractions of mingled terror and remorse; but he was not one, when in possession of health and strength, to tolerate the presence of such a man. Anselm probably felt the great moral dissonance which existed between the king and himself: and it may have formed one reason of his extreme reluctance to accept the archiepiscopal office. Certain it is that Rufus soon raised a quarrel with him, first for owning as pope, Urban, whom he himself had not yet acknowledged, and seeking his pall from him; and secondly, under the pretence that he had sent an insufficient number of men to assist the king in an expedition against the Welsh. The effect of the former of these disagreements was the separation of the archbishop from his spiritual duties and the court: the second compelled him to quit the country, to which, during the life of Rufus, he returned no more.

One of the earliest acts of Henry Beauclerk was the recall of Anselm; but soon after commenced the great struggle between the two, which lasted almost as long as Anselm's life. The king now proved himself an antagonist as much more formidable than Rufus as is the knight armed in complete mail and skilful at every point of fence than the savage boor, whose only gift is that of brute strength. The cause of their contention was that of investiture and homage. The former Anselm declined to receive from the king: the latter he refused to render to him. It had been the custom, as far back as the time of Edward the Confessor, for the king, nobles, and influential laymen to give possession of bishoprics, abbacies, and other church preferment by the delivery of a ring and staff.¹ Inett says that

¹ Inett, Part II. chap. v. § 7.

by this act was signified merely the putting into possession of the temporalities. If so, Anselm, who subsequently agreed to do homage, but not to receive the royal investiture, would clearly have been guilty of great inconsistency. But our author is in error on that assertion. He is also wrong when he says, with Fuller, that the simony condemned in the Council of Westminster, A.D. 1102, meant not that crime in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but royal investitures. Collier's reasoning against this idea seems conclusive. He contends that the Council could not have ruled against investitures, because the question was as yet unsettled, and pending at Rome: and whilst such was the case, a national council would not have ventured on its own authority to decide the question, especially in a manner contrary to the wish of the king, with whom the bishops sided in the matter.

Charles Martel is said to have begun the custom of investitures in Europe in the sense in which Inett supposes: but from the earliest times, the bishop's staff, like that of the apostles (S. Mark vi. 8), had always been considered the symbol of his spiritual sway alike in East and West: *βακτηρίον ἐστὶ σημεῖον ἀξίας ποιμαντικῆς*:¹ and the letters of Pope Paschal both to the king and S. Anselm prove plainly that in his mind they had no other meaning. Nor was he merely following an idea of his own. Urban, his predecessor, had forbidden any bishop, abbot, or other of the clergy, to receive any ecclesiastical preferment from princes or other of the laity; and in 1099, in a council at which Anselm was present, he issued sentence of excommunication against all laymen giving investitures, and all spiritual persons receiving them, or doing homage for them. Hence Anselm's refusal either to do homage, or receive investiture from Henry.

That Anselm was right in the main in this question, most of our readers, we presume, will agree. No doubt the papal power was more highly considered in his native country than in England; but we must remember on the other hand that it was not he, but Archbishop Corboil who, twenty years after, first thoroughly subjected the English Church to Rome. When the papal legate came into England in Anselm's time, his authority as such was universally disallowed: whereas Corboil procured himself especially to be made such, that he might the better execute the papal designs. The most perplexing feature of the case, however, is the fact that the greater number of the bishops sided with the king against Anselm: and as most of them were of Lanfranc's appointment, it seems as if that prelate also, in

¹ Council against Photius, quoted by Collier, i. 301.

Anselm's place, would have acted differently. It cannot be thought that the bishops would have shown any preference to the kingly over the papal power, or that they would have done anything to the prejudice of their rights: and it is mere assumption to say that they were more worldly-minded or less clear-sighted than their metropolitan. They apparently took different views of the case. Anselm must have considered, that if the king were suffered to make himself the source of all spiritual power by this act of investiture, the apostolic commission would at once be rendered void, and the Church be made a mere machine for executing the royal will. The bishops, on the other hand, probably argued that as the king never pretended to the right of actually bestowing spiritual power by the laying on of hands, or of altering any article of the creed, he did not, in fact, interfere with the real essence and life of the Church; and they certainly regarded the decrees of Urban and Paschal as of less importance intrinsically, and less binding on themselves, than Anselm did. That the men of his own camp, those who ought to have fought by his side, and who, on most questions, surely would have done so, were in the day of battle found in the ranks of his enemy: while the Pope, the final arbitrator of the strife, gave at last but a half decision in his favour, are both great facts; and facts that at least do not tell for his cause. So far, indeed, as they are of weight they inevitably throw doubt upon and perplex the question.

The result was, that on the main subject of the investitures the Pope continued deaf to all the embassies and entreaties of Henry. He declared emphatically that he would rather lose his life than give up this privilege of the see of S. Peter. The king at length, partly from dread of threatened excommunication, partly from finding that it might not be altogether safe to brave the authority which Anselm could exercise in the country (for his exertions and influence had lately saved the king from being dethroned by his brother Robert of Normandy), and partly perhaps in gratitude for this service, consented to abandon his claim to investiture, and the Pope in return permitted the bishops to do homage for their temporalities.

As a writer S. Anselm's fame justly stands very high. He is sometimes classed as the earliest of the Schoolmen. His chief works are a treatise on the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, against the doctrine of the Greeks; '*Cur Deus homo*,' in which he shows the necessity of Redemption, and which occasionally reminds us of the valuable piece of S. Athanasius, '*De Incarnatione contra Gentes*;' a book on the Conception of Christ and Original Sin; and a discussion in Three Chapters on the Agreement of God's Foreknowledge, Predestination,

and Grace, with Man's Free-will. Messrs. Parker have lately published in an inexpensive form a translation of the '*Cur Deus homo.*' We wish that they would favour the world with an English version of the work last named. The two together would form a good and effective antidote to the poisonous principles likely to be derived from the dissemination in our language of the writings of Calvin. To the above are to be added his devotional works and letters. The former are remarkable for depth and simplicity; the latter contain much valuable and curious information on the times in which he lived, and bring many of the chief personages who figured in them, and their actions, vividly before the mind of the reader.

The office of legate, when once introduced by Corboil, was by no means suffered to drop. During the wars of Stephen and Matilda, the fate and fortunes both of the Church and nation followed this appointment. William Corboil scarcely lived to do more than crown Stephen, which he was induced to do by unworthy means, and remorse for which is supposed to have hastened his end. On his death, the office of legate was bestowed on Henry, Bishop of Winchester, and brother to Stephen. Nowhere is the intrinsic worthlessness of this new office, and its mischievous effects, so clearly shown as in the acts of Henry. It seemed as if the Pope were resolved to set up as arbiter of the nation's fortune one to whom steady principle was nothing, and who had not the sagacity to discern how to shape his acts by expediency, so as to escape the charge of inability, and to save the kingdom from calamity, war, and bloodshed.

Henry, as the '*legatus a latere,*' had nothing less than the disposal of the crown in his own hands; and he changed from one claimant to another, as either seemed likely to be successful, or behaved to himself personally. First he sided with his brother, but an act of tyranny on Stephen's part caused him suddenly to transfer his allegiance to Matilda. The threatening state of the country had induced the secular lords and gentlemen to build huge and strongly-fortified castles; and, what seems to us most strange and unnatural, unused as we are to lords spiritual donning harness and commanding armies, some of the bishops followed their example. Stephen, seeing cause to doubt the loyalty of certain of their body, got possession of Roger, the aged Bishop of Salisbury, and his nephews Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, and Nigel of Ely, and by barbarous treatment compelled them to give up their castles to him, of which the Bishop of Salisbury had built no less than four, and the Bishop of Lincoln three. Nigel, who had been a celebrated sportsman, saved himself by mounting his horse, and fairly distancing his

pursuers in a chase across the country. Matilda soon after made war on Stephen, who was taken in the battle of Lincoln, and committed to Bristol Castle. On this the legate immediately declared for Matilda. She was accordingly acknowledged as queen. But she soon after incurred the displeasure of Henry, who not only refused her summons, but with Stephen's queen, Maud, surprised and besieged her in the Castle of Winchester. Matilda with difficulty escaped to the Castle of Devizes, whence she caused herself to be carried on a bier, as one dead, to Gloucester. But the heart and soul of her cause, her half-brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, was taken prisoner in covering her retreat; and being exchanged for Stephen, the two parties, after five years of war, stood much as at first.

The legate a second time turned the scale of affairs. He at once assembled a Council at Winchester; and under the pretence that Matilda had not acted towards the Church as she had promised to do, he took upon himself, without the advice of the other bishops, to absolve those whom he had before excommunicated for rebellion against the queen; and produced a papal mandate directing him to reinstate Stephen. He soon after made or renewed a canon exempting the clergy from the judgment of secular courts, which, as we shall shortly see, afterwards became a source of deadly dissension between the Church and king.

And now was developed a further result of the legatine office, in a strife which arose between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. The former, as metropolitan, required the canonical obedience of the latter; whilst Henry, though a suffragan, was, as legate, above the archbishop. To still the contest, if possible, the Pope sent over a second legate, Alberic, Bishop of Ostia; but he, a stranger and unacquainted with the laws and language of the nation, was acceptable to neither party. The Pope finally was induced to do justice to the metropolitan see, creating Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury, and his successors, 'legatus natus.' 'This,' says Collier, 'occasioned great disputes and appeals to Rome, not practised before' (i. 337).

Stephen gradually regained the upper hand; and now took place that romantic escape of Matilda from Oxford Castle, where she was closely besieged. Inett omits this passage of her life altogether, but the quaint language of Speed shall supply his deficiency:

'The Emprise in his absence had well fortified her selfe in Oxford, whom Stephen (vsing the benefit of Robert's absence) followed with an eager pursuite, and wanne the Suburbes euen vnto the Citie-gates; then girt hee the Emprise with so strait a siege (meaning neuer to giue ouer

till hee had now made her sure in his possession) that for two moneths whatsoever *Strength* or *Stratageme* could performe in assault or defence, was there put in practise, till at length great penurie enforced to thinke of a surrender; but shee, a woman (whose sexe hath often deceived wisemen), resolved once again to ouer reach her foe by wit, whom she could not by force: whereto the time did fit her wishes; for being a Winter sharpe above measure, the River Thamisis that runnes by the Citie-walls, was then congealed with a strong crusted Ice, and besides a great snow did then continue, and had couered the ground. Maude upon these aduantages, put in practise a most dangerous attempt: for cloathing her-selfe, and some choise of her company, in white linnen garments, to deceiue the eies of the Sentinels, issued secretly by night out of a posterne-gate, and passing the frozen Riuer, ranne on foote, through ice, and snow, ditches, and vallies, for fīue miles, euen to Abington, the falling snow still beating in their faces; and there taking horse, the same night got to the Castle of Wallingford, to the great joy, and also admiration of all that were therein.'—P. 462, § 38.

The war raged for twelve years longer; and it would have been still further protracted, but for the archbishop's refusal to crown Eustace, the son of Stephen. He and the Bishop of Winchester then agreed in making an accommodation between the contending parties; a result rendered the more easy by the death of Eustace, which there seems strong reason to suppose was caused by poison. It was finally settled that Stephen should wear the crown for his life; and afterwards, that Henry, the son of Matilda, should succeed without opposition.

It is probable that at no period of our history was the state of the country so deplorable as during these fourteen long years of civil war. The invasion of the Saxons and of the Danes was each, no doubt, a prolific source of misery: but in the former case the country at the time was by comparison thinly populated; and in the latter the destruction was mostly confined to the sea-coasts. The wars of the Roses, 320 years later, lasted, it is true, more than twice as long: but they possessed several mitigating circumstances which did not exist in those of Stephen. In these the accounts of the country left us by historians are deplorable in the extreme, and one can only wonder as one turns their pages that the land was not fairly depopulated. There was no relief for the unhappy peasantry from oppression and starvation. The religious houses were unable to protect their serfs and tenantry; the lords of the castles ravaged the country and plundered the inhabitants without mercy; the flocks were destroyed by the armed bands which continually paraded the country; the towns were sacked and burnt; and the lands remained untilled. Provisions of all kinds became more and more scarce, and could be purchased only at the most exorbitant rates. The poor, from sheer famine, were driven into the fields and roads to try to sustain life as they

best might by collecting garbage, or by such roots and berries as they could find. Numbers perished of disease and famine. Nay, the traffic in children which the exertions of Anselm had abolished was from necessity renewed: parents were compelled to part with their offspring which they had no longer the means of maintaining, to any who could be at the cost of supporting them; and thousands are said to have been sold and shipped to Ireland to supply the slave market of that country. Such is in part a picture of civil war in the twelfth century. We need not say how closely in its leading features it resembled the state of Spain during the French invasion, as described in the Duke of Wellington's despatches. From both such unspeakable calamities may God of his mercy preserve us!

From these miserable times we pass to the contests of Henry II. and Archbishop Becket. It was for a long period the custom with sciolists and dabblers in the early history of our Church to content themselves with dipping into some popular accounts of the doings of such men as S. Dunstan and S. Thomas à Becket (especially the latter), and, taking these isolated portions as specimens of the whole, to form from them the most exaggerated idea of the general tone and conduct of our archbishops before the Reformation. From this and other causes, many of these prelates have met with unreasonable and unmeasured abuse; for their animadvertisers, not understanding the difference of those times and our own, and having no clear idea of the ecclesiastical system which the rulers of the Church found in existence, and of the laws, rights, and privileges which it was their clear duty to maintain, have no ground on which to form a true judgment on the subject. Archbishop Becket, above all others, appears to such critics to have passed his life in contending for strange and unheard-of powers; in pursuing measures wholly hostile to the crown; and, in one word, in setting up an overmastering 'imperium in imperio:' whereas, in truth, his conduct was simply that of one endowed with high authority in very difficult times; and who, whatever were his personal failings or errors in the mode of action, was, in the main, simply doing his duty in relation to the high and sacred trust committed to his charge. Inett, in his *History of S. Thomas*, shows an Erastian bias not less strong than that which pervades his account of Anselm. He can see nothing to approve in the archbishop—nothing to condemn in the king. He gravely affirms that the first great question on which Becket opposed Henry, that of the exemption of clerks from trial by the secular magistrates, was a novel claim; both law and usage, as he tells us, being on the king's side. Yet the Conqueror had expressly exempted the clergy from the jurisdiction of any but ecclesiastical courts; and

Stephen, in the first year of his reign, had confirmed that grant : and on this question, at least, Becket had, with one exception, the bishops on his side. They did not desert him till some time after, when the constitutions of Clarendon had put a division between their metropolitan and themselves. It was the object of these constitutions to make the English purely a national Church, and Becket would not admit for her that limited position. He considered that she should in all respects take her stand as part of the Great Western Patriarchate : and consequently, that a final appeal ought to lie with the pope above the king. It was at this point that the bishops deserted him as they had deserted Anselm. It was evidently their desire to make the Church a purely national one, they themselves in their own courts wielding the spiritual power, and the final appeal lying with the king and not with the pope. Becket, however, felt it his duty to oppose this design. But this question was not, like that for which S. Anselm made his stand against Henry Beauclerk, one of vital consequence to the spiritual independence, and even the life of the Church. Consequently, the fact that Anselm was right in opposing royal investitures does not prove that Becket was so in withstanding the constitutions of Clarendon. Becket, however, is to be judged by the principles of his own time rather than by those of the present day. And Inett does not lay sufficient stress on the support which the French king steadily afforded him from the first. On one occasion, when there was a prospect of reconciliation and reunion between Henry and Becket, and the latter had promised submission in all things, 'saving only the honour of God,' a qualification he could by no means be induced to withdraw, the King of France left him in apparent enmity ; so that Becket, who was maintained solely by his bounty, thought seriously of dismissing his retinue, and betaking himself to the life of a mendicant for support. But in the evening the king sent for the archbishop, fell at his feet, and acknowledged that he alone of all present had the judgment to discern and the courage to tread the path of duty. It is impossible that the man in whose favour a king could give so decided a testimony could have been the tyrant himself, or the opponent of kings and kingly power in others, which some moderns have delighted to depict Becket.

It is true that the Becket papers published by the late Mr. Froude have given us means of judging Becket's character and conduct, which Inett did not possess. From them we learn that, to eminent honesty and loftiness of principle, he certainly united the fault of a hasty temper and a haughty disposition ; but, despite his failings, they abun-

dantly confirm the decision of the Church of his own and subsequent ages, which gave him a place among the noble army of martyrs. It may be urged, perhaps, that he was wrong in leaving his country without the king's permission; but it might be that he took this step in wisdom to his enemies as well as himself: at least, the event showed that there was no safety for him in it. Collier condemns him for refusing to permit the clergy to be tried by the king's courts, because exemption from them, though an ancient custom, was only the gift of the king, and as such it might at any time have been resumed. But, in deference to so high an authority, the question was not what the king might do, but whether he would or would not suffer the existing law to be acted on. The propriety of abrogating a custom was never once raised. The king simply desired to override the law; and it was surely Becket's clear duty to do whatever he could to ward off what would have proved nothing less than a national calamity. That he was compelled to fight the battle alone was the misfortune of his times. The point in question was an accident of the case; and those who approve the conduct of the barons of King John, and who cover Cromwell and Hampden with praise merely for withstanding the will of Charles, have no right to condemn, and cannot with consistency condemn, S. Thomas à Becket.

That the king long rued the part he indirectly had in the martyrdom of the archbishop, cannot be doubted. Not only did he, in consequence, give up every point in dispute between him and the Church, but (of which Inett says nothing), according to Matthew Paris and others, he submitted to undergo a personal flagellation from the monks of Canterbury. From the reaction after the oppression of the Church by Henry, and the slaughter of her archbishop, came gradually those subsequent diminutions of the kingly power in England, which were consummated in the excommunication and uncrowning of his son John, and the reduction of the kingdom for a time to a mere dependency of Rome, and its scarcely less degraded state in the reign of Henry III. The murder of Becket was emphatically the sin of the king, as he was the king; and for that crime were he and his descendants to the second generation, as they also were kings, most heavily visited. It was not till his grandson, Edward I., introduced his laws of Provisors and *Præmunire* that the Church began to recover herself. The former forbade the Pope to bestow, or the subject to procure or accept, any ecclesiastical benefice, under penalty, in the first case, of its escheating to the crown, and in the second of imprisonment. The latter prohibited the drawing out of the realm any plea, the cognisance of which belonged to the king's

court; the penalty for its infraction was exactly that which Shakespeare makes Suffolk denounce against Wolsey :

'To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.'

—*Henry VIII.* Act iii. Scene 2.

Under the operation of these and some other wholesome and necessary laws, most of which were renewed by Richard II. and subsequent kings, the Church gradually recovered her lost liberty.

It is in a great measure to these continual struggles that our Church owes her present quiet; and hence it comes that her system is too well balanced, and the powers and privileges of her rulers too well ascertained, to allow of further contention. It is sometimes said that it is too essentially Erastian. To its purely spiritual phase we do not think this charge can apply at present; but how long it may continue equally unfounded, we dare not venture to predict. To be forewarned of our danger is, however, the best way of being forearmed.

We here leave the work of Dr. Inett. That it has many good points cannot be denied. It contains a more full account of many parts of our ecclesiastical history than is to be found in Fuller, Collier, or any other popular writer; and his accuracy as to facts cannot on the whole be disputed. At the same time, he will by no means prove a safe guide if used alone, and not compared with and checked by other authors. For no uninspired history that ever has been written, or we may safely say that ever will be written, satisfies, or at least ought to satisfy, by itself. A history, if worth being studied at all, should be compared with others; thus will unavoidable error be detected, other sides or phases of opinion be discerned, fallacies and false sentiments be discovered, erroneous principles confuted, and sound ones supplied. So used, the publication of Inett will prove a real and lasting benefit to the Church; and for it our best thanks are due to the learned and painstaking editor.

ART. VI.—*Opinion of the Bishop of S. Andrew's on the Appeal of the REV. P. CHEYNE, delivered at the Episcopal Synod holden at Edinburgh, Nov. 4, 1858.* Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

THE main facts connected with the synod at which the 'Opinion' before us was delivered, are probably well known to the majority of our readers. The court, which met at Edinburgh on the 4th of November last, consisted of four members only; the bishops of Glasgow (president), Brechin, Moray and Ross, and S. Andrew's. By a singular coincidence, while the presenters, the appellant, and the bishop appealed against, are all Scotch by birth, the three bishops who formed the majority of the court are all English. We mention this, however, as a coincidence, and nothing more.¹

The court met in George-street Hall, Edinburgh, and the members, as we see it stated in the Scotch newspapers, were duly vested in their episcopal robes. This is one more step towards the completion of that 'Dreamland' picture which we ventured to set forth in the last July number of this Review. We cannot again help saying that a church still seems to us a fitter place for meeting than a hired hall, more likely on every account to impress the minds of those present with thoughts befitting the solemnity of the occasion, and to moderate, on both sides, the disputatious temper which is almost inevitably aroused. Neither can we conceive the existence of any objection to the opening and closing the proceedings with prayer, for which antiquity supplies both precedents and models.

The deliverance of the court was as follows:—

'At Edinburgh, the 4th day of November, 1858.—The College of Bishops having resumed consideration of the Appeals, at the instance of the Rev. Patrick Cheyne, Find that the teaching of the Appellant complained of in the Presentment is erroneous, and more or less in contradiction to and subversive of the doctrines of the Church, as explained in the opinions of the majority of the Court now delivered. But considering that the Appellant did not take part in the discussion of the merits of the cause during its dependence before the Bishop of Aberdeen, and being desirous of still affording him an opportunity of retracting the said teaching, if so minded, after having heard the opinions now delivered, direct the Clerk to furnish

¹ The Bishop of Aberdeen was precluded from taking part in the proceedings, by the custom (though not, we perceive, the law) of the Scottish Church, as being the person against whose sentence the appeal lay. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles had generously waived his right to sit upon the court, inasmuch as he had in a recent charge seemed to many to have prejudged the case.

him with a copy of that part of the opinion of the majority, in which the said teaching, so held to be erroneous, is specified; and in the mean time, and before further procedure, adjourn the Court to the 2d day of December next.'

The passages of his sermons on the Holy Eucharist, which the appellant is called upon to retract and apologize for, on pain of suspension, are as follows:—

'1. When—having defined the Eucharistic Presence in the following words, and pronounced it to be *error* to teach otherwise—viz. "When I speak of the Real Presence, I mean, as the Church means, that after Consecration, Whole Christ, God and Man, is really, truly, and substantially present in the Eucharist, under the form of bread and wine;"—When, having laid down this definition—he declares that "the Sacrifice of the Eucharist is substantially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross, differing only in the manner of offering;"—

'2. When he further declares that in the Lord's Supper "we kneel to the Lord Himself, invisibly present under the form," or "under the veils of bread and wine;"—

'3. And lastly, when he pronounces that "the only thing necessary to the completion of the Sacrifice, is the Communion of the Priest." —P. 34.

Waiving for the moment the vast importance of this judgment, and the question how far (if silently acquiesced in) it commits the Scottish Church to the denial of the doctrine of the primitive Church concerning the Real Presence, we pass to the consideration of the grounds upon which it is based. And here we must express our deep regret that the members of the court have not seen fit to act upon the excellent suggestion made, in the preface to his recent pamphlet, by Canon Humble; namely, that each bishop should give his opinion separately, together with the reasons by which he supports it. This practice, as Mr. Humble justly remarks, has imparted to English law-courts much of the moral weight which they possess.

In the present instance, one bishop only has imparted to us the reasons for his decision. The opinion of the Bishop of S. Andrew's has been given to the world; it may be purchased, like any other pamphlet, and has therefore become completely *publici juris*, and a lawful theme for criticism. Of what may be called the personal part of the question, of the antecedent claims of the writer on our respect, we forbear to speak at present. Let this first portion of our remarks be regarded, so far as possible, only as a critique by certain reviewers *X*, on a given document written by *A*. Whatsoever is founded on the revelation of God's Holy Word, and the teaching of the undivided Church remains true, however unknown and feeble be the voices that proclaim it—whatsoever contravenes that revelation, and the teaching thus derived from it, is not to be accepted, let who will assert it. True premises and sound inferences demand

assent, though the lips of babes in knowledge utter them ; false *data* and erroneous deductions are to be rejected, whatever be the station of the speaker—whether he be a prince of an empire or a patriarch of Constantinople, a bishop of S. Andrew's or a bishop of Rome.

The following remarks, therefore, are respectfully submitted to the thoughtful and earnest consideration of all members of the churches of the Anglican communion into whose hands they may fall. May God grant that they find acceptance so far, and so far only, as they agree with his Holy Word and Will ; so far, and so far only, as they set forth His truth, as it shall be acknowledged before men and angels at the last Great Day !

We speak of the document before us, as Bishop Wordsworth's, simply because it is written by him. Of course we do not for a moment forget that its conclusions have been explicitly, or else virtually, adopted by the two other prelates, who thus constituted the majority of the court of appeal ; the Bishop of Brechin alone reclaiming, and entering a protest against it.

Before stating the grounds on which we too would enter our humble protest against this judgment, and the arguments by which it is supported, it may be well to lay down certain principles on which, if we mistake not, the synod is agreed, and which we for our own part are most ready to affirm.

These principles are as follow :—

1. That the judgment pronounced ought to be capable of being tested by Holy Scripture, as the great paramount authority.

2. That it ought not authoritatively to condemn any doctrine maintained by the consent of the primitive fathers ; nor authoritatively to assert, as the *only* tenable view, any view not sanctioned by their consenting witness.

3. That whatever our blessed Lord in the primal Eucharist offered sacrificially, *that* his priests offer now ; that whatever his apostles received from Him, *that* the faithful still receive.

4. That in no previous case on record has any divine of the churches of the Anglican communion undergone ecclesiastical pains and penalties, for enunciating any *modus* whereby our blessed Lord is present in the Holy Communion, saving and except that of Transubstantiation.

Such statements being once admitted, and they will hardly be disputed by any member of the Episcopal College, we protest against Bishop Wordsworth's judgment, on the following grounds :—

I. That it falls short of, and explains away, the clear teaching of Holy Scripture.

II. That it all but entirely ignores the teaching of the primitive fathers.

III. That it strives to impose a limitation of meaning on our existing formularies, which has never before been authoritatively placed upon them.

IV. That it gives countenance to novel and unauthorized theories.

We have other objections to urge; but if these can be substantiated, we submit that they are sufficient to vitiate the moral weight of the entire judgment.

I. 'The great principle of the Church's teaching,' says the Bishop of S. Andrew's, 'upon all points, and especially upon this deep mystery, is to rest satisfied with the revelation which God Himself has vouchsafed to make; in other words, not to suffer herself to go beyond, or fall short of, the teaching of the Holy Scripture.'

Most true. Now God Himself, in the person of the Eternal Son, has vouchsafed to make the following revelation:—

'The bread of God is *He* which cometh down from heaven. . . . I am the living bread, which came down from heaven: and the bread that I will give is my flesh. . . . He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him: he that eateth *Me*, even he shall live by Me.'—*S. John*, vi. 33, 51, 53, 57.

We assert the plain teaching of these words to be, that the reception of the body of Christ involves the reception of the person of Christ.

We ask those who differ from us to produce one single passage of Holy Scripture which speaks of the presence of the natural body of Christ (in earth or heaven), or the body of Christ sacramentally present in the Eucharist, in such wise as to exclude the presence of the person of Christ.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the entire range of writings bequeathed to us by the ancient fathers.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the writings of any bishop of Christ's Church, except the present Bishop of St. Andrew's, or the bishops who signed the Pastoral of 1858.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the works of any divine of authority, Anglican, Greek, Roman, or Lutheran, prior to the year 1856.

But this, it will be said, is all negative evidence. Now no one, when it makes for him, can lay greater stress upon negative evidence than Bishop Wordsworth; but we by no means wish to confine ourselves to it. Our only difficulty is to compress into brief compass the mass of positive testimony in our favour.

It is equally good theology to say, 'His sacred body hung in

death upon the cross; or, 'He hung in death upon the cross:' to say, 'His body was buried;' or (Article 3d), 'Christ was buried.' There is no clashing, no opposition, though there is, we admit, a distinction.

The distinction is this. The personality of Christ our Lord resides in his Godhead; and the Godhead being impassible, could not die. But as it remained alike with his body and soul, God the Son did die for man, and was buried, in the body; while God the Son, in the Spirit, went into Hades. This is the language of Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church.

Turn we to Hebrews x. 5—7. 'When He cometh into the world He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me: . . . then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.' We therefore speak with equal propriety of the oblation of Christ's body once offered, as the fathers constantly do, or, in the language of the English and Scotch Communion Offices, of 'His . . . oblation of *Himself* once offered.' Again there is no clashing, no contradiction: both phrases are equally scriptural, both employed in this very epistle. In the 10th chapter, at verse 10, we read of 'the offering of the body of Jesus Christ,' while, in the chapter immediately preceding (verse 14), it is 'Christ who . . . offered Himself.'

And so, precisely in like manner, of His body, sacramentally present. Just as though, *primarily*, Christ (through the Eternal Spirit) offered his body upon the cross, and yet, *as a consequence*, offered Himself, for that his Godhead, wherein resides his personality, never left that body: so, too, by consecration, is *primarily* wrought, through the agency of the same Holy Spirit, the presence of the body and blood of Christ, and then, *as a consequence*, the presence of whole Christ, in his sacred and indivisible personality, as God and man. There is no clashing, no contradiction. We challenge any one to show that this teaching has ever been authoritatively condemned before A.D. 1858.

But how does Bishop Wordsworth explain these passages of S. John? They are to be interpreted (p. 33) 'according to that 'most ordinary form of speech, whereby a part is taken for 'the whole.' (!) Has any other bishop of Christ's Church, whose name is of the slightest weight as an authority, been known to reduce our Lord's solemn words to 'a form of speech'? And from what species of error are we safe, if this principle be once admitted? Zuinglius may say, 'This is my body,' is 'a form of speech.' Apollinaris might have urged that 'Now is my *soul* troubled' was 'a form of speech;'—and why not even Socinus, that 'My Lord and my God' is to be interpreted in like manner?

But this is not all. We complain that the author of this

judgment has endorsed an interpretation of the theological term 'to become' (*fieri, γίνεσθαι*) which is violently anti-scriptural; and which, if carried out, would involve us in the most deadly heresies.

Mr. Rorison had urged that the words 'that they may become,' &c., in the Scottish office, *must*, of necessity, bear one of two senses: either that of transubstantiation, or that of mere equivalence and representation. The illustration which he chose to select was, 'Let this acorn become a grape,' which must involve either the change of the substance of the acorn into that of a grape, or else the meaning, 'Let this acorn, remaining what it is, represent a grape.'

In our recent review of this gentleman's address, we purposely left this argument unnoticed. It never occurred to us that it could impose upon any one. It appeared to us, and, we are sorry to say, appears to us still, pure and unmitigated rationalism.

But it is apparently adopted in this 'Opinion' (pp. 10, 11). We can no longer, therefore, leave it unnoticed, and we protest against it:—

(a.) *Firstly*, as being an utterly untenable position, even on Mr. Rorison's own ground, that of illustration from mere earthly philosophy. (This, as being a subordinate point, shall be answered in an Appendix.)

(b.) *Secondly*, as being opposed to the teaching of the primitive Church, of which more anon.

(c.) *Thirdly*, which is our present topic, as being utterly irreconcilable with the use of this expression by S. John.

S. John, known from this opening of his Gospel as the Divine (*ὁ Θεολόγος*), tells us 'The Word was God (*Θεὸς ἦν*) . . . the 'Word became flesh' (*σὰρξ ἐγένετο*). According to Mr. Rorison, and, it would seem, Bishop Wordsworth, we are bound to understand either that our blessed Lord assumed our human nature, and thereby ceased to be God (a modification of Socinianism); or else that, remaining Very and Eternal God, He stood forth, and typically represented, humanity (a kind of an approximation to the wild errors of the Ebionites and Docetæ; and still more closely to the most recent school of rationalism, which teaches that He is the concrete embodiment of aggregate humanity in its highest ideal).

But what is the true interpretation? It is, that our blessed Lord did *become* true and actual man, 'not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God;' that He took unto Himself a human soul and a human body, which had not been united (for then had they been a person) before they met in the Divine personality of God the Son.

Here again, as no one knows better than the Bishop of S.

Andrew's,¹ there is the highest authority, patristic and Anglican, for transferring the argument (by a kind of analogy) to the mysterious presence of our blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. We pray that the bread and wine may 'become' (*fiat, γίνωται*) the body and blood of Christ, not by ceasing to be bread and wine, not by becoming merely hallowed representatives, but by the condescension, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, of an invisible immaterial substance, not local, not circumscribed in space—namely, the body and blood of Christ; and these, as Bishop Andrewes has it, not without His soul, nor this again without His divinity.² And we believe this to take place in a manner not contradictory to, but infinitely transcending, man's highest powers of reason; while, notwithstanding, 'the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven,' there to remain until the judgment-day.

We now pass to another point, whereon the Bishop of S. Andrew's expresses his entire concurrence with the presenters. It shall be given in his own words:—

'They (the Presenters) pressed the argument—which appears to me irresistible—that to call a sign or symbol by the name of that which it represents—and in this case more than represents, conveying all its virtue, power, and efficacy—is an ordinary figure; but to designate that which is represented by the term "sign" or "symbol," when it is indeed the very thing itself, really and substantially, is an unheard-of and impossible mode of expression.'—ROBISON, p. 30.

This point has been noticed by anticipation in our article on the subject in the last number of the *Christian Remembrancer* (p. 456). We are compelled, however, to re-state what we then urged, and we must venture to designate the 'irresistible argument' as extremely unsound, and such as, if applied to Holy Scripture—and of course equally to theological writings, which all have Holy Scripture for their basis—would again lead us into deadly heresy.

There would be nothing 'unheard of and impossible' in our 'mode of expression,' if we were to say that the erected countenance and heavenward gaze of man (to adopt a hint from the fine and well-known passage of the Roman poet) were a

¹ 'After what fashion (*ὡς τρόπον*) Jesus Christ our Saviour, being, through the word of God, made Incarnate, bore (*ἔσχεν*) both flesh and blood for our salvation, even so (*οὕτως καί*) have we been taught that the nourishment Eucharistified (*εὐχαριστηθεὶς*) through the word of prayer proceeding from Him, by which our flesh and blood are nourished to renewal (*κατὰ μεταβολὴν τρέφονται*) are the flesh and blood of the Incarnate Jesus.'—*S. Justin Mart. Apol.* I. 66. (Vol. i. p. 268. Ed. Otto.) Be it remembered that S. Justin received the crown of martyrdom about A.D. 165. On the limits to be placed to the above analogy, see the acute, and (we should imagine) very just remarks contained in 'A Modest Reply to Mr. Shaw's Analysis,' &c. Cf. also Dr. Pusey's 'Real Presence' (*sub init.*).

² Sermon IX. on the Nativity.

'sign' or 'symbol' of the superiority of his spirit over that of the lower animals of God's creation. We should not thereby deny the real coexistence, with the outward form, of that superior soul. The general principle involved is this: that where a thing consists of two parts, the outward part may well be a sign or image of that which the inward part really and truly is. The splendid cabinet of Darius, wherein Alexander enshrined the works of Homer, was regarded by that conqueror as an outward image of the value of the far more precious substance encased within.

And thus, to turn to Holy Writ, the visible manhood of the Lord Jesus is the *εἰκὼν* or *χαρακτὴρ* of the Invisible Godhead. 'Christ, who is the image of God . . . the image of the invisible God . . . the express image of his person.' (2 Cor. iv. 4; Coloss. i. 15; Heb. i. 3)—But 'No!' exclaims the Socinian, 'Christ cannot be, really and substantially, God; He would not, in that case, be called the *image* of God. It is an *unheard-of* and *impossible mode of expression*, and a Scotch presbyter and 'bishop believe my argument to be irresistible.'

We are at least consistent. We believe that Christ our Lord is both the image of God, and also Himself Very God; we believe that the consecrated elements are outwardly types, signs, symbols, images, of His body and blood, and yet at the same time inwardly, in a mystery, really and essentially that which they represent.

II. Our second charge against the document before is, that it all but entirely ignores the teaching of the primitive fathers. Lest we should seem to put our own gloss upon that teaching, we must again appeal to the unsuspicious testimony of Bishop Burnet on the 28th Article:—

'It is not to be denied but that *very early* both Justin Martyr and Irenæus thought that there was such a sanctification in the elements, that there was a divine virtue *in them*; and in those *very* passages which we have urged from the arguings of the Fathers against the Eutychians, though they do plainly prove that *they believed that the substance of bread and wine do still remain, yet they do suppose an union with the elements to the body of Christ, like that of the human nature being united to the divine.*'

We need scarcely say that this is the same teaching as that of Mr. Cheyne. It cannot indeed be wondered at that Bishop Wordsworth should pass unheedingly such a witness as Burnet, because he is seldom appealed to in our time, excepting by the disciples of Mr. Goode, who always seem to overlook this passage. But the precisely similar teaching of Gelasius, Bishop of Rome in the fifth century, is surely known to the merest tyro in patristic lore. It is to be found in Routh's *Opuscula*, with some allusions in the notes (if we recollect aright) to the efforts

of modern Romanists to deny its genuineness or explain it away, because its teaching is so un-Roman and so thoroughly Anglican. It is found in a better known book still, in a note to 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed,' namely note *p.* to Art. iii. § 1. Therein does our greatest dogmatic theologian quote, or refer to as agreeing with Gelasius (and therefore with S. Justin and S. Irenæus), Theodoret, S. Chrysostom, Ephraïmus. And to this very note does Bishop Wordsworth, in his 'Three Short Sermons on the Holy Communion,' published in 1855,¹ refer his readers with every mark of approbation.

But why then are *none* of these saints and doctors of the early and undivided Church cited (if not directly, at least indirectly, through the *medium* of a Pearson or an Andrewes) to show the erroneousness of Mr. Cheyne's doctrine on the nature of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist? Ah! why indeed? Is it that the right reverend author of the 'Three Sermons' has placed himself under the teaching of some new interpreter of antiquity and forsaken Pearson? We pause for a reply; and until the answer is given, we cannot help believing that Mr. Cheyne is not condemned out of the mouth of antiquity, for the simple reason that such a procedure is *impossible*.

And if the case indeed stand thus, we may well re-quote the language of a layman of the Church in Scotland, 'Our Church' is by circumstance Protestant; by position she is Reformed: 'but her essence, her strength, her vitality, consist in being 'Catholic. Show that she condemns what was approved by the 'ancient Church, or *vice versa*, and you do more to injure her 'than her worst enemies have ever been able to effect.'²

It may indeed be asked, why introduce the words *substantial* and *substantially* at all? Why not be content with the *verily* and *indeed* of the Catechism, or their equivalents *really* and *truly*? We answer, that our readers or hearers may, in that case, be at a loss to understand whether we may not in these days be supposed to mean only *virtute et efficacîâ*, which is not what these primitive doctors taught; for they, as Bishop Pearson shows, though they by anticipation opposed *transubstantiation*, yet did teach a *transelementation* (*μεταστοιχείωσις*), though not of such kind as to annihilate the pre-existent substance.³

And other writers, besides Mr. Cheyne, have felt the advisability of adding something to the language of our formularies. One author has indeed gone so far as to declare that 'the doctrine which we have plainly learned from Holy Scripture and

¹ Page 24, note n.

² Letter by Sir Archibald Edmonstone in the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*.

³ On the physical possibility of such changes, see the Appendix to this article.

'from the Church,' is that of (the italics are *his*) 'a *real*, and in 'some sense a *bodily*, *presence* of Christ, with all who worthily 'receive Him in those holy mysteries.'—Bishop Wordsworth, *Three Sermons*, &c. pp. 24, 25.

Now we venture to think *substantial* a far safer and more correct term than *bodily*, and for this reason: the word *bodily*, however guarded, may, not unreasonably, seem to suggest the idea of a carnal presence; whereas the slightest acquaintance with philosophy or theology would at once dispel the notion that *substance* is equivalent to *matter*, *substantial* to *corporal*. For *substance* is constantly employed where *matter* is quite out of the question. 'The thinking faculty,' says one of the greatest of modern physiologists, 'is an *immaterial substance*.'¹ God, who is a Spirit, is called by Bishop Butler, 'the self-existent *Substance*.' 'The Son,' said the Fathers of Nicæa, is 'of one *substance* with the Father.' Is it possible to imagine higher authorities? If numbers be requisite, we could multiply them *ad infinitum*.

It is true that the phraseology of 'a *real*, and in some sense *bodily*, *presence* of Christ' has the advantage of indicating that the writer believes in the eucharistic presence of our Lord's humanity; for of course his Godhead cannot, in *any* sense, have a *bodily* presence. But this end seems to us to be attained more simply and securely by saying, with Mr. Palmer and Mr. Cheyne, that our Lord is present both as God and Man. Unfortunately, however, such language, though to all appearance most fully sanctioned and virtually employed by the author of the *Three Sermons*, seems to be no less expressly condemned by the author of the present opinion. The Church, we are now told, 'doubts not that He is present in some especial manner, according to the substance of his Divine Nature. But the appellant 'has taught in her name, that Christ, God *and Man*' (italics in original), 'is substantially present, veiled under the form of bread 'and wine.'—P. 33.

Now as much stress is laid in this document upon the appellant having represented his teaching, on the nature of the Presence, being that of the Church, it is only just to remark, that the Bishop of S. Andrew's was guilty (*in loc. cit.*) of a precisely similar offence in 1855. So also is Mr. Palmer guilty. This last-named respected writer bases his assertion on the principle, that if the Bible says or implies such a kind of presence, the Church, *ex necessitate rei*, does so likewise. 'Guided by Scripture,' says Mr. Palmer, 'she establishes only those truths which

¹ Unzer on the Principles of Physiology. Translated for the Sydenham Society by Thos. Laycock, M.D. London, 1842. Unzer died in 1799.

'Scripture reveals, and leaves the subject in that mystery, with which God for his wise purposes has invested it. . . . And as Christ's divine and human natures are inseparably united, so she believes that we receive in the Eucharist, not only the Flesh and Blood of Christ, but Christ Himself, both God and Man.'

And here, while we are concerned with the patristic part of the question, we cannot refrain from asking whether any single passage from the ancient fathers can be adduced in favour of the extraordinary theory, that in the Holy Eucharist our blessed Lord is present in some especial manner, according to the substance of his Divine nature, but not according to the substance of his human nature'?

As for the evidence from antiquity against such a notion, we simply omit it for the sake of brevity. It may be found in abundance in the large volume of Dr. Pusey, and in compressed form in Mr. Keble's recent 'Considerations,' &c.

¹ To save the reader trouble, we subjoin a few of Mr. Keble's selections from S. Hilary, S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, and S. Chrysostom.

'S. Hil. on Psalm cxxvii. § 10.—"It is the table of the Lord from which we take food, that is, the food of the Living Bread: and the virtue of which is this, that He Himself, living, doth also give life to those who receive Him."

'Id. contra Constant. ii. 11.—"On Himself, as the holy with me understand,—on Christ Himself,—hands were laid."

'S. Ambr. in Psalm xxxviii. § 25.—"Christ Himself is offered on earth when the body of Christ is offered."

'Id. de Off. i. § 248.—"Before, a lamb was offered, a calf too was offered, now Christ is offered."

'Id. de Cain et Abel, i. 5, 19.—"What is nobler than Christ, who in the banquet of the Church both ministers and is ministered?"

'Id. in Psalm cxviii. 8, 48.—"Where His Body is, there is Christ."

'S. Aug. in Joan. iv. 45, 9.—"There the Rock was Christ: to us that is Christ which is placed on God's Altar."

'Id. in Ps. xxxiii. Serm. i. 10.—"Christ was borne in His own hands, when setting forth His own Body, He said, This is My Body."

'Id. ibid. Serm. ii. 2.—"When He was setting forth His very Body and Blood, He took into His hands what the Faithful know; and He in some sort carried Himself when He said, This is my Body."

'S. Chrys. de Sacerd. iii. and vi. p. 15. (Sav.)—"When thou seest the Lord sacrificed, and the Priest standing and praying over the sacrifice, . . . can it be that thou still accountest thyself to be among men and to be standing on earth? yea, art thou not at once translated (*μετατίθεσθαι*) to the heavens?"

'Id. ibid. p. 16, 1.—"He that sitteth above with the Father, at that hour is held in the hands of all, and gives Himself to those that desire to embrace and clasp Him."

'Id. in Joan. ver. 54, p. 361.—"His Holy Body is considered as One [Person, εἷς] with Him, for since the Incarnation He is indivisible (*ἀδιαιρέτος*)."

&c. It has been said that men may prove anything from the Fathers. The assertion is one of those inconsiderate speeches which are seldom made by any true and thoughtful student of antiquity. Hard as it proverbially is to prove a negative, we have looked in vain in the writings of those who oppose these principles, for a single passage which stands in contradiction to the above extracts. Of course many passages may be quoted from Divines and Liturgies, ancient and modern, which do not assert so much, just as many isolated passages of Holy Scripture do not enunciate the Divinity of our Blessed Lord; but this is not contradiction.

We pass to another point connected with antiquity. Mr. Cheyne 'pressed the Court,' says Bishop Wordsworth (p. 24), 'with the inquiry, If the Presence in the Sacrifice be not what I say, what is it?' A more perfectly fair and reasonable question, for an accused person to ask of those in authority, cannot be imagined. Of course, the appellant could not suppose—no man in his senses ever did—that a full and complete answer, elucidating the entire mystery, should be given him. For the fuller comprehension of this and every other 'mystery of Godliness,' we must all wait, if by God's mercy in Christ, we be found among his faithful servants, 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.' But every man who is on his trial for false teaching has a perfect and inalienable right to make the demand—'If what I have said is wrong, tell me what I ought to say.' And in ancient times an answer to such queries was never refused, even to the worst of heretics. Rather than not reply, the Church even went so far as to coin new terms to meet the exact error in vogue; though such terms were, of course, new in form alone, explicit expressions of what had all along been implicitly believed. 'If I may not,' cried the Arian, 'say *ὁμοιούσιος*, what ought I to say?' And the Church replied, *ὁμοούσιος*. 'If it be not enough,' said the Nestorian, 'to call S. Mary *Χριστοτόκος*, what more ought she to be called?' And the Church answered, *Θεοτόκος*. 'If original sin,' urged the Pelagian, 'consists not in *imitatione Adæ*, whence does it arise?' And the Church pronounced, *ex generatione*. No man can in this life *fully* answer any of the above questions; all that the Church ever maintained is, that her final decisions were true and right, so far as they went. She never put off the inquirers, however wrong-headed they might be, with the remark, that they had no right to demand what they ought to teach. Is the following equally satisfactory?—

* He (the appellant) pressed the court with the inquiry, If the Presence in the sacrifice be not what I say, what is it? But as the Israelites in the wilderness, when they saw the manna, said one to another, "*It is manna*," meaning, what is it? "for they wist not what it was" (Exod. xvii. 15, see margin); so this is a question which no man can fully answer, and which our Church would teach us no man should attempt to answer. God Himself has called it, when duly offered and fully consecrated—and then *it is*, in some sense, verily and indeed—the Body and Blood of Christ. It is also (as the Scripture teaches) a memorial to God of the death and sacrifice of Christ; and, after the sacrifice, it is graciously designed to be to us "the true bread that cometh down from heaven," the Christian manna, our spiritual food and sustenance in the wilderness of this world, that they who eat thereof should live and not die. So much of an answer I may venture to give to the appellant in the Church's name.'

The second sentence in this extract is surely very far from logical. If our Church would teach us that no man should

attempt to answer Mr. Cheyne's question, why does the Bishop of S. Andrew's attempt to answer it? But if we are mentally to reinsert the limiting adverb *fully* before the verb to *answer*, then, as has been already intimated, there is no dispute upon this head. All that Mr. Cheyne demands is, 'What does the court consider *may* be safely taught upon this point,—is the Eucharistic Sacrifice a *mere* offering of bread and wine, or is it not?'

Now, as respects the sacrificial offering in the Holy Eucharist, there are three main lines of thought.

(a.) Firstly, that there is no such offering at all. (This is the popular view, and the one to which Mr. Rorison *appears* to incline, though he shrinks from openly stating it.)

(b.) That there is such an offering, but that it consists of mere bread and wine.

(c.) That whatever is partaken of by the faithful in Holy Communion, that (as in every other sacrifice) is the thing offered.

Waiving the first of these three theories, which is certainly not countenanced by any member of the Episcopal College in Scotland, it remains to choose between the two latter views. But as it is unlikely that any Scottish presbyter should be able to make out, from the judgment now before us, what he may assert upon this head, we must have recourse to other sources of information. And some help may, we think, be indirectly afforded by a note appended to page 18 of the Bishop of S. Andrew's 'Three Sermons on the Holy Communion.' In a note marked a, at page 18, we find the very important maxim, 'Whatever is offered in the sacrifice, in the sacrament is bestowed' (*Quicquid sacrificio offertur, sacramento confertur*). Now, as the bishop lays down, in page 24, that the doctrine of Scripture and the Church is that of 'a *real*, and in some sense a *bodily*, presence of Christ with all who worthily receive Him,' we do not see how to avoid the conclusion, that He who is mystically received has likewise condescended to be mystically offered.¹ If God 'hath given His Son to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that holy Sacrament' (English Prayer-book), what less can we have offered Him in the sacrifice?

¹ Cf. the passages from fathers quoted in the last note. We are, of course, aware that certain supporters of this judgment may urge that the converse of this proposition, *Quicquid sacrificio, &c.*, is not true—a bold assertion, which we shall not take the trouble of reasoning against until we see it supported by some arguments. It is, we need hardly say, quite conceivable that the Holy Eucharist may embrace an offering of the fruits of the earth besides *the* offering. High views do not exclude the lower. The justly popular picture of the Last Supper by *Leonardo da Vinci* was painted on the wall of a refectory, and simply refers to the sanctification of all food by that blessing—one of the many minor aspects of that comprehensive mystery.

Into the teaching of the ancient liturgies we shall not attempt to inquire closely. That some few real students of those invaluable services have failed to draw from them precisely the same teaching as Mr. Cheyne has done, we readily admit. But thus much we venture to assert. The study of ancient liturgies is a growing one, and is rapidly being facilitated. If, in a few years hence, there can be found one in ten among such students who can be satisfied with the explanation of the liturgies given in the opinion now before us, and does not regard it as a mere explaining away, our characters as foretellers of the future will, in that case, still have to be won.

One more point in connexion with the teaching of the early Church. Mr. Cheyne has more than once asserted that Christ our Lord is the primary Offerer, the true Priest, in every celebration of the Holy Eucharist. A doctrine more truly to the glory of God, more tending to humility on the part of man, more scriptural in its tone, more plainly and without contradiction taught by ancient Fathers, it is difficult to conceive. To the glory of God and humiliation of man, because it brings before the mind that instrumental character alike of priest and sacrament, for which the author of the present opinion most justly contends.¹ Scriptural, as recognising the great truth of 'Christ all, and in all' (Coloss. iii. 11), which is applicable to either sacrament, and to every ordinance that in anywise partakes of a sacramental character. In Holy Baptism, Christ is still, by the agency of the Holy Ghost, the Baptizer, 'for by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body:' in absolution it is *He* that 'pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe:' in Holy Matrimony

'Tis *He* who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling hand in hand ;

in Ordination, Consecration, it is surely *He* who confers the special gifts bestowed through the agency of apostolic hands. While time lasts, He still addresses to his ministry those gracious words, 'As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.' As Aquinas has it (S. T. 3, qu. 22. § 4), '*Sacerdos novæ legis in personâ Ipsius operatur*,' carrying out the apostolic principle, 'If I forgave anything, . . . for your sakes forgave I it in the person of Christ' (2 Cor. ii. 10).

¹ P. 25. 'In the ordinances of God it is not any intrinsic adequacy of the instrument employed that effects the ends which He designs, but his own will.' This position has never, that we know of, been denied; certainly by no one is it more emphatically affirmed than by Aquinas.—(S. T. 1, qu. 57, § 4, *et passim*. But it in no way militates against high views of the means chosen, when once chosen and consecrated.

So, too, with the pure offering foretold by Malachi. Christ Himself still offers, not indeed immediately, but mediately, through the agency of his commissioned servants, the bishops and priests of his Church. Thus teach S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine, in language that no one has attempted to explain in any other sense than that which the appellant has in this cause asserted. And if we must needs quote fathers, through the medium of post-Reformation divines, it may be sufficient here to cite S. Chrysostom, *De proditiōe Judæ*, as given by Bishop Sparrow in his *Rationale*: 'Christ is present at the Sacrament now, that first instituted it. He consecrates this also: it is not man that makes the body and blood of Christ by consecrating the holy elements, but Christ that was crucified for us.'¹

What is Bishop Wordsworth's answer to all this? Ignoring for a time the very existence of antiquity, he refers with extraordinary subtlety to the Scottish Office. We say extraordinary subtlety, forasmuch as we do not believe that any one before the Bishop of S. Andrew's ever dreamt of this interpretation of the single word on which his argument is based. The Scottish Office in the Prayer of Consecration, reads, instead of 'his one oblation of Himself once offered,' 'his *own* oblation.' Now, we never before heard, from friends or foes of that Office, but one interpretation of this change. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. What said, but a few years since, the Bishop of Manchester on this very point? He intimated, and his reasoning seems to us unanswerable, that the change (which he himself vehemently disapproved of) was made to avoid even the apparent condemnation of the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist. From the phraseology of the English Office, it might be plausibly argued there was not in any sense an oblation of Himself made by Christ our Lord in the first Eucharist. The Scottish Liturgy escapes the possibility of such an inference by the substitution of *own* for *one*, or at least was always supposed to do so before the fourth of November, 1858. On that day the Bishop of S. Andrew's announced that 'the word "*own*" . . . *I cannot doubt*, was purposely introduced in order to guard still farther against the confusion of our Lord's own sacrifice with that 'which *we* offer for the remembrance of Him.' Briefly, on this point the teaching of antiquity is to be set aside, not as contrary to Holy Scripture, not as repudiated by the Articles, but as inconsistent with a supposed interpretation of a single word in the Scottish Office which no one, we believe, ever before imagined to have the slightest bearing upon the subject.

¹ *Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer*, p. 217 (ed. Oxf. 1839).

One more topic, and we shall be prepared to quit the patristic portion of the question. At p. 28 of the document under review, the Bishop does appeal to a *dictum* of an ancient father, in the following words:—

‘It is a well-known rule of S. Augustine, that where there is a fit place for anything to be spoken, and it is not spoken, an argument may be drawn from the authority negatively.’

To assert that this rule is in our own day devoid of all force whatever, would indeed be the very blindness of partisanship. But it is, we believe, only simple truth to assert that, in cases where there has avowedly been much compromise for the sake of peace, this rule cannot safely be pressed. Is Bishop Wordsworth prepared to abide by it himself? Because, if not, he cannot have the slightest right to urge it against Mr. Cheyne. Now, in A. D. 1849, the Bishop of S. Andrew’s, being then only a presbyter, in English orders, declared, in his very useful and excellent little work entitled *Catechesis* (p. 99), that Holy Communion was fitly called the *Unbloody Sacrifice*, and referred his readers to Malachi i. 11, and Heb. xiii. 10. Of course, *we* thoroughly accept this teaching; but how, we must ask, is it to be reconciled with the English Communion Office, if the Augustinian principle laid down by Bishop Wordsworth be accepted as one that is universally applicable? A presbyter, who is indeed no great authority with us, but who appears to receive the most kindly patronage from Bishop Wordsworth, throughout the trial of Mr. Cheyne, thus addressed the Court at Aberdeen:—

‘Now, Right Reverend Sir, the mind of a church is surely to be gathered quite as much from what she *deliberately omits*, as from what she *formally defines*. And, on this doctrine, the Church Catechism is silent as the grave. When we pass to the Office of Holy Communion, as it stands in the Prayer-book, we find that service marked by a still more significant reticence. The ceasing of the daily sacrifice of the veritable body and blood is, according to the reverend defendant, the note of Antichrist; and here, shorn of all trace of such a sacrifice, is the most solemn formulary of the Church of England. There is such a manifest rejection of *this* view of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, that it might be taken for a rejection of *any* and *all*; it might seem that the idea of a *commemoration before God*, was abandoned for that of a mere *remembrance to man*. So the emendations that brought this to pass were interpreted by contemporaries.’¹

Now here is Bishop Wordsworth’s own principle brought to bear against his own teaching, and the teaching of the Episcopal Synod in Scotland; which has, we are thankful to say, deliberately adopted the phraseology of the ‘Sacrifice of the Altar,’ as applied to the Holy Eucharist. Once grant that silence is conclusive, and we see no escape from Mr. Rorison’s argument.

¹ Speech of Mr. Rorison, p. 43.

How then would those clergy in Scotland who have English Orders, or who use the English Office, defend the doctrine of a sacrificial character appertaining in any sense to the Holy Eucharist? ¹

They would have to give up, in the present case, the *dictum* of S. Austin as inapplicable; and they would employ, we presume, amongst other arguments, some such as the following:—

1. That the Sacrifice of the Altar, though not taught explicitly, *totidem verbis*, in Holy Writ, might be fairly inferred thence, and proved thereby: just as the personality and adoration of the Holy Spirit was inferred and proved.

2. That it was taught by saints and doctors of the undivided Church.

3. That it was taught by several of the greatest among the post-Reformation divines in England and Scotland, and even by some among the Lutherans.

4. That while they fairly and frankly admitted that it was but faintly recognised in the English Prayer-book, and repugnant to the popular and *primâ facie* view of the 31st Article, it is in reality compatible with that silence and with the proper interpretation of the Article, which (says Mr. Palmer) 'was directed against the errors maintained and countenanced by such men as Soto, Hardinge, &c., and not directed against the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, as explained by Bossuet, Veron, and others, with which we have no material fault to find.' And if the charge of reticence in the English Office seem to savour of disloyalty towards their spiritual mother, they would reply, that truth was above all things; and that a living writer who, beyond all others, contends for the excellence (we had almost said, the *optimism*) of the English Prayer-book, was compelled upon this head to write as follows:—

'The revised Eucharistic Office of the English Church . . . has confessedly laboured under a certain faintness as to the ritual expression of that mind and doctrine. . . . Her real mind in these respects has need to be written yet more legibly, and beyond all possibility of mistake, in her form of ritual administration, if she is to win the generality of her children to a universal and habitual conformity, through her nurture, with the ancient mind of the Church Universal concerning the higher and supernatural side of the Eucharistic Mystery.'²

Without arguments of this nature, we cannot, we repeat, see any answer to Mr. Rorison's insinuation that the English Church

¹ That is, over and beyond the offering of alms, of praise, and of our own selves. We know that by negative induction it has been maintained that the English Office, by the explicit mention of the lesser, excludes the greater.

² 'Principles of Divine Service.' By the Rev. Philip Freeman. Introduct. to Part II. pp. 193, 213.

might be supposed to countenance a rejection of any and all views of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, save as a mere commemoration to man. But, if such arguments be allowable at all, they cannot be restricted to the point immediately under consideration; for (*mutatis mutandis*) they are one and all precisely applicable to the defence of eucharistical adoration.

III. We turn to the limitation of meaning which this 'opinion,' so far as it reaches and has influence, tends, for the first time, to impose upon the formularies. That no man in the Churches of England, Scotland, America, or the Colonies, has ever before been judicially condemned (far less deprived of the priestly office) for teaching any *modus* of our Lord's sacramental presence, saving and except that of Transubstantiation, is a simple historic fact. Nor is it less a matter of historical truth, that there was, as the Bishop of Brechin observes ('Opinion,' &c., p. 26), a Lutheran school of divines, who were not merely tolerated, but (as represented by Parker, Chesney, and Grote) were actually concerned in the framing of the Articles. 'The last revisers of our Prayer-book, . . . in their answer to the criticisms of the ministers, take credit that the Anglican Service Book was approved of by the better sort of Lutherans. Our Liturgy was never found fault with by those to whom the name of Protestants properly belongs, those that profess the Augustan Confession.' (Ib. p. 25; Cardwell, Conf. 338.) Such toleration is, however (if this judgment be binding), for ever at an end in Scotland. A presbyter of that communion may perhaps hold *in petto* the teaching of the Augsburg Confession respecting the co-existence of the *signum* and the *signatum* in the consecrated elements, but if he venture to proclaim it from the pulpit, he must do so at the risk of indefinite suspension from the priesthood. Happily, if we hear aright, there is no small proportion of the Scottish clergy who are ready and willing to undertake that risk.

Now, we can conceive a line of argument that might have been adopted by the Court on this occasion, and which, while dismissing the Appeal, might yet have preserved it from such deep committal of its authority to a particular line of teaching. It might have been said, 'We hold strongly by diocesan Episcopacy; Mr. Cheyne's language has at least been rash,—so rash as to hinder us from stepping in between him and his bishop.' But the Court has not been content with such a limited kind of decision. The 'Opinion' of the Bishop of S. Andrew's has been deliberately adopted by it, if not in all its arguments, at least in its conclusions. Mr. Cheyne is not merely unrelieved, but he is told that his teaching is 'erroneous, and more or less in contradiction to, and subversive of, the doctrines of the Church.' The Church professes to teach from Holy Scripture as interpreted by antiquity. Now, as every tyro in logic knows, the contradictory

of an erroneous proposition is necessarily true.¹ We are then, *inferentially*, called upon by the majority of the Scottish bishops to accept the following propositions, as being in accordance with the teaching of Holy Scripture and the Primitive Church :—

A. Whole Christ, God and Man, is *not* substantially present in the Eucharist under the form of bread and wine; the Sacrifice of the Eucharist is *not* substantially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross. [It being apparently implied that neither the offerer nor the offering is the same.]

B. We do *not*, in the Lord's Supper, kneel to the Lord Himself, invisibly present under the form (or under the veils) of bread and wine. [It will be remembered that the divines who placed the Declaration in the English Prayer-book specially refer to those passages of S. Augustine and S. Cyril which teach that it is a duty so to kneel, and that two of them, Thorndike and Cosins, have taught eucharistical² adoration.³]

C. That the communion of the priest alone is *not* the only thing necessary to the completion of the Sacrifice. [Discipline is not doctrine; it would be against discipline for an English priest to celebrate and receive *solus*; but who, except members of this Court, ever ventured to imply that it would be no sacrifice? *Fieri non debuit, factum valet*. On the principle of the Court, a lonely shipwrecked priest could not offer a valid Eucharistic Sacrifice.]

It is a very solemn step, and one over which any man may well pause, to assert that these propositions reflect the mind of Holy Scripture and of the undivided Church.

Perhaps, however, the adhesion of the Scottish Presbyterate to these propositions is not looked for by the majority of the Court. The final meeting has taken place since we began our criticism. That meeting, which consummated the process (even now it seems hard to realize the fact!) of suspending from the priesthood such a man as Mr. Cheyne, upon such grounds as we have been considering, was held on December 2nd, a day henceforth to be remembered in Scotland, as it is, for other reasons, by her old ally the realm of France. But all allusion to the finding of November 4th appears to have been dropped. Is that finding then withdrawn? We should be glad to think so. Only, if it be withdrawn, let the fact be proclaimed in open day, not merely left to the dubious twilight of inferential guess and supposition.

However, our concern is with the 'Opinion' which supports the above propositions, and gives the arguments for them which were more or less fully sanctioned by two other members of the

¹ If *A* is false, *O* is true. If *E* is false, *I* is true. If *I* is false, *E* is true. If *O* is false, *A* is true.—*Artis Logicæ Rudimenta*, with notes, by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, p. 52. (Oxford, 1852.)

² Bishop of Glasgow's Pastoral.

³ Mr. Cheyne, on the Declaration.

Court. And just as we believe that the Bishop of S. Andrew's has explained away Holy Scripture and the ancient liturgies, even so do we consider that he treated our own formularies and divines. Such a process is, in this last case, somewhat less solemn and less formidable than in the two previous ones. If, as Mr. Freeman says, the Prayer-book labours under a certain faintness of expression; and if, as we must all admit, our Anglican divines but rarely display the general consistency of the greatest among the ancient doctors, the natural consequences must more or less ensue. Men who speak with ambiguous voice, though they may enshrine in their heart of hearts the highest views, will find that the majority of mankind are always desirous of appealing to those expressions in their writings which are calculated to lower the tone of doctrine.

And of course it must be fully granted that *majorem minor sequitur*. For our own part, accustomed for all our lives to read in the English Prayer-book that 'God our heavenly Father hath given His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ . . . to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that Holy Sacrament,' we accepted such language in its natural and obvious sense. We imagined the Church by these words to mean—what nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand would interpret them to mean—namely, that (to adopt Mr. Palmer's paraphrase of the expression) 'we receive in the Eucharist, not only the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, but Christ Himself, God and Man.' We did not know, and we much doubt whether any else knew, that the English Church was, on so solemn an occasion, employing a mere figurative expression, 'that most ordinary form of speech, whereby a part is taken for the whole.' ('Opinion,' p. 33.) But, of course, if our blessed Lord thus spoke; if, instead of explicitly announcing what is implicitly taught throughout the entire New Testament, He was uttering words to be interpreted by the figure *synecdoche*; then the English Church has done so likewise. And when the *consensus Patrum*, which supports the old and obvious interpretation, is proved to be fallacious or non-existent, then—but not till then—shall we be ready to interpret our Prayer-book in accordance with the new light thus thrown upon its pages. Meanwhile, we must suppose that the Scottish Church has not merely omitted, but has utterly repudiated, the language of the exhortation in the Prayer-book of a Church with which it professes to be in full communion. Such, at least, is the plain inference from the language of this 'Opinion.' 'Our Church does 'not presume to say, nor does she anywhere afford the least 'ground for the assertion on the part of others, that "whole 'Christ" is given, taken, and eaten in the Eucharist.' (P. 33.)

We pass over 'the strange illogicalness of the Bishop of S. Andrew's' argument, that, because the Church of Scotland nowhere uses the word *substantial*, therefore she condemns it; and not only condemns it, but condemns the words *really and truly* (which she does herself use), if employed in that same sense.¹ That single sentence from such a pen will deservedly carry more weight with it than whole pages of reasoning from us.

But we turn to the writers who have been appealed to by Mr. Cheyne, in support of the eucharistical adoration. These authors are Ridley, Andrewes, Sherlock, Saravia, Bramhall, Jeremy Taylor, Thorndike, Sparrow, Beveridge; and in Scotland, bishops Lyndesay of Brechin, and William Forbes of Edinburgh.

We are gravely asked by the Bishop of S. Andrew's to believe that not one of these authors would have supported Mr. Cheyne in the teaching which he has put forth on this branch of the subject: that not one of them, that is, really meant what they have evidently said. If this position can be proved, the sooner some of the most honoured among them are deposed from the chair of authority the better, for nothing can surpass the evasion and sophistry of which they have, on this hypothesis, been guilty. For our own part, we could quite as soon believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Kōran.

For just let the reader consider what such a supposition involves. Bishop Andrewes is arguing against Cardinal Bellarmine; the bishop declares that 'Christ Himself, the *res Sacramenti*, in and with the sacrament, out of and without the sacrament, is, wherever He is, to be adored.' But, says Bishop Wordsworth, there is an acknowledged ambiguity in the use of the word '*adore*' and the expression '*in the sacrament*.' Now, as it is not to be supposed that such a man as Bishop Andrewes intended simply to deceive his opponent by employing, in *one* sense, words which he *knew* that opponent to be employing in *another*, this remark on ambiguity of expression simply falls to the ground. And precisely the same must be said of *any*—we will not say wise and saintly, but of any fairly honest and sensible opponent of Roman divines, who has made the same admission as that of Bishop Andrewes.

But some of them, proceeds the author of this document, wrote when they had to contend simply for the practice of kneeling at Holy Communion (p. 34). Undoubtedly; but in order to press this fact against Mr. Cheyne, we must suppose that the divines in question defended kneeling, upon grounds which they did not believe. As for the novel and unheard-of theory, that a change in doctrine passed over the English Church in 1662, so that

¹ Letter of Dr. Pusey. *Guardian* of December 8th, 1858.

language which was admissible before that time ceased to be so after, it is one of those assertions upon which we cannot think it worth while to waste an argument. Let us see the names of any three or four authorities, historical or theological, who can be said to countenance such a theory, and it may then be deemed worth consideration. Certainly, we should not imagine, from Mr. Hallam's account, that a suspicion of change ever crossed the mind of such historic authorities as Neal or Baxter, on the one side, nor of Burnet, Kennet, or Collier, on the other.

One word on an authority referred to at pp. 11 and 34 of this 'Opinion;' we mean Dr. John Forbes of Corse. We hear that in some *Notes* circulated among the clergy of his diocese, the Bishop of S. Andrew's has attempted to lower the authority of that truly great theologian and loyal son of the Church in Scotland, Bishop William Forbes of Edinburgh, while he leaves untouched, and even places on the highest level, the name of Dr. John Forbes of Corse. It is right, therefore, that the following facts, bearing upon the claims of this divine to the respect of Churchmen, should be known. *Firstly*, That he never had any but Presbyterian Orders: and this, after the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, so that he had not the excuse of hard necessity. *Secondly*, That the Covenanters admitted that he taught nothing that they did not consider orthodox. *Thirdly*, That after the meeting of the Glasgow Assembly in 1638, which excommunicated and deposed the bishops, he systematically and ostentatiously took part with the Presbyterians. *Fourthly*, That his system of theology denies the *jus Divinum* of Episcopacy, and barely tolerates Baptismal Regeneration. We make these assertions confidently, for we have received them from an authority in Scotland, than which a higher could not be found, if we were to search the length and breadth of the land. We are not, of course, objecting to the appeals to this questionable theologian for a mere statement of fact, such as occurs in the document under review; but we trust that we shall not hear any more of him as a theological authority, least of all as a rival to Bishop Forbes of Edinburgh, who bears such striking testimony to the traditionary character of Mr. Cheyne's teaching in the Scottish Church.

We are thankful to find that Dr. Pusey sanctions the correctness of our first impression of this document—namely, that 'in regard to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Bishop of S. Andrew's has 'strangely misrepresented the belief which he condemns. In regard to this doctrine, then, he has condemned not this doctrine, 'but a doctrine which he has himself imagined.' No wonder that, having thus conjured up a very ghastly and distorted phantom, the Bishop of S. Andrew's assailed this offspring of his imagination in the strongest terms; until at last, as might well be

supposed, language utterly failed to express the strength of his sentiments.

But while we accept, most thoroughly, the whole of the valuable and consoling letter which the Regius Professor of Hebrew has sent forth from Christ Church, we would ask, with great submission to such authority, whether it may not be justly said, that the Bishop of S. Andrew's is almost as utterly mistaken respecting the nature of that view of the Real Presence which he condemns, as he is respecting that of the Eucharistic Sacrifice?

In speaking thus, we may seem to be offering an insult to the understanding, if not to the character and the office, of one whom (as we trust to show before we conclude) we have ever held, and wish still to hold, in the highest honour. But we think, not in poetry alone, *aliquando bonus dormitat*: we think that theology is a wide, nay a boundless, field; and that he who is justly regarded as an authority in one of its departments, and on particular questions, may be as justly held to have misconceived the points at issue in another.

Thus, for example, Christ's presence in the Eucharist is spoken of (p. 33) as if it were not only precisely identical with his presence in Baptism; but that this was the teaching of the Anglican Church. Of course we all know that such a view has the support of one honoured name, that of Hooker. But this is precisely the question in which Hooker gives the least satisfaction to any who go to the ancient liturgies for instruction. Of the unscriptural character of such a view, we have spoken in our last number. At present, let it suffice to cite the words of one from whom (amidst real points of difference often indicated in this Review) we are always glad to be able to quote:—

'The answer simply is, that it is nowhere said, that the water in baptism is the Holy Spirit; whereas it is distinctly said, that the bread and wine are the broken and poured-out body and blood of Christ. And on this is founded the difference of form and character between the two sacraments.'—*Freeman*, vol. ii. p. 208.

But this is not all. We find it impossible to believe that the Bishop of S. Andrew's can have grasped the very important point insisted on by the appellant; namely, that the substance of our Lord's body, though in form and dimensions in heaven, might yet be present with us after the manner of a spirit. 'The reverend accuser,' as Mr. Cheyne justly remarked in the course of the trial, 'made himself merry with the idea of "a body being present, not after the manner of a body."' And even the Bishop of Glasgow, though quite incapable of treating the subject with levity, yet says, in his recent Pastoral, 'This way of speaking conveys no real idea, and is a mere abuse of language.'

We cannot accept such criticism, because we believe 'this way of speaking' to be that of the Apostle S. Paul. S. Paul declares that the resurrection-body of the redeemed *is* to be a body, that lives and moves and has its being after the manner of a spirit: for so we must again venture to paraphrase that remarkable expression, a *spiritual body*, πνευματικὸν σῶμα. Lest, however, the mere repetition of our own words seem idle and inconclusive, we subjoin another comment on the Apostle's language, from a writer for whom the Bishop of S. Andrew's must surely retain some little respect:—'A *spiritual body*! what a profound 'unfathomable depth! A body, without *where* or *when*! A 'body, of which we only know, that being a true body, it yet 'unspeakably transcends every property of a body which we 'know upon the earth!''

But if, as we believe, Dr. Moberly has rightly interpreted S. Paul, if even the bodies of the redeemed are not to be 'dependent on the laws of the material universe,' not to be limited by the conditions of time or space, then who shall presume to say, that the glorified body of the Son of Man is so limited? It was not so limited even on earth: that his sacred birth was *ex semper Virgine* is the constantly pious opinion of the fathers, contradicted by no one of authority among ourselves, maintained by Donne, Heylin, Hickes, Barrow, and above all (in the very strongest language), by Bishops Bull and Pearson. Yet how can this be true, had not the body of our blessed Lord acted as a spirit, just as subsequently, when He rose (as is believed) through the covering of the rocky sepulchre, and when, on two occasions, as S. John testifies, he passed through the closed doors? Few great Anglican divines have, so far as we know, resorted to the miserable trifling of Calvin to explain away this revealed fact. Rather have they been willing to acknowledge, with S. Austin:—'Moli autem corporis, ubi divinitas erat, ostia clausa non obstiterunt. Ille quippe, non eis apertis, intrare potuit, quo nascente, virginitas matris inviolata remansit.'—*Tractat. in Joann.* 121. We trust that the Scottish clergy are not yet expected to substitute for such patristic teaching the Calvinistic rationalism of Whitby, and the commentators of the eighteenth century.

But why do we, at the risk of wearying our readers, for the second time insist so much upon this point? We do so, because the author of the document before us appears to write like one who has never deeply meditated on words like those of S. Augustine or Dr. Moberly, so as to admit their obvious consequences. For, had he done so, it is surely impossible that he

¹ The Great Forty Days, p. 285.

could ever have penned the truly marvellous paragraphs which occupy the first half of the 26th page of this 'Opinion.' Bishop Wordsworth seriously argues, that such a presence, as the appellant contends for, involves a literal breaking of that sacred Body, of such kind as to again cause suffering. It would be just as fair to argue against S. Augustine, and others who teach with him, that as the passage of an ordinary human body through a hard resisting medium involves extreme suffering, our blessed Lord *cannot* have made a literal passage either through 'the stone lying on the sepulchre' (Theophylact *et alii*), or through the closed doors. That a very gross Roman school, such as Soto, Hardinge, and those against whom Ridley protested, may have taken up these shocking notions, we quite admit. But we fully, for once, agree with Mr. Rorison (pp. 38, 39) that it would be the height of injustice to charge these crudities against that more spiritual set of thinkers even in the Church of Rome, of whom Bellarmine is the ablest representative. And really, if we may without irreverence venture on a parallel from physics, it would be as reasonable to think of the magnetism or the caloric or electricity suffering, if the iron or amber containing it should be broken, as to dream of any suffering in the solemn case before us. Bishop Wordsworth's argument is only applicable to that gross belief in 'the presence of an organized living and moving body' which the appellant so distinctly abjured (p. 32). And here we shall take leave to quote the language of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, not when engaged in the excitement of controversy, which, after all, was surely not his forte, but when uttering the sentiments of his best and truest self, to inflame our love and devotion, and lead us to Him whose life on earth he is narrating:—

'In the Sacrament that body which is reigning in heaven is exposed upon the *table of blessing*; and His body, which was broken for us, is now broken again, and yet remains impassible. Every consecrated portion of bread and wine does exhibit Christ to the faithful receiver, and yet Christ remains one, while He is wholly ministered in ten thousand portions.'—*Life of Christ*, part III. sec. 15, § 4.

And again, further on:—

'As it is a commemoration and re-presentment of Christ's death, so it is a commemorative sacrifice; as we receive the symbols and the mystery, so it is a sacrament. In both capacities the benefit is next to infinite. 1. For whatsoever Christ did at the institution, the same He commanded the Church to do in remembrance and repeated rites: and *Himself also does the same thing in heaven for us*, making perpetual intercession for His Church, the body of His redeemed ones, by representing to His Father His death and sacrifice; there He sits a high priest continually, and *offers still the same one perfect sacrifice*, that is, still represents it as having been once finished and consummate in order to perpetual and never-failing events: *and this also His ministers do on earth—they offer up the same sacrifice to*

God, the sacrifice of the Cross, by prayers and a commemorating rite, and re-presentment according to His holy institution As Christ is a priest in heaven for ever, and yet does not sacrifice Himself afresh, nor yet without a sacrifice could He be a priest, but by a daily ministration and intercession represents his sacrifice to God, and offers Himself as sacrificed: so He does upon earth by the ministry of his servants; He is offered to God, that is, He is by prayers and the sacrament represented or offered up to God as sacrificed, which, in effect, is a celebration of His death, and the applying it to the present and future necessities of the Church, as we are capable, by a ministry like to his in heaven. It follows, then, that the celebration of this sacrifice be in its proportion an instrument of applying the proper sacrifice to all the purposes which it first designed; it is ministerially and by application an instrument propitiatory, it is eucharistical, it is an homage, and an act of adoration, and it is impetratory, and obtains for us, and for the whole Church, all the benefits of the sacrifice, which is now celebrated and applied And its profit is enlarged not only to the persons celebrating, but to all to whom they design it, according to the nature of sacrifices and prayers, and all such solemn actions of religion.—*Ibid.* sec. 7.

The entire passage is well worthy of deep study. Its force is somewhat weakened by the omissions which we have made for the sake of brevity. But its perusal suggests to our minds only one or the other of two alternatives. Either there run through nearly the whole of Bishop Wordsworth's 'Opinion,' the most erroneous principles, or else the author of the above passage ought to have been summoned before Convocation, and deprived of his episcopate. Which of these alternatives the reader may prefer, we cannot tell. For ourselves, our choice is made. But if this critique should fall into the hands of any thoughtful students of theology, who are not yet prepared to condemn the memory of Bishop Taylor, such students may derive from the above passage much aid to the solution of the following most important series of questions. Is Christ our Lord still a Priest? Can there be a Priest who does not sacrifice? What sacrifice does our Lord offer and plead in heaven? Is it, like Melchisedek's, mere bread and wine? What sacrifice does He, through His ministers, offer upon earth? (or, as this question may be put in another form,—what sacrifice do His subordinates, the Priests on earth, offer as representative of the Great High Priest in heaven?) Is it mere bread and wine? Is it something different from His offering on high?

But the appellant, says Bishop Wordsworth, has met two arguments of the presenters with the very answers which a Romanist would employ. Undoubtedly, in reasoning against theories which are in the main identical with those of Calvin, it is difficult to avoid occasionally lighting upon some arguments which the fertile controversialists of that Church have employed. It would cost us, we believe, no great trouble to point out instances wherein our own divines have pressed Calvin and his

disciples with objections avowedly derived from the pages of Maldonatus and of Estius. But the truth is, that, in the instance before us, there is a remarkable freedom from such reasonings. It may be doubted whether, throughout his quarto of fifty-eight pages, and the additional pages of his other papers, Mr. Cheyne has employed a single argument that can with propriety be termed distinctively Roman Catholic.

The appellant produced a mass of arguments from Holy Scriptures, from the ancient liturgies, and from post-Reformation divines of England and of Scotland. Appeal to such authorities is not, we presume, distinctively Roman; and, indeed, it is on only two points that the Bishop of S. Andrew's does stigmatize his reasoning as Romanistic. The first of these is, the argument about the co-existence of the *signum* with the *signatum* not being disproved by the outward part being still called *symbols*, *types*, *antitypes*, of Christ's body. The second, the argument that 'this is not too hard for God.'

We submit, that it is scarcely generous to represent arguments as purely Roman, and thereby raise a prejudice against them, unless they are clearly such as Roman Catholics could at once adopt, or such as have been employed by them, and them only.

Now the argument of Mr. Cheyne, on the term *antitypes*, &c. we have shown to be precisely identical with the argument against Arius and Socinus for the real Divinity of our blessed Lord, albeit He is also called the 'Image of God.' Yet it does happen that no Roman Catholic can adopt it in its entirety, because, as Mr. Cheyne has virtually shown (p. 48), the dogma of Transubstantiation very seriously hampers and embarrasses the argument to be derived from S. Irenæus, S. Justin Martyr, S. Chrysostom, and Gelasius upon this head. We shall see, presently, that Mr. Freeman, assuredly no lover of distinctively Roman arguments, reasons on this point exactly as Mr. Cheyne has done.

And as respects the other argument, 'This is not too hard for God;' there is certainly one man, long prior to Mr. Cheyne, who may fairly claim, above all others, to have made that argument his own, by the extraordinary energy and fire of eloquence with which he urged it. If others, before his day, had used it, as they well might have done, yet no one, before the person of whom we speak, had so vividly brought it out in connexion with this particular subject. That man is not, however, usually considered to have been exactly a Roman Catholic: his name was Martin Luther. So completely does this reasoning, as applied to this controversy, belong to *him*, that two writers of the most opposite tendencies, and both equally opposed to

Luther, the Gallican Bossuet and the Genevan D'Aubigné, both dwell in the most emphatic manner on his use of it.¹

But the truth is, that whoever will look calmly at the argument will perceive that it is a merely subsidiary one, applicable (and constantly applied) to almost every question of revealed truth. The primary question is, *Has God revealed this?* If He *has* revealed it, and the Catholic and undivided Church has so taught of old, then have we the inalienable right to answer him, who puts to us the rationalistic Nicodemus-like inquiry, 'How can these things be?' (S. John iii. 9) by the counter question, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' (Gen. xviii. 14.) Thus argued, either in words, or at least in substance, Origen against Celsus, S. Athanasius against Arius, S. Augustine against Pelagius, Martin Luther against Zuinglius, Bishop Butler against the Deists of his day: and, for our own part, believing the argument to be (in its proper place, *i. e.* a secondary place) alike scriptural and truly philosophical, even though a Roman Catholic may have used and possibly abused it, we shall certainly continue to employ it, despite the apparent counter authority of the Court at Edinburgh.

And now, turning from negatives, we must ask what is the positive teaching of this 'Opinion?' It is a teaching which, if silently acquiesced in by the Church in Scotland, may still leave that Church in possession, no doubt, of *some* of its gifts—may still leave it a more educated, polished, aristocratic community than the Presbyterian Establishment; but which must inevitably, we believe, for ever vitiate its claim to be the representative of the early Church, the true daughter of the first founders of Iona.

The 'Opinion' teaches, throughout, the theory of the virtual presence, and that in such wise as to represent it as the *ONLY* view which a member of any of the Churches of the Anglican

¹ For D'Aubigné, see the spirited account of the Conference at Marburg, between Luther and Zuinglius, in his 'History of the Reformation.' For Bossuet, *vide* Variations, Liv. II. § 30. We have already given some of our Luther's emphatic words at Marburg. We now add a few from out of his Sermon, quoted by Bossuet. 'And who are they thus to set laws to their Creator, and prescribe to Him the means by which He would apply his grace to them? What did human reason pretend by opposing these vain difficulties against God which He blasted with a breath? They say that all the miracles of God are sensible. But who told them that Jesus Christ did resolve never to work any other? When the divinity dwelt corporeally in Christ Jesus, who saw it, or who comprehended it? . . . Is this what obliges them to wrest, to break to pieces, to crucify the words of their Master! "I do not comprehend," say they, "how He can execute them literally." They prove to me very well, by this reason, that human sense agrees not with God's wisdom: I allow it; I agree with them: but I never knew before that nothing was to be believed, but what we discovered by opening our eyes, or what human reason can comprehend.'

communion can rightly and lawfully maintain. In what way this theory differs from that of Calvin, it is hard to see; save only that it apparently makes to depend upon the consecration of the priest the effect which the Calvinist ascribes to the faith of the believer. And even on this point of difference the 'Opinion' utters a most uncertain sound.

'It cannot, I think, be doubted, that in the 28th Article, which condemns Transubstantiation, the clause which follows respecting Faith, as the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper, must be understood as at variance with the notion of Christ's human Body and Blood being present in *any way substantially*, according to the sense in which the Appellant has explained that term.—*Opinion*, p. 7.

Now the relation of faith to the sacraments is undoubtedly a question of great depth and difficulty. We have not space to go fully into it: but thus much is clear, that *any* view which recognises the reality of an objective gift at all, and further makes that gift depend upon priestly consecration, encounters precisely the same difficulty as Mr. Cheyne's view, neither more nor less. The Calvinist certainly escapes that difficulty, but he does so by falling into Scylla in his eagerness to avoid Charybdis. For against all Scripture, and against all antiquity and all reason, he makes faith become a creative power. Such a view has often been condemned by our divines. It is almost impossible to say whether the Bishop of S. Andrew's half adopted it or not, when he penned the above very singular assertion. But *it cannot, we think, be doubted* that his argument proves either too little or too much. It proves too little, if it only means that we may, despite the language of the 28th Article, believe in an objective gift which is made present, *not* by faith, but by consecration: it proves too much, if it would reduce us to the Genevese level, and make faith not the mere condition and means of beneficial reception, but the actual cause of the mystic presence.

'When' (says a well-known English divine, Johnson).—'when S. Paul saith that ignorant and profane communicants "do not discern the Lord's Body" in the Holy Eucharist (1 Cor. xi. 29), and that they are guilty of (an indignity toward) the Body and Blood of our Lord (ver. 27), he surely takes it for granted that the Body and Blood are actually there, whether they discern it or not.'

And similarly, too, Mr. Maurice (whom no one will surely charge with Romanizing) in one of his earlier works:—

'I do not object to the word recollection; there is nothing in it which is not applicable to a living, actual presence. What I plead for is the duty of recollecting that presence in the Eucharist, *because it is there* (Italics in original), . . . we shall fancy that we produce this presence by our acts of meditation or faith; we glorify ourselves for these acts, and for a reality we get a dream. . . . I no more suppose that our spirits can perceive a spiritual

object without faith, than that our eyes can perceive a natural object if they be blind.¹ Faith is as much that exercise in which the spirit is and lives, as sight is the exercise in which the eye is and lives. What more does the Calvinist require? He requires that we should suppose there is no object present, unless there be something which perceives it; and having got into this contradiction, the next step is to suppose that faith is not a receptive, but a creative power; that it makes the thing which it believes.²

As to the rest, we cannot, we repeat, perceive any material distinction between the doctrine of the document before us, and that of Calvin. And this is, we presume, the meaning of a Scottish newspaper, the *Aberdeen Herald*, when it asserts, as we think with perfect truth, that a Calvinist might almost accept Bishop Wordsworth's teaching. Now, we have already asserted that not one in ten of those who study the liturgies for themselves will ever be found to rest satisfied with such a view. We prefer to re-state it in the words of one who, though far from agreeing with Mr. Cheyne, is undoubtedly a real student of those liturgies:—

'But the crowning and fatal objection to this doctrine remains to be stated. The question concerning it is not whether it has, or has not, this or that recommendation,—such as avoiding peril of idolatry, or reducing the startling and mysterious aspect of the Eucharist; not, whether it has, or has not, honestly held some noble elements in it: but simply whether it be that which Christ delivered to his apostles, and they to the Church. Now about this there is not the smallest doubt. The doctrine, however Christian a face it may wear, was simply *invented by Calvin three hundred years ago*, as demonstrably as the doctrine of annihilation was invented by the Western Church, some five hundred years earlier. This is as certain as that the sun is in the heavens. It is not difficult merely, but absolutely impossible, to reconcile these views with the language of Scripture, taken in its plain meaning, or with the contents of the liturgies, or ecclesiastical writers. That language was never so interpreted before Calvin's time;³ how can it, without the utmost violence, be interpreted so now?⁴ It may be affirmed, though I do not

¹ Compare the remarkable statements of Aquinas, certainly not a believer in the *virtual* theory. 'Per fidem Christus habitat in nobis (ut dicitur Ephes. iii.). Et ideo virtus Christi copulatur nobis per fidem. . . . *Virtus sacramentorum, quæ ordinatur ad sollenda peccata, præcipue est ex fide passionis Christi.* (Sum. Theol. pars 3. qu. lxii. art. 5. § 2); and the Rubric of the Sarum Breviary, where the priest is instructed to say to him who is too ill to communicate: 'Frater, in hoc casu sufficit tibi vera fides, et bona voluntas; tantum crede, et manducasti.'—Palmer, *Orig. Liturg.* vol. ii. chap. 8.

² 'Kingdom of Christ,' Part II. chap. ii. sect. 4.

³ Mr. Freeman here subjoins the following important note:—'Whoever desires to be convinced of this, need only glance through L'Arroque's "History of the Eucharist." As a Calvinist, he endeavours to make the best of the testimony of the fathers. But the only argument by which he is able to dispose of their confessed assertions, that the Elements are Christ's body and blood in truth, and not merely in virtue, is that they elsewhere say (which he proves abundantly) that they are bread and wine; positions which he [in precise accordance with the Bishop of S. Andrew's] conceives to be incompatible.'

⁴ Mr. Freeman refers, for the proof of this statement, to his own excellent and truly philosophic reasoning at pp. 17-19 of this same volume.

know that it is, that the liturgies have been tampered with, and those writers deceived thereby; but unless the whole structure of each of the independent rites has been absolutely taken to pieces, and that at a very early period, and the significance of their every line reversed, it must be acknowledged that the doctrine of the Elements being, independently of reception, the body and blood of Christ, is their unwavering and unanimous testimony.

'And the matter of appeal to antiquity, as concerns the Roman and the Calvinistic view of the Eucharist, stands thus. That the ancient Church for a thousand years gave no countenance to the doctrine of annihilation, though capable of being amply proved, is far from being obvious at first sight, because of the great predominance of warm and unreserved recognition of the Elements in their supra-natural character. But this very circumstance shows the hopelessness of proving the Calvinistic position. In a word, *the weight of ancient testimony, which breaks the Roman theory in pieces, crushes the Calvinistic to powder.*' (Italics as in original).—*Principles of Divine Service* (Introduction to Part II. pp. 201, 202).

IV. The novel and unauthorized theories embodied in this judgment have in part appeared in the course of our criticism. But it may be well to recapitulate. Let it be remembered that the Bishop of S. Andrew's declares (p. 34), that 'the Appellant' did not attempt to show that teaching like that of these sermons, *'as a systematic whole* [italics in original], has ever been put forth in our Church since the time of the Reformation.' We should really like to know in what work of any of the great post-Reformation Divines the following teaching, *as a systematic whole*, is to be found.

(a) That our blessed Lord, in saying, 'He that eateth Me,' &c., employed that form of speech whereby a part is taken for the whole (p. 33). [Or, rather, is it not, to speak logically, if a figure at all, the much rarer figure of the whole taken for a part?]

(b) That the words 'may become,' must imply transubstantiation, or else merely a change in virtue and efficacy. (Pp. 10, 11.)

(c) That there exists some distinction between what is present on the altar after consecration and what is received by the faithful. (Implied in p. 9.)

(d) That what is offered in the Eucharistic Sacrifice is not identical with that which is received in the sacrament. (Pp. 22-25.)

(e) That Christ our Lord is present in the Eucharist in some especial manner, according to the substance of his divine nature, but not substantially present in his human nature. (P. 33.)

(f) That it is penal to speak of the Church having taught a substantial presence of our Lord, because our Church has not employed this precise term (p. 6). [The author of the Judgment had, in 1855, used stronger language as embodying the Church's meaning—viz. that of 'a *real*, and in some sense a

bodily, presence of Christ ;' clearly of Whole Christ, God and Man.]

(g) That the word 'own,' in the Scotch Office, 'was purposely introduced to guard still further against the confusion of our Lord's own sacrifice with that which we offer for the remembrance of Him' (p. 17). [The hitherto uncontradicted testimony of fathers is apparently, therefore, to be overthrown by this one word, as interpreted by Bishop Wordsworth.]

(h) That, consequently, an English divine is at liberty to employ language respecting the Eucharistic Sacrifice which a Scottish divine is not (p. 17). [How then can the two Churches be in full intercommunion?]

(i) That language respecting eucharistical adoration, which was lawful before A.D. 1662, has ceased to be lawful since that time, and cannot with propriety be appealed to.

(k) That the only doctrine that can be safely taught as that of the Scottish Church is a presence of virtue and grace. (*Passim*.)

We regard these ten positions as so many theories, resting mainly on the assertions of their writer ; 'I cannot doubt' (p. 17), and the like, with the occasional aid of perhaps two living authorities. We are far from asserting that some other equally or still more questionable *dicta* might not be culled out of the thirty-six pages of this remarkable document ; and in the meantime we should be curious to see how many Presbyters could be found to append their names to a set of propositions, in which the Bishop of Moray and Ross appears, to our intense astonishment, *entirely* to concur.

And now, leaving the *matter* of this 'Opinion,' we must respectfully ask, what is to be thought of its *tone*? When the passions of the hour have died away, will impartial inquirers turn to it as in anywise a model of the calm and dignified utterance which should issue forth from a judicial seat, more especially a judicial seat in an Episcopal Synod? We say nothing of the way in which each Communion Office (the English and the Scotch) is in turn ignored, or seized upon, accordingly as a point may be *apparently* turned against the appellant ; though this is generally regarded as the function of an advocate rather than of a judge.¹

¹ In the question of adoration, appeal is made to the English rubrics, which were not, when Mr. Cheyne published his Sermons, supposed to possess any legal force in Scotland. On the question of our Lord's priesthood being exercised in the Eucharist, the Scotch substitution of *own* for *one* is contorted into a meaning hitherto undreamt of. When, however, the bishop wishes to deny a tenet which Hooker (v. 67. § 7) declares 'is on all sides plainly confessed,' viz. that we receive in the Eucharist Christ's 'whole entire person' (*ib.*), the English Prayer-book is

But when we find a prelate on the judgment-seat actually addressing the appellant with a severity of tone and manner unknown in our courts of law, it is a solemn duty to call attention to conduct so unlooked-for, so extraordinary. We know that the scene affected some of the most respected of the Scottish laity very painfully. It was intimated to us by one who was present, that the delivery of pages 20 and 21 (which are directed against the creature of the writer's own imagination) reminded him rather of an attorney-general of the olden time dealing with a political prisoner, than a Christian bishop addressing one who had grown grey in righteousness, his senior in years, his senior in the ministry, and for whom he professed to feel respect. Another layman, a person of great and deserved influence, has also addressed us; disclaiming all pretensions to theological criticism, but urging that whatever other feature of the case might be left unnoticed, this startling and unheard-of procedure could not possibly be passed by.

This brings us to the more personal aspect of the case. Of Mr. Cheyne it is enough to assert, that his character is one in which friends rejoice, and at which opponents dare not cavil. But what shall be said of the able and gifted advocate, called in the technical language of the law 'the presenters,' but in whom his two colleagues in the presentation were as completely merged as ever, in the triumvirates of old, Pompey and Crassus in Julius Cæsar, or Mark Antony and Lepidus into Augustus.

Far be it from us to ignore his energy, his readiness, his fluency of speech; the ability with which he constructed his case, and carried it through; the patronage of authority which he has won, the reality of his temporary triumph. We are not conscious of ill-will or of any unchristian feeling towards him;¹ far rather would we pray (if it may be said without the appearance of presumption on our part, or offensive application to him)—as S. Augustine has somewhere done of certain whom he opposed,—that the *celerrima et fortissima ingenia* of his adversaries might be led into safer paths, into the ways of peace.

ignored, and it is boldly averred that our Church nowhere 'affords the least ground for the assertion on the part of others [Hooker, &c.], that whole Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Eucharist.'

¹ Mr. Rorison appears to think that we intended to insinuate in our last Number that he had been guilty of some misdemeanor or impropriety during his residence in the place of which he ignored the name. We beg to assure him, and any of our readers who may have attributed such a meaning to our words, that we intended nothing of the kind. We thought that, in alluding to what seemed to us a slight display of contemptuous affectation, we might innocently employ a little sarcasm; a weapon of which Mr. Rorison is surely the last person to question the legitimacy.

And yet it *is* strange—it does, we confess, surprise us—to contemplate the degree of approbation which the Bench appears throughout its sittings to have lavished upon this gentleman. In English law-courts nothing is more common than for the authorities to express some little dissent, some marks of disapprobation, even as regards those whose cause they in the main approve. But here, with the exception of one just and honourable interruption on the part of the president of the court, no whisper of blame is suffered to fall upon the ears of ‘the presenters;’ but the arguments adduced by them (if we must, in legal strictness, employ the plural number) are treated with the greatest, the most uniform, respect.

We repeat, it *is* strange Mr. Rorison had laid a presentment framed with such a marvellous ambiguity, that while the Lower Court decided that it accused Mr. Cheyne of teaching *Transubstantiation*, the Upper Court (‘Opinion,’ pp. 3, 4) decided that it did *not* necessarily accuse him of *Transubstantiation*. (An ambiguity this, which, in any English court, civil or ecclesiastical, must have quashed the entire case!) Mr. Rorison had handed in to the Court a quotation from Bishop Thirlwall, in which he had omitted, without the slightest sign of omission, an entire page of very great importance; he had presented the bishops with a Catena, ‘in which there is scarcely a single reference to the page of the author quoted,’ ‘in which six lines and a half are extracted from different parts of a volume of 906 pages folio,’ and where a few asterisks twice denote an interval of at least four pages. Yet for all this he receives no hint of blame from the Bishop of S. Andrew’s, who appears to have reserved the whole of his indignation to pour on the devoted head of the appellant.

‘*Jam hoc ferè scitis omnes,*’ says the Roman orator, ‘*quantam vim habeat ad conjungendas amicitias studiorum ac naturæ similitudo.*’¹ We should have imagined that there had been, in the case before us, the greatest possible *dissimilitudo*; for certainly, if we desired to illustrate the meaning of the terms reverence and irreverence as applied to the subject at issue, we do not know how we could more fitly do it than by placing the following passages side by side:—

Bishop of S. Andrew’s.

‘Thus then we arrive at a general notion of what we are to understand by the name Holy Communion. The Lord’s Supper is so called, because in it the body and blood of Christ

Mr. Rorison.

‘Very freely are “rationalistic” and worse epithets of reproach, affixed to our views; and we might almost be persuaded of their intrinsic irreverence did we not happen to

¹ Cicero, pro A. Clementio, cap. xvi. sec. 46.

are communicated, under the consecrated symbols of bread and wine, to all who are worthy partakers of that holy table. This we also call a Sacrament, or great mystery. And such, my brethren, no doubt it is; so great, that we can never speak of it with sufficient reverence, or approach it with sufficient awe; still less be able to include so divine and infinite a marvel within the petty limits of our dull and darkened understandings. But some nearer approach to the apprehension of this high doctrine may well and innocently be sought for, and will, we may hope, be graciously vouchsafed, if we are not wanting in that reverent spirit of meekness, humility, and self-distrust, to which alone mysteries are revealed.—*Three Sermons, &c.*, pp. 19, 20.

remember that "the artifice of inculcating an 'awful and reverential manner' is the approved receipt, as the history of all superstitions shows, for sanctifying, in the estimation of the timid and the credulous, the most enormous deviations from truth and common sense."—Quoted from the *Edin. Rev.*, vol. lxxvii. p. 561.

' . . . What that Church [of Rome] being witness is "under the forms of an unconsecrated, or a spuriously consecrated Host, more than" under the form "of the oven in which the bread has been baked, or of the metal into which the wine has been poured!"'—*Speech at Aberdeen*, pp. 52-56.

On the utter contrariety of tone which these passages breathe, we need not dwell. But what has been the impression made on by-standers in Scotland by such advocacy and such a judgment? We cannot tell. Rumours, indeed, reach us, but we mention one or two which we *know*, on good authority, to be correct. We *know*, that a Presbyterian layman, a member of the Free Kirk, distinguished for the extent of his philanthropy and the brilliance and versatility of his genius, laid down the report of the presenter's concluding address with the exclamation: 'There is no religious sentiment in it,—there is not one word for the glory of religion. . . . Such advocacy is enough to prejudice *any one* against the side which the speaker takes.' We *know* that the organ of that body, the *Witness* newspaper, has also maintained the impossibility of condemning Mr. Cheyne without at the same time condemning the Scotch Office. We *know* that the editor of another Scottish newspaper (of such ability that editors of the leading London journals do not hesitate to appeal to it, or occasionally break a lance with it, as they happen to agree or otherwise) has declared his conviction, that while, as a Presbyterian, he differs, *toto cælo*, from the teaching asserted by Mr. Cheyne, the appellant was entitled, on the evidence before the Court, to an acquittal; and that the result would have been quite different from what it has been, had the case been argued in a civil court; because there the judges would have thought less of what might be their own individual sentiments, and more of the plain legal question before them, which was—not 'Do I personally take this view?' but 'Has it been

'upheld in the main by great divines, so that it may be pronounced tolerable, and not deserving of ecclesiastical pains and penalties?' Our readers will have observed how completely such views of the legal defectiveness of the judgment are endorsed by our contemporary, the *Guardian*, and by the caustic and powerful letter of Archdeacon Churton.

To one more rumour only shall we at present allude. In the October number of the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal* (which is understood to have changed its editor since we last wrote), appeared the following remarks:—

'A report of the trial in the appeals of the Rev. P. Cheyne, from judgments of the Bishop of Aberdeen, will be found in another part of this paper. At present we shall only express our opinion that Mr. Cheyne has been successful in dispelling much of the misapprehension which his sermons excited.

'We regret that the explanations contained in his appeal were not before the Lower Court in some shape, as it seems possible that much of what has resulted from the proceedings there might have been avoided. In any event, we feel sure that the statements now brought forward will form a most important element with the Court of Appeal in coming to a final judgment.'

Misplaced as this confidence appears to have proved, we hear quite enough to convince us that the editor does not stand alone in his opinion respecting Mr. Cheyne's defence. The effect of that most straightforward, dispassionate, learned, and religious document,—so entirely in accordance with its author's whole life and character—must not be hastily judged by immediate and visible results.¹ It is, in popular phrase, *telling* on the mind of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and must inevitably continue to work a great and lasting, even if a slowly perceptible, effect—an effect not to be limited by mere geographical boundaries.

And now to return to the document more immediately under consideration. It seems to us to display so little of the usual ability of its author, that we cannot help imagining that it springs from a divided mind. That mysterious personage known (we believe) in Scotland as the *Panoplist*, a writer deserving all possible respect for learning and piety, avows with a frankness that all must admire, that the patristic teaching might be more properly termed that of a Real Absence than a Real Presence: and we, for our part, agree with him (as does also Dr. Pusey), *if* it can be proved, as he maintains, that the fathers taught the doctrine of equivalence, the virtual theory. Now the Bishop of S. Andrew's is supposed to have been influenced by this divine,

¹ Some of our readers may be glad to know that it is among the very cheapest publications of the day—one shilling for a quarto of fifty-eight pages.

and yet to be unwilling to follow him so far as to avow the phrase of the Real Absence as expressing the mind of the early and undivided Church. Hence, possibly, the confusion and indistinctness of the views set forth in this 'Opinion.'

How others, who have heard less or more than we have respecting the Bishop of S. Andrew's, who have less or more acquaintance with his writings, may feel towards him, we cannot tell. We only know, and shall presently give partial utterance to, the sentiments which we ourselves have been wont to cherish concerning him.

And just because those sentiments are what they are, do we so deeply regret that his honoured name should ever have appeared in conjunction with such assertions, and such arguments, as those which we have been considering. Had this document proceeded from one of no station, character, and authority; or, had its consequences been less tremendous to the appellant and the Church at large, we might gladly have let it rest in silence. But if organs of opinion are permissible in a free country, it would be the saddest dereliction of duty for us to have shrunk from the painful and uncoveted task of examining the grounds whereon Mr. Cheyne's condemnation rests. If any think it worth their while to impugn our reasonings, we trust that we shall be prepared to listen, and, if need be, to reply in a proper spirit. But far rather, if possible, would we part for ever with a document which looks to our poor judgment so deplorable.

For deplorable it surely is, alike in its general aspect and its separate details. Deplorable in its law, as requiring retraction on a point whereon the appellant had been acquitted by the Lower Court; in its logic, as assuming that whatever terms the Church has not distinctly adopted, she has thereby condemned; in its history, as claiming for the year 1662 in England, and even in Scotland, a change of doctrine of which no man ever heard before; in its representations of other men's tenets, as evidenced by the entire course of reasoning on the Eucharistic Sacrifice; in its setting forth of the author's own opinions, replete with novel theories, and disturbing even a position which Hooker (v. 67. § 7) declares to be 'that wherein all agree;' in its tone, as injudiciously reproving one who deserved so far different a treatment; in its conclusion, as apparently sanctioning to the full the merciless sentence of the inferior Court—a sentence that could hardly have been rendered much more severe if the appellant had been wilfully guilty of the most deadly heresy, or of the most scandalous forms of immorality. For the sake of the Church at large, for the sake of those who concurred, but, above all, for the sake of its author,

we would that this document might be buried in oblivion, and our criticism too become valueless and idle, by the disappearance of the pages which have called it forth.

Not such have been the sentiments with which we have been wont to regard the name and fame of him who wrote it. We have heard of him as a marvellous trainer of *Christian boyhood*, and know how some of his *alumni* were, at least in *one* University, oftentimes living witnesses of his influence for all that is good and pure, centres round whom others who were like-minded might gather. We know how the classic student owes to his labours in laying the foundation of all sound scholarship, and how those Latin lectures of his old friend Mr. Keble, on poetry (not yet appreciated as they deserve), received their last touch from his corrective and refining hand. We know how many a rural pastor has derived aid towards the instruction of his flock, especially in preparation for Confirmation, from the use of his excellent *Catechesis*. We remember how, at the price of much worldly obloquy, he set forth so forcibly, and with such deep research, the value of that aid to sinners, which for special cases lies open in private confession, made to God's commissioned servants; and how many a one has been led to that remedy, directly or indirectly, through the influence of his appeal. We have heard how munificently his private fortune has been expended on the college at Glenalmond, and other good works in Scotland; and how he has been the first among the bishops of that land to recognise the cathedral system in his diocese. And though we have never tasted of the waters of that river which the Roman of old hailed as a second Tiber, nor entered the fair city of S. John which stands upon its banks, yet thence too have reports reached our ears of the effectiveness of his discourses from the pulpit; thence have we heard of Presbyterians, unprepared indeed to submit to the crosier, yet compelled to recognise, in him who wields it there, the unmistakable evidence of spiritual life; compelled to acknowledge that he who spake thus to their hearts and consciences must indeed be a godly man.

And how then can we wish to be thus at variance? Sure we are that no one can detest more heartily than the Bishop of S. Andrew's the heresies to which (as we believe) his arguments, if pressed to their conclusions, would lead us. We still find it difficult to suppose that he can have intended to condemn the doctrine of the Real Presence. May not even he, and others, mean something more by a virtual presence in the Eucharist, than that vouchsafed by Christ our Lord in Baptism? May we not yet see cause to believe some, at least, of our opponents better than their language; and they, perhaps, in time learn to think the like of us?

Deeply as we deplore the severity of the punishment which has fallen upon Mr. Cheyne, it is impossible to say what effect on the minds of his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen his deprivation may be permitted to produce. In the contests of earthly powers the *prestige* of a victory is great.

‘ Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
That party conquers in the strife.’

But it is far otherwise in contests for the faith. Confessors do not win, save by what, to the outward sense, looks like defeat. Again and again is it *Athanasius contra mundum*. And yet Athanasius is in truth the *immortal*, and ever in the end prevails.

We are wont to ask ourselves amid such conflicts—Where is sacrifice? where is consistency? There is sacrifice where a bishop, than whom none has laboured more hardly, receives public censure; where a tutor, than whom none is more distinguished and respected, is compelled to resign his charge; where a presbyter, than whom none is more loved and honoured, is deprived of his priestly functions.

There is consistency—not, we grieve to say it, on the side of authority. It is against all our desires and feelings thus to be sending forth continual protests. It is an abnormal state of things, and one deeply to be regretted. But there are times, as just after the Council of Ariminum, or as the epoch of the Reformation, when men seem thrown back for a season upon their individual religious instincts, and non-acquiescence in the teaching of authority may become a duty. The name of Arch-deacon Churton is by no means the only one of the kind in England that has been mentioned to us as virtually countenancing the very course we are here adopting.

For in what, alas! throughout this sad controversy, has the majority of the Episcopal College exhibited consistency? In negations they may have shown it,—in the condemnation of the Bishop of Brechin and of Mr. Cheyne. But how poor a thing is a merely negative creed to live by and to die by!

We really know of only one other point wherein a kind of melancholy consistency may, perhaps, be said to have been preserved. It is—with much sorrow we write it—in appearing to divide the sacred Person of Him who is *ἀδιαιρέτος*, whose two natures are, in the language of the 2nd Article, *integrè et perfectè in unitate Personæ inseparabiliter conjunctæ*. The declaration of the three Bishops, in 1857, appeared to hint at a presence of the humanity of our Lord without his divinity; the Pastoral of May, 1858, evidently taught that it was a less error to believe in the *substantial* presence of Christ’s body and blood

without the presence of his sacred Person, than to hold (with all but a *very* few isolated thinkers) that the presence of Christ's body involved the presence of his entire Person, and to look on the opposite statement as tending (to say the least) towards Nestorianism.

Lastly, in the document we have now reviewed, it is taught that Christ is present in His substance as God, but not present in the substance of His Humanity.

We have a fair right to ask for more consistency, before we resign our own belief. That belief may be indeed for a time oppressed in Scotland. It may seem to lie powerless between unsound argumentation and the influence of terrorism;—but if it be, as we believe, the truth of God, it cannot possibly be extinguished. It will yet arise; it will find its own; it will assert its native majesty; and will triumph for time and for eternity. *Haud semper pendebit inter latrones Christus: RESURGET ALIQUANDO CRUCIFIXA VERITAS.*

APPENDIX.

ON THE ANALOGY OF PHYSICAL CHANGES.

WE have called this a subordinate point, and for this reason—even supposing that it were proved ever so distinctly that things earthly could not *become* something else earthly, without losing their own essence, it could not thence be inferred that such change was impossible, where the substance was confessedly supernatural and immaterial. So to reason is of the very essence of rationalism. It would not hold good, even of the primal union of 'the reasonable soul and flesh.' When at the first 'the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man *became* ' (*ἐγένετο εἰς*, LXX.) a living soul,' his body did not lose its substance nor cease to be what it was before that divine immission. And yet we are justified in asserting that it *became* something very different from what it was previously.

Mr. Rorison supplies the following physical illustration of his position (we give him the full benefit of his own italics and capitals, and a note of admiration at the end):—

¹ A mere Hebraism for the simple *ἐγένετο* with the nominative of more classic Greek. Hebrew has no one verb without a preposition to express the idea.

"Let this acorn *become* a grape" may mean (1), Let it be *turned into* a grape, and so cease to be an acorn; or (2), Let it *stand proxy* for a grape, still remaining an acorn; BUT NOT (3), Let it remain an acorn and have a grape *joined to it*, so that it shall be *acorn and grape in one!*—*Speech*, p. 32, note.

Now this illustration is utterly worthless, unless it be a sample of the working of an *universal* law. If there be a single exception, much more if there be a whole class of exceptions, it will be impossible to argue from it. For who shall presume to say that the instance under contemplation is not similarly exceptionable—similarly, that is, so far as the supernatural may bear resemblance to what is merely natural?

At this point we will lay before our readers a paper which has been permitted to fall in our way. It is not, we need scarcely say, the composition of Mr. Rorison; but it is written, we understand, by one of his brother-Presbyters, now serving in a Scottish diocese.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Axioms.—All comparisons are imperfect. A similitude must not be pressed too far. Illustration must not be taken for argument.

'Take a bar of steel.

'Touch it with a loadstone.

'You do not perceive any change. Examine it with a microscope. Weigh it, measure it; to all appearance it is the same as it was before,—simply, a bar of steel.

'But it is changed: it has *become* a magnet. It does not become a magnet by contact with bodies affected by it. It is not merely a magnet in *virtue, power, and efficacy*. But it is a magnet *verily and indeed*.

'It is not *transubstantiated* into a magnet; for the steel is still steel, and retains all the properties of steel.

'The magnetic virtue (magnetism) exists *in, with, or under* the steel, and is *really present* with it.

'This you perceive by its *effects*.

'It points in the direction of the magnetic current.

'It attracts and repels.

'It imparts its magnetic virtue to other bodies.'

Here is surely a sufficient counter-example (and it is only one of a whole class of like phenomena) to the specimen of physical science and use of language, which the able and ingenious presenter has chosen to set before us. It has this additional advantage, that, whereas we do not commonly attempt to turn acorns into grapes, or accept them as proxies for the grapes, the magnetization of steel is no unusual process. When we say, 'Let this steel *become* a magnet,' we do *not* mean, (1) 'Let it cease to be steel;' nor (2) 'Let it *stand proxy* for a magnet;' but we mean (3), 'Let it become *really, truly, and essentially* a magnet without ceasing to be steel: let it be *magnet and steel*

in one.' (The illustration is of course only so far good as it implies a reference to co-existence and effect, and must not be taken to countenance the theory which has been termed consubstantiation.

It is not *we* who have been the first in this controversy to appeal to the things of earth. But since they have been again brought before us, let us have leave to remind our readers of a few of those terrestrial mysteries which are most difficult to accept, and yet impossible to refute. As for those who take no heed of such difficulties, what marvel if they stumble at the supernatural mysteries of Christ's kingdom? 'If I have told you 'earthly things, and ye believe not; how shall ye believe if 'I tell you of heavenly things?'

We ventured to assert in our last Number, that both the doctrine of atoms and the opposite doctrine of the infinite divisibility of matter are equally repugnant to common sense. It is with pleasure that we find ourselves supported in this assertion by the high authority of one of the first metaphysicians of the day, Mr. Mansel.¹

It is likewise very remarkable, that the wonderful progress of physical science has in many respects only served to deepen the sense of their own ignorance entertained by the greatest philosophers, and intensify the degree of mystery thrown around the workings of nature. It was one of the sanguine dreams of Lord Bacon, that by prosecuting researches according to the inductive method, we should arrive at the knowledge of the essences of the powers and qualities residing in bodies. 'The fact, however, is,' says a philosopher who wrote in the early part of the present century, Playfair, 'that in as far as science has been advanced, *no one essence has been discovered*, either as to matter 'in general, or as to any of its more extensive modifications.' Mr. Hallam, who quoted these words, many years since, in his 'Literature of Europe' (vol. iii. chap. 3), appeared to think Playfair too despondent. But a recent writer of European celebrity, confessedly one of the most ingenious of explorers into the mysteries of nature, declines even to enter upon 'the metaphysical inquiry as to the constitution of matter,' regarding it as 'a question which probably human appliances will never answer.'²

We may mention, as a corresponding mystery in another department of science, the extreme difficulty that medical men

¹ Although our Number was published before the appearance of that gentleman's Bampton Lectures for 1858, yet his enunciation of this *dictum* from the pulpit must have been prior. His language (p. 138) is so similar that we can only trust to our readers' acceptance of our assurance that we were wholly unconscious that such statements had issued from the University pulpit.

² Grove on the Correlation of Physical Forces, p. 136 (3rd edit.)

admit in drawing anything like a clear line of demarcation between the mere effects of the nervous system and that which is due to intellect and will. The progress of that science appears to be equally unable even to approximate to any solution of the question so much agitated in the middle ages, viz. whether the soul of man was an emanation from his father's soul or imparted by a fresh act of creation; the two theories known respectively as Traducianism and Creationism.

Nor has mental science any cause to boast of a superiority over physical science. Mr. Mansel's 'Bampton Lectures' are a perfect mine of the difficulties which meet us at every turn in the paths of metaphysical inquiries; difficulties which cannot be evaded and must be allowed to exist, even by those who are not prepared to assent to the conclusions which the eloquent lecturer has with so much acuteness and in so reverent a temper drawn from them.

On the whole case, we submit to our readers that it is not wise, not philosophic (even supposing it were pious), to reject the ancient saints and doctors on the ground that it involves a mystery, or appears repugnant to, at the first hasty glance, the promptings of common sense. 'For who is there,' said S. Gregory of Nyssa, in the *fourth* century (and the *nineteenth* can but re-echo his words)—'who is there who has learnt to comprehend 'his own individual soul? who has made out its substance? Is 'it material or immaterial? purely incorporeal or with something 'of bodily semblance? how does it originate? how is it com-mingled? whence is it introduced? how is it separated? what 'is that which links, and mediates between, it and the nature 'of the body? . . . and when one has taken away from the 'body its colour, form, power of resistance, weight, size, localism, 'movement active and passive, relation (each of these things 'being not in itself a body, but yet all of them concerned with 'the body), what remains to which we can apply the definition 'of body? Neither by itself can we perceive it, nor have we 'learnt it from the Scripture: and *he that is ignorant of his own 'nature, how can he fully understand aught of those things that are 'above him?*'¹ In the words of our departed Laureate:—

'Desire we past illusions to recall?
To re-instate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths, whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,

¹ Op. Paris, 1615, vol. ii. p. 321, cited in the original Greek by Mansel, Bampton Lect. (Notes, pp. 266, 367.)

*Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress towards the fount of Love.'*

Postscript.—We have received letters from the Right Reverend the Bishop of Glasgow, complaining of certain expressions which occur in our last article on *Ecclesiastical Affairs in Scotland*, as calculated to injure his character. These expressions occur in p. 451: 'entices,' 'a College tutor,' &c.; and p. 455, 'the garbled contents of a letter,' &c.

We are, therefore, anxious to state,—*Firstly*, That we never intended by the word 'entices' to insinuate that the Bishop of Glasgow had designedly laid a trap for Mr. Bright: that we greatly regret having employed an ill-chosen expression, which may have seemed calculated to suggest such a meaning. What we do mean is, that the Bishop's letter had (however undesignedly) the effect of inducing Mr. Bright to make an avowal in a private letter which, we assume, he would not have made could he have foreseen that it would become the basis of an official act.¹

Secondly, That we accept at once the Bishop of Glasgow's assertion, that the exact mode of tearing the letter was a mere accident. Indeed, when we wrote the word 'garbled' we were thinking less of any intention on the part of the Bishop, than on the simple fact that the Primus did receive what is ordinarily termed a *garbled* extract, i.e. a communication shorn, however accidentally, of what the writer of the letter thought an important piece of context, and which (whether it would have affected the mind of the Primus or not) would certainly have had much weight with a large portion of the public.

Lastly, It will, we trust, be remembered that these two words occur accidentally in an article of forty pages. Without reopening, in this place, the question between the Bishop of Glasgow and Mr. Bright, we must declare very solemnly that we never intended to injure the Bishop of Glasgow's character; that we are unconscious of cherishing any unchristian feeling towards his lordship, and that we are always ready to express our full recognition of his many claims to respect by character as well as office.

It is right to add, that it is only since the above was written, that Mr. Bright's recent *Statement of Facts* has reached us.

¹ 'That inasmuch as the present Theological Professor, the Rev. W. Bright, has avowed his agreement with the doctrines contained in an essay on Eucharistical Adoration, lately published by Rev. J. Keble: due notice to be given to the said Rev. W. Bright, that his appointment is rescinded by the Bishops.'—[*Resolution by the Bishop of Glasgow to be moved at the Episcopal Synod, May 27th.*]

ART. VII.—1. *The Ordinance of Confession.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. London: Masters. 1857.

2. *An Essay on Confession, Penance, and Absolution.* By [Bishop] LAURENCE. Edited by the Rev. W. GRESLEY. London: Masters.

3. *Tractatus de Sacramento Pœnitentiæ in usum Seminarii Mechliniensis.* Mechliniæ: Dierickz-Beke. 1857.

It is impossible to commence an article on *the* subject of the day without a deep sense of the responsibility which attaches itself to our task. The question is, beyond all others, surrounded with difficulty. It brings us into contact with those who make the outcry against the Confessional their pretence in a crusade against all earnest religion:—with those who see in it only the means by which they may acquire increased popularity as mere Protestant agitators:—with those, and they are many, who, earnestly religious themselves, tremble at what they regard as an unauthorized interference with God's one vicegerent, Conscience, and an unhallowed intermeddling with family relations, themselves of divine authority:—with those, finally, who behold in the whole system a wretched Anglican imitation of a Roman sacrament, a sham which exposes, beyond anything else, the utter hollowness and unreality of the Establishment. In how large a proportion of English households is the subject of confession at this very moment a cause of discord and misery;—or a Camarina which children and parents instinctively feel must remain unmoved! Again, what endless *views* find their different exponents in every newspaper and periodical! what countless meetings contribute their quota of folly, scurrility, and passion to the general torrent! Most gladly would we avoid all allusion to a question so fraught with difficulty, did we not feel that the readers of the *Christian Remembrancer*, no less in America than in England, have a right to our opinion on a matter of the deepest theological interest. We will endeavour to express that opinion in such a way as may give the least possible offence: endeavouring to throw ourselves, as far as we can, into the various points of view which the opponents of confession take, and only too thankful if we can remove any objections to that which it ought to be, and point out some not unimportant modifications of that which it is.

Now, the first thing that must be patent to those who look

calmly at the present agitation is this:—that it is an awful struggle between the principle of goodness on the one side, mixed up with however much of infirmity, shortcoming, folly, or occasional sin;—and that of evil on the other, however much it may at the outset attract to itself real earnestness and unmistakable piety. What we mean is this: that confession is, as far as the mere consideration of the term goes, an attempt to grapple with sin. It is an appeal for religion against the world. And so even bystanders view Confession: that it really does succeed in combatting sin, let Mr. Thackeray, whose testimony we relegate to a footnote,¹ be a sufficient witness. About one hundred years ago England was rent, if not to the same, at least in a very similar, degree by the great contest between vital religion, under whatever form,—Evangelicalism, Wesleyanism, and the like—and worldliness, whether under the appearance of High Church apathy, of the old squirearchy, or of downright sensuality. Men like Venn, Cadogan, Walker of Truro, Simeon, Newton, Scott, preached the necessity of repentance to the forgiveness of sins—preached it with many a blunder, in conjunction with much that was mistaken, but preached it at the peril of their reputation, their property, sometimes of their life itself. They preached it, whether the world would hear, or whether it would refuse; and in the end, the truth that was in them made itself heard. They preached it when they could reckon up 'Evangelical' ministers by units;—they continued till those ministers were numbered by thousands.

The comparison is a rough one, but there is a sufficient resemblance in it. Religion now, as John Bunyan says, walks in her silver slippers: the world has, after a sort, become religious: people talk about faith and repentance, subscribe to religious societies, thank God for the spread of true Gospel truth, leave tracts in their districts, while all beneath is as hollow and unreal as the apples of Sodom. And herein is the worldliness of the nineteenth, worse than that of the eighteenth, century. That was not ashamed to seem what it was,—worldly to the backbone: its favourite text, 'Be not righteous overmuch:' objecting to religion because it was religion: condemning it because those that were of the earth ought to be earthly. Modern worldliness takes its *stand-point*, as the Germans would say, on religion: it proclaims itself

¹ 'In the midst of their gaiety, it must be remembered that the Irish are the chastest of women. . . . One has but to walk through an English and Irish town, and see how much superior is the morality of the latter. That great terror-striker, THE CONFESSOR, is before the Irish girl, and sooner or later her sins must be told there.'—*Irish Sketch-Book*, vol. i. pp. 112, 224.

Protestant, and its opponents are Popish: professes itself the champion of faith, and them clinging to dead works. A religious, self-deceiving worldliness—ten times as dangerous, because ten times as disguised, as the other.

England awakes from a religious sleep,—and what does she find? She finds, on the one hand, her huge manufacturing towns, her iron-producing counties, her cotton-marts, her metropolis itself, so far as its poor are concerned, in a state of neglect and practical heathenism which professing Christianity never previously knew. On the other hand, she finds, but more especially in her middle and upper-middle classes, a panting and yearning after a life holier than that of average Christians, such as she has never seen, to take it at the least, since the Wars of the Roses. And she finds, in consequence of two such opposing influences, a need expressed, a cry raised, for Confession.

We build churches, we map out districts, we multiply services, but still we cannot reach the soul: we do not, or we only rarely, convert souls. We want to get at the poor, and we find the rich; we want to stop the huge scum of wickedness that seethes up to heaven, the drunkenness, the blasphemy, the wife-beating, the infidelity,—above all the 'great social evil,'—and all our churches and all our clergy seem, on the old system, to bring us very little nearer to the goal. No! we must have something which will put the soul of the pastor in real, naked contact with that of the sinner, which will enable him to say, 'You *have* done all this,—but there is pardon; you *are* tempted in such and such a way, but there is strength;' and we come to Confession. Again, on the other hand: there are those who have been endeavouring for years to lead the life of the righteous, to deny themselves, to become more and more holy, till they find every sin a serious burden, till they cannot rest until every possible means has been resorted to to remove its guilt and its taint. And so we come to Confession again.

Meanwhile, what does the world say to all this?

Arrive in a provincial town on a dark, rainy, bitter November evening, and as you rattle along the High Street in the omnibus that carries you from the station, you see the town-hall blazing with gas, every dead wall placarded with papers, every shop window alive with bills: 'The Confessional' pinned on to the sheep hanging in the butcher's shop. 'Awful Disclosures!' glaring at you from among the grocer's figs: 'Petition to the Queen' lighted up by the many-coloured jars of a chemist's window:—the whole an announcement that a grand demonstration against the Confessional is to take place that evening in the town-hall. If you were to enter, what would you hear?

You would hear, perhaps, some vague attempt to prove that

the spirit of the Church of England is opposed to this practice—at all events, which is of much greater importance, that the spirit of the nineteenth century is: you would hear much about the necessity of adapting the Prayer-book—very good for the glimmer of a semi-reformation from Papal darkness—to the present wants of the British lion: you would hear, perhaps, a greater amount of nonsense talked than you could easily, elsewhere, cram into an equal space of time: you would be amused with the stupendous folly of the Colonel Vereker or Paul Foskett of the hour; at such addresses and arguments as those of which we are about presently to produce specimens; and if that were all, it would indeed be so far well. But what is it that crams the body of the room and the galleries with so large a proportion of young men?—of exactly that class which it is usually so difficult—rather say, so impossible—to bring to any ‘religious’ meeting? Because, in the placard, there is a notice, ‘The character of the disclosures will be such, that ladies cannot be invited to attend.’ Because they know that a tissue of filth and obscenity will be read, which could not be matched even in Holywell-street; because, without fear of blame or loss of character, nay, with the approbation of every staunch Protestant, visitors will be allowed, for two or three hours, to wallow to their filthy hearts’ delight in obscenity. Yes, ministers of religion, of that ‘religion which is first pure,’ are not ashamed to read and to dwell on the most degrading extracts, the most infamous questions and answers,—though scarcely ignorant that they have absolutely been sowing the seeds of impurity that night, in the heart of many a lad, at the very time of life when it will take root with rank precipitancy, and from that very evening bear bitter and at last fatal fruits.¹

What would the spirits of Venn, and Walker, and Grimshawe say, could they behold their degenerate successors actually alluring men, at the very time of life when their passions are most vigorous, when their curiosity is most active, to taste of the poisoned cup; when—as if the Casinos, the Cider Cellars, the Cremornes were not attractive and destructive enough—clergymen turn the platform into Satan’s pulpit, and mingle the Word of God with the seductions, in their grossest form, of Belial! What would be said, what would be thought, of a public lecturer who should thus extract passages from the writings of physicians? who should investigate their accounts of the most loathsome and humiliating diseases to which poor mortality is subject,—and on this description found a charge against their

¹ This is no ideal picture. Those who had the unutterable misfortune to hear the speech delivered by Mr. Hatchard of Plymouth after the investigation into Mr. Prynne’s case a few years ago, will not think that we speak too strongly.

moral character! We very much doubt whether the law would not take hold of so vile an offender against morality. And where is the difference between the two cases? It is a known fact that the authors of some of the works thus intruded on the inflamed and gloating imaginations of unbridled youth, never took pen in hand for their composition without some such safeguard to their own fancy, as a painful application, such as blister, or mustard-plaster, to the head or feet. They knew that mental, as well as bodily, diseases require a cure; but they knew the danger of meddling with that cure;—and they shielded themselves from it. Their calumniators spread wholesale among the mob topics which *they* would not approach without prayer and self-discipline.

Were it not for the enormous wickedness of the system, and for the consideration of the multitudes whose moral sense is grievously injured by it,—what more absurd can there be than the speech—it is always the same—at such a meeting? What is the end and aim for which the meeting is called? A petition to urge the Queen to put down the system of confession? Did these men ever ask themselves how this is to be accomplished? Did they ever realize what kind of law that would be which should have the effect they wish? The most aristocratic despot on earth,—the most cruel inquisition,—never devised a process of half such tyrannical minuteness. A priest is not, under most grievous penalties—Dr. McNeile once said *death*—to receive a confession. What do you mean by a confession? A general one? That would be the most tangible thing; but, as the crime is one of which two people only can be conscious, how is it to be found out? Is it to be a case of grave suspicion when a clergyman pays a visit of an hour and a half or two hours, on business, to any member of his flock? Must a lady or gentleman whom he thus honours take care to have an ear-witness all the time?—Or, if you mean anything beyond a general confession, what do you mean? How can you have a statute which shall not embrace such confession of a past fault as is heard over and over again in ordinary conversation? Will any of our excellent vestrymen try their hands at it? We should like to see what kind of thing we are really threatened with by those worthy gentlemen to whom the proposition of drinking fountains and auricular confession seem equally obnoxious—who appear to have an equal horror of moral and physical purity?

But it is time to put on record a few selections from the mass of the united wisdom of Vestrydom. These guardians of public liberties,—can they not see that it is they who are attacking, it is we who are defending, the ‘liberty of the laity’? After all

their tirades against the compulsory confession of Rome, is it a whit more tyrannical to say, 'You shall confess whether you wish it or not?' than to say, 'You shall not confess if you wish it?' And Rome, at least, employs nothing but spiritual censures to attain her end. Vestrydom would use fine, loss of property, bars and bolts, ay—and never let us forget it—death itself.

We can have no hesitation on whom we should bestow the prize of falsehood and folly. Mr. Westerton did wonders: Colonel Vereker was amazing: Mr. Harper soared far beyond the regions of ordinary nonsense: Lord Shaftesbury was—himself: the vestrymen of St. Martin's Hall were overpowering; but they must each and all bow to a superior genius. The force of folly is surely exhausted. For, paradox though it may seem, your complete, positive, essential fool—your fool and nothing else—cannot attain such sublimity in his own craft as your half-brilliant speaker, your half-taught scholar, your half-eloquent demagogue. Let any one read Dr. McNeile's speech in the Amphitheatre at Liverpool,—not the first Amphitheatre which has re-echoed to the shouts of persecution—and we think he will agree in our verdict. In that oration Folly culminated, and Falsehood put on the garb of Piety with a nonchalance that shows the hand of a master.

Dr. McNeile was asked to take the chair at a grand Protestant demonstration.

'The deputation that waited upon me did me the honour to say they would not consent to hold the meeting unless I would promise to be in the chair, and I understood that to mean that they wanted me to make a speech; and when I promised to come to the meeting I felt that I was thereby pledged to do something more than take the chair. I have now done that something more, and now I will take the chair.'

He did indeed 'do something more.' Poor Dr. Blakeney and poor Mr. Lane had to squeeze their eloquence into a short compass; while still more unfortunate Dr. Taylor had to be put off with the promise of being heard on Queen Elizabeth's day, when Dr. McNeile would come down from London by a late train, and 'take the chair' again—an announcement not very gratifying, we should think, to the speaker-designate.

Well; this *was* a meeting. Upwards of 2,000 persons were present; many wearing 'orange scarfs.' 'The occasion on which they were assembled was no ordinary one, but one of great solemnity,' as the chairman observed. Wherefore he and the principal speakers were received with 'Kentish fire,'—which ended, prayer began. Kentish fire, orange scarfs, and prayer; 'for the object was calmly to reason and instruct, not to provoke or retaliate.' And Dr. McNeile evidently thought that his arguments were unanswerable.

'All I have now to do is to request that you will be on your watch, and see whether these arguments will be answered or not, or whether they will be evaded, and garbled statements from our standard writers circulated in tracts to deceive the people, instead of arguments like these being honestly and fairly grappled with.'

In another speech, at Brighton, he left the same message, 'with his compliments to Mr. Gresley and Mr. Richards.' Nothing, by the way, shows the debasing effect of such meetings more than the fact that balderdash like this—'My compliments to Mr. Richards and Mr. Gresley'—should be taken for easy humour.

But the speaker was right in one thing. Seriously to grapple with Dr. McNeile's argument is impossible; had it been introduced into the 'Warden of Berkingholt,' or any similar tale, people would have said, 'Come, come, this caricature is a little too strong. An idiot would hardly talk so!' Very true, but a popular speaker may and does; *ecce signum* :—

'I now proceed to the service for the Visitation of the Sick. And here, at the outset, I invite attention to another fact, a simple but important and stubborn fact. It is this. If the minister and sick person be alone in the room without any third party, the service cannot be used. Why so? Because a part of the service belongs neither to the minister nor to the sick person. I refer to the responses in the versicles which follow the Lord's Prayer—

Minister.—O Lord, save Thy servant.

Answer.—Who putteth his (or her) trust in Thee.

Minister.—Send him help from Thy holy place.

Answer.—And evermore mightily defend him.

I need quote no more. I ask, who is to give these answers? Not the minister. They are answers *to* the minister. Not the sick person. They are prayers *for* the sick person, by some other who speaks of him or her. The answer is not constructed for the sick person, himself or herself, to say *my* or *me*, but for some third person or persons, who say *him* or *her*. If, then, any minister in the room alone, without any third person, go on with this service, he is guilty of a gross violation of Church order; he is in a state of practical revolt against the Prayer-book as it is. Let this be noted. Let this be sent to any clergyman who uses this service in a sick room *tête-à-tête* with a sick person. Let us have our answer to this before we are twitted with the rubric and Prayer-book *as it is*. The Prayer-book as it is prohibits auricular confession in a sick room. Its service for the sick room is so constructed that it cannot be used unless there is at least one other person in the room besides the sick person and the minister. If it be argued that the versicles in the service might be used by the sick person, though they speak *of him* as by a third person, we answer, doubtless, anything, however absurd and ungrammatical, *might* be said. But the question is, not what an absurd sick person might say, but what our Church designed. And this is made sufficiently plain by her use of similar versicles in other services. In the Churching of Women the very same versicles occur :

Minister.—O Lord, save Thy servant.

Answer.—Who putteth her trust in Thee.

Minister.—Send her help from Thy holy place.

Answer.—And evermore mightily defend her.

In the Marriage Service they occur—

Minister.—O Lord, bless these Thy servants.

Answer.—Who put their trust in Thee.

Minister.—Send them help from Thy holy place.

Answer.—And evermore mightily defend them.

In these services the use of these responses by third parties is undeniable. If, then, the Church had contemplated a different (*i. e.* a private) use in the Visitation of the Sick, we have reason to conclude she would have adopted a different phraseology. And by parity of reasoning, conversely, as she has not adopted a different phraseology, we have reason to conclude that she did not contemplate a different (*i. e.* a private) use. Whatever, therefore, may be the meaning of what follows in this service, there is no place in it for auricular confession, because there is no place in it for secrecy.

Poor, poor Dr. M'Neile! But surely the patience of a Protestant meeting is unbounded! By the same rule, any one who uses the Lord's Prayer in private 'is in a practical state of revolt against the Bible as it is.' How dares he say, *Our Father?*—how dares he ask, *Give us?*—*forgive us?* Or, to come nearer the mark; were our lecturer requested to celebrate the Holy Communion for a soldier, ill in his tent, or dying on the field of battle, he would be forced to say, 'No: I should be in a state of practical revolt against the Prayer-book, if I did. Don't you know that the service begins, 'Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it?' Again we say, Poor, poor Dr. M'Neile!

But we are not going to let him off this notable illustration; because, curiously enough, it convicts him of ignorance and untruth in about equal degrees. The man came down to lecture on Confession; and by that very profession assumed, at least, to know something about it. He manifestly thinks that secrecy is of the essence of Confession. Thinks so? He says so. For observe; he gives a definition of auricular confession,—and expressly makes secrecy a part of it.

'By auricular confession is meant confession of sin by some individual, male or female, into the ear of a priest, no third person being within hearing at the time. *This is essential to it.* It is secret, and the seal of the secrecy is inviolable. Without this it would be powerless. It would lose all its mysterious solemnity.'

If Dr. M'Neile had ever looked into any systematic treatise on Confession, he would have found some such chapter as—*Quinam obligantur sigillo sacramentali*—'who are bound by the sacramental seal' (it is better, in arguing with the Verekers and M'Neiles of the day, to translate a Latin quotation). And one of the answers is, 'Illis coram quibus confessio facta est propter necessitatem, e.g. in incendio, naufragio,' &c. 'They, in whose presence the confession is necessarily made; as for example, in a fire or a shipwreck.'

Now, then, Dr. M'Neile, is secrecy 'ESSENTIAL TO' confession,

or not? How then, in the name of common honesty,—in the name of ordinary fair dealing,—did you venture to tell those two thousand people what you must have known to be untrue?

‘But I did not know it.’

How, then, did you pretend to have the slightest understanding of the first principles of the subject about which you have been teaching for years,—on which you have been giving yourself out as an authority? What can be his ideas of honesty, who, with ignorance so gross, so crass, so bold, can profess to teach?

What then? Did the Church of England really mean that this confession was to be before bystanders? That it *may* be so, never can be questioned; and how often one has heard the broken voice of the poor penitent (especially to a wife), ‘Don’t go; I should like you to know all.’ But, were the case as our lecturer says, we should conclude that, in an Office formed completely on the model of the ancient services, it was taken for granted, as it is by them, that the desire of the sick man—if it were his desire—would be attended to, and he himself, during that particular part of the service, left alone with the priest.

But, oddly enough, this very objection of Dr. McNeile’s does seem to have occurred to the compilers of the Office—and *they obviated it*. We can hardly believe that, if the objection struck him, he could have failed to see how it was removed. Did he ever observe the rubric, ‘*These words before rehearsed may be said before the minister begins his prayer, as he shall see cause*’? *Before he begins his prayer*—what does that mean? Before the service commences at all; it can have no other signification. What *words before rehearsed*? The examination which precedes, and is in fact the foundation of, the confession. So, if we are to be as strict rubricians as Dr. McNeile has now become, we have here an especial rubric on behalf of ‘auricular confession.’

It was no further worth while to enter into this subject than as it served to expose the lecturer; which we think it has done pretty thoroughly. But we have not quite ended with him yet. The next passage we shall quote exhibits, we think, a more stupendous mare’s-nest than even the last. He is commenting on the invitation before the Holy Communion, and thus he writes:—

‘Let him open his grief, “that by the ministry of God’s Holy Word”—by the Scriptures which apply to his case, wisely and discreetly brought before him—“he may receive the benefit of absolution;” the benefit of having God’s truth openly declared and pronounced to him.’

Well, we live and learn. So *absolution means the having God’s*

truth openly declared and pronounced. How the long-headed Dissenter must chuckle, how an earnest 'Evangelical' must writhe and blush! It is rather funny, by-the-bye, that a man should go *privately* to his priest, in order that God's word may be *openly* pronounced to him.

'That I have here put the true and just interpretation on this passage of our Prayer-book is proved by comparing it, as it now stands, with what it was in the Prayer-book of 1549. There it stood thus—"And if there be any of you whose conscience is troubled and grieved in anything, lacking comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned priest, taught in the law of God, and confess and open his sin and grief secretly, that he may receive such ghostly counsel, advice, and comfort, that his conscience may be relieved, and that of us (as of the ministers of God and the Church) he may receive comfort and absolution, to the satisfaction of his mind, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness." In our present Prayer-book there is no mention in this place of either sin or secrecy. These important words are omitted; and the absolution is ascribed, not to the authority of the priest, but to the ministry of God's holy word. Let this be noted and accounted for by those who charge our Reformers with having retained auricular confession in the Church. What I have called attention to is a fact—not an opinion—a fact attested by a comparison of the two books—the book of 1549, and the book as we now have it of 1661—a fact which proves the careful exclusion from our present Prayer-book of this portion of our mediæval corruption. While our church was in a state of transition, struggling through clouds, and still within the penumbral shade of the papacy, &c. &c. &c.

Why, the change is of no importance one way or the other. Put the two passages side by side, and the words *secretly*, and *of us, as of the ministers of God and the Church*, are the only words omitted. But *secretly* is the *bête noire* of Dr. McNeile: or who in his senses would not see that the privacy is as much implied in the present, as in Edward's, Prayer-book?

There is a change, indeed, a momentous change, in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, to which our lecturer dared not refer; but to which we shall have occasion to recur again. Why was 'here shall the sick person make a special confession' changed into 'here shall the sick man be moved to make a special confession?' Will Dr. McNeile, the next time he mounts the platform, dilate on *this* difference between the Prayer-books of 1549 and 1661? He could not but be aware of this change; and yet with such a *suppressio veri* as to be the most detestable of untruths, he palters with a verbal change which has clearly no meaning, and to remove which no 'Tractarian' would take the trouble of raising his hand, could it be so brought to pass.

The most amusing, however, of the many periodicals which have started up to the attack of confession, and which dilates most freely about S. Barnabas, Boyne Hill, Lavington, and the like, is one called *The Constitution*. This is published in *Agar-*

street—and one Harper appears the presiding genius; and it contains, therefore, accounts of the various meetings which this person has addressed. One of his favourite devices appears to be to challenge some hard-working parish priest, like Mr. Liddell, to a public discussion, and then to utter a jubilation of victory when the challenge is passed over in silence. These Protestant meetings remind one of the old French epigram:—

‘Le coq Français est le coq de la gloire;
Par les défaites il n’est pas rabattu;
Il chante fort, quand il gagne la victoire:
Plus fort encore, quand il est bien battu.’

Senex, writing to *The Constitution* to know what its motto, ‘*This Protestant Kingdom*,’ means, receives the following naïve answer:—

¶ ‘We had always fancied that the readers of the *Constitution* could be at no loss to perceive that our principles are very tangible. In this place we cannot explain them at length, but we may observe that this is a Protestant kingdom; the Sovereign is the Temporal Head of the Established Church; that Romish and Puseyite influences have damaged both Church and State, and that we seek the purification of both.’

The most amusing thing in *The Constitution* is a draft of an Act of Parliament seriously propounded for putting down ‘Puseyism.’

It is very clear that the opponents of confession are divided into two great parties: those who acknowledge that it is, to say the very least, allowed—under certain cases, enjoined—by the English Church; and that, therefore, the English Church must be reformed: and those who, like Dr. M’Neile, our friend Harper, and others, deny that it is to be found in the Prayer-book, and attribute nothing worse to the latter than a few ‘lipping expressions.’ We need not say with which party we sympathise: however much we may be amused with the advice of the vestryman at S. Martin’s, who thought that it needed ‘only’ one small change to make everything right: the obliging every candidate for ordination to make the simple declaration on oath, that he did not believe ‘in Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence, or the Power of the Keys.’ To be sure, such a declaration would very much simplify matters. Long ago, with regard to the Visitation of the Sick, Dr. Holloway, a light of those times, wrote, in a letter to the late Bishop of London:—

‘The standard-bearer will here be cumbered with his colours, and the Church made to assume a character, neither designed by the Articles, nor portrayed in the Liturgy: for by this the minister is sent with power to absolve the people from their sins. The form of absolution runs thus:—“And by His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins.” And suppose the sick man, in the fear of approaching dissolution, were to ask, “By what authority doest thou these things?—and who gave thee that authority?”—this would be rather an awkward situation. What is his apology or defence? Will he find his answer in the Word of God?

or in the Articles? or in the Liturgical services? or anywhere else in the Prayer-book? In vain would he look. Here, then, is a predicament: here we are, all of us, my lord, one with another,—if these offices be the standard of the Church—here we are, one and all, High Church, Low Church, all floored together.'

A gloss, however, of these solemn words has been discovered, and we are told on authority that the meaning of the words, '*I absolve thee from all thy sins,*' as applied to the sick man, is 'the consolation of hearing from his pastor's mouth, before he dies, that God of his great mercy in Jesus Christ is ready to pardon him.'

Those who take the view of Dr. McNeile and his followers prove, clearly enough, that no possible formula can express a truth so strongly that it will not want re-stating, amplifying, iterating, under different expressions in the lapse of ages. Let us calmly look at the facts as they stand.

We know that, at the period of the Reformation, auricular confession was compulsory once a year, and necessary at every reception of the Holy Communion.

We know that, in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., while the Church carefully laid down the maxim that auricular confession was not to be compulsory, it was left free to any man; it was rather recommended than not, and a form was provided for it.

We know that, between that epoch and the last revision of the Prayer-book, while several changes had been made, the only one of importance substituted, on the occasion of illness, an exhortation to confession, instead of leaving it as before to the sick man's entire option.

We know that the present state of things is this:—

a. At Ordination, the Power of the Keys is given to the Priest in as full a manner as it ever was, or ever could be, bestowed. 'Whose sins thou dost forgive,' &c.

β. That, before any celebration of the Holy Communion, those who decline to receive are invited, 'if they cannot quiet their own mind,' to receive absolution.

γ. That every dying man is to be 'moved' to confession.

Further, we know that for the century and a half succeeding the Reformation, auricular confession is upheld as in many cases useful and salutary by nearly all 'the great Anglican divines': that it was boldly complained of by the Puritans: that there was never the slightest disposition to modify its practice: that a canon stipulated expressly for the inviolability of its seal: that, as matter of history, Laud was appointed confessor to the Duke of Buckingham as formally as a clergyman might be appointed domestic chaplain to a nobleman now-a-days: and that the only difference acknowledged by English divines

between English and Roman confession lay in the one question of compulsion. Further, we know that, even in the eighteenth century, a deathbed confession was, by worldly men, simply looked at as a thing *comme il faut*: Henry Fielding is ample witness to this.

But this is not all. The 19th canon of the Irish Church, enacted in 1634, re-enacted in 1711, is as decisive as any avowment can well be. Observe:—it not only allows confession,—it not only recommends it to the sick,—but it commands the priest to press it on the consciences of his parishioners before every celebration. This most important document has certainly not received the attention it merits; and we recommend it to the especial attention of Agar-street,—the rather that the Irish Church and the Irish Clergy are objects of the especial sympathy of our Protestant friends. In 1634, the Archbishops were: the primate, Ussher; Dublin, Bulkeley; Cashel, Hamilton; Tuam, Barlow. Thus Ussher, the great ‘Protestant’ champion, was actually at the head of the Irish Church when this stringent canon was passed. In 1711, the Archbishops were: the primate, Marsh; Dublin, King; Cashel, Palliser; Tuam, Singe.

‘Whereas every lay person is bound to receive the Holy Communion thrice every year, and many notwithstanding do not receive that sacrament once a year: we do require every minister to give warning to his parishioners publicly in the church at Morning Prayer the Sunday before every time of his administering the Holy Sacrament, for the better preparation of themselves. Which said warning we enjoin the said parishioners to accept and obey under the penalty and danger of the law. And the minister of every parish, and in cathedral and collegiate churches some principal minister of the church, shall the afternoon before the administration give warning, by the tolling of the bell or otherwise, to the intent that if any have scruple of conscience, or desire the special ministry of reconciliation, he may afford it to those who need it. And to this end the people are often to be exhorted to enter into a special examination of the state of their own souls; and that finding themselves either extreme dull or much troubled in mind, they do resort unto God’s ministers, to receive from them as well advice and counsel for the quickening of their dead hearts and the subduing of those corruptions whereunto they have been subject, as the benefit of absolution likewise by the Power of the Keys which Christ hath committed to His ministers for that purpose.’—*Canon XIX.*

Now we freely confess that we do not exactly understand—and we could never find any one who could explain to us—the meaning of the Parliamentary phrase, ‘The United Church of England and Ireland.’ But it can scarcely mean less than this: that what is enjoined by the one, is not forbidden by the other Church. Now see what it is that the Irish Church recommends. She recommends confession to those who are ‘*either* extreme dull, *or* much troubled in mind.’ The only persons, then, whom she would exempt from this duty are they who have so exactly attained the *via media*, as neither to be too much cast down nor

too little affected: neither inclined to despair, nor to presumption: neither despising the chastening of the Lord, nor fainting when rebuked of Him. Undoubtedly, there are some such persons. But who would think better of a man's state before God for believing that he was one of them? No; the sweep of this net is as wide as it well can be. Are you troubled with no especial grief for past sins?—You *may be* 'extreme dull.' Are you weighed down with secret sorrow?—You certainly *are* 'much troubled in mind.' In either case, you are exhorted to confess.

And notice another fact. The change, as we have seen, in the phraseology of the Communion exhortation, has given much subject of argument to our friends. It *was*,—'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned priest, taught in the law of God, and confess and open his sin and grief secretly, that he may receive such ghostly counsel, advice, and comfort, that his conscience may be relieved, and that of us, as of the ministers of God and of the Church, he may receive comfort and absolution to the satisfaction of his mind,' &c. It *is*,—'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, that he may receive such ghostly counsel, advice, and comfort, as his conscience may be relieved, and that by the ministry of God's Word he may receive comfort and the benefit of absolution.'

Here, say they, the case is plain. Absolution means—not that formula of the remission of sins which you have usually considered it to signify—but (as Dr. M'Neile tells us) 'the having God's Word openly declared and pronounced.' Well, then; here, in this Irish canon, there is not a word about 'the ministry of God's Word.' No: it is 'the benefit of absolution, by the power of the keys.' Which also disposes of a smaller mare's-nest, the discovery of Harper. In the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. the penitent was invited to receive absolution; in our present exhortation he is called to partake the *benefit of absolution*: that is, the true 'declaration' of God's forgiveness, instead of the 'human remission used in the times of ignorance.' This Irish canon cuts away that ground; uniting the phrase, 'the benefit of absolution,' with the most ecclesiastical phraseology in regard to the power of the keys.

These various documents can hardly be regarded as less than a set of bulwarks erected in defence of one characteristic of a true Church, according to Parker and his fellows: 'Ecclesia Christi est, in quâ purum Dei verbum prædicatur et sacramenta Christi ordinationem administrantur: et in quâ *clavium auctoritas retinetur.*' What would Queen Elizabeth, the new Protestant saint, have said on this point to the anti-confessional agitators, when the authority of the keys was one of her

articuli stantis aut cadentis ecclesie? Marvellously, marvelously far, has Protestantism drifted from its original moorings!¹

Let us now, for a moment, turn our attention to one of the principal among anti-confessional meeting grievances.

It is painful, deeply painful, to have to speak of the uproar which has arisen on the subject of the seventh commandment. In the first place, we have the vulgar and ribald accusations which would make those priests who practise confession lovers of filth for its own seeking, men who feed a prurient imagination with details of impurity, who subject women to disgusting and debasing interrogatives, in order to delight their own gloating and sensual fancies:—which denounces the Confessional as a Judas-hole, and him who occupies it as the base wretch who employs it. England, to do it justice, never believed this. Dean Close's description of the secret orgies of 'Puseyite ministers' was received with general execration. The *Times* very soon found it convenient to back out of its charge of *pruriency* against Mr. West. Mr. Sibley, one of the speakers in S. James's Hall, shall be allowed to speak. We will enshrine his words in a medium in which they will be innoxious—

'One word as to the pestilential doings of the Confessional. The priest was taught by the rubric, in taking the confession of a fair young woman, on no account to give absolution until he had extracted the inmost feeling of her soul; that if he does not at first succeed in getting the secret, if she hesitate and blush, that then he should go to other points; and if he should successfully overcome the first blush, he should deal for a time with other questions, and then return all at once to the old tale, and not give absolution until he had extracted everything from her heart. And further, if he cannot by dexterous dealing obtain all this, he is to postpone the absolution and take the confession at another time, when she is better taught. This was the practice, and he would appeal to fathers who had daughters, as he had, and ask them, "Would you like your daughters to enter these dark designing abodes, or would you like your daughters to associate with the daughters of those who do?" Let a chaste woman enter these receptacles of vice, and she would come out a polluted woman. She must hold criminal conversation with man, and she must tell him what she would not tell her own sister, or mother, or any family friend whatever. This bad-minded priest had the power of reading the soul and taking it captive to such an extent that its equal was only to be found in the power of the devil himself.'

God forbid we should debase ourselves by wasting one word on 'these filthy dreamers.' But there is another class of persons whose prejudices are sincerely and deeply religious, and who deserve the tenderest treatment at our hands. A good many correspondents of the *Guardian*,—which has lately teemed with letters on Confession,—will explain what it means—

¹ 'Hath your minister at any time revealed the confession of any made to him in secret . . . and so hath brought a scandal upon that ancient remedy of sin and sinners'!—*Articles of Visitation*, 1625; *Norwich*, 1627; *Peterborough*, 1633; and previously in *James the First's reign*.

'I believe that the wisest course for a Christian parent is to teach his child simply and fully the truths of his baptismal covenant; that he belongs to Christ; that his body, as well as his soul, is Christ's own property, to be kept pure and true for Him as his—to teach him the omniscience of the Saviour—to train him daily in habitual loving reverent sense of his direct *personal* relation to Him as his Lord. I believe that such faithful teaching may, by God's blessing, prove in most cases an antidote to the early attacks of that "corruption which is in the world through lust." I believe that this is *the* method to rely on, and that it is far more wholesome to the conscience and character than any *system* of confession, or any home system preparatory thereto.

'The child who in after years remembers that information on the nature of this sin was sparingly given by those who taught him, will recognise in their silence how jealously they valued innocence of thought in him; that silence will have its own eloquence, and their earnest positive teaching of his personal relation to Christ will be thankfully cherished.'

Again: it is impossible not to sympathise with the important truths expressed in the following letter, which strikes us as singularly well expressed, and eminently *real*:—

'Whether Confession be good or the reverse for grown-up people, is a question upon which I would upon no account enter. But it certainly seems that it can scarcely be engaged in safely or wisely by the young, especially females. Should the confession be left to themselves, their very ignorance of sin will, in many cases, render it useless; they will not know how to confess the offence which they do not understand. If, on the other hand, they are questioned, the instinct of a young girl's mind will lead her to shrink from the person who puts the questions, and though she may obtain no additional knowledge of evil, she will retire pained and shocked at the fact that she has been compelled to allude to it.

'Safety certainly seems to me to lie not in Confession—still less in entire ignorance; but in that careful, judicious information and warning which only a mother, or some female friend, can give.

'A young mind is always *curious*. The first thing, therefore, to be done, is to guard against the workings of curiosity. It is impossible to stifle it, and mystery will only increase it. To say to a child, "There are subjects upon which you cannot be allowed to talk now, but you will know all about them by and by," is to send the little mind forth on a journey of speculation, in which it must necessarily encounter ten thousand dangers. A child's questions, therefore, should, as much as possible, be forestalled. And the difficulty is not so great as may at first sight appear. Almost all persons—members of the English Church—will find that it first meets them in the Catechism. A child learns the Seventh Commandment, and asks what it means. There is an answer ready at once:—A husband who leaves his wife, and a wife who forsakes her husband, are both guilty of adultery. The child is satisfied and asks no more.

'As years go on, further explanation is required, and the same answer may be given, with this addition, that for married persons to give to others the attentions and the love belonging only to the husband or the wife is likewise a breach of the same commandment, although there may be no actual separation. But still further, as God has made a natural distinction between men and women, so that a girl can never be as free and intimate with her brother as she is with her sister, therefore for her to forget that distinction and behave with the same freedom towards a man as towards a woman, or even to attempt to draw upon herself his notice

and admiration, is, in the sight of God, a sin against the Seventh Commandment, because it is seeking for attention in a way which is forbidden.

'It is quite true—lamentably true. Yet God has not left us without safeguards, if we choose to employ them. A girl who is brought up with real delicacy and simplicity will guard herself, or, more properly, God will guard her, through her own instincts. But the delicacy must be *real*, not external; and there lies the great difficulty. Nursery habits, rudenesses with brothers and sisters, freedoms, which at a more advanced age would never be allowed, corrupt a little child's mind more rapidly than any one who has not watched the consequences can possibly imagine. It is impossible to be too strict on these points. I might almost say it is impossible to be too angry when rules relating to them are infringed. Mothers should on no account trust the regulation of a nursery *only to the nurse*, however good and experienced. She should lay down her own laws, *the same which would be observed as matters of decorum with grown-up people*, and never allow them to be neglected; and if they are, instantaneous punishment should follow, and one sufficiently severe not to be forgotten. A young girl so brought up will, as a general rule, instinctively preserve the delicacy of mind and conduct which form the most precious ornament that God has given her; whilst if any insidious temptation should be encountered, it may be met by two rules, which cannot be too early or too strongly insisted upon.

'It may be said—The moment you feel that you would not like a person whom you respect to know what you are doing or saying, leave off; the feeling is sent you by God as a warning against sin.

'Whatever questions you may wish to have answered upon subjects which perplex you, ask your mother, or some person whom you respect; never ask young persons of your own age. If you would be ashamed to ask a grown-up person *whom you respect*, then let the question remain unanswered.

'I believe myself that these rules carefully insisted upon would be a safeguard against any evil which may present itself in childhood, and they do not at all interfere with that yet more powerful consideration that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit, and must therefore be kept pure for His sake. Such a consideration cannot indeed be brought before any of us too frequently; but even before a child's mind is open to comprehend it, temptations will sometimes arise, and for these cases I believe the rules suggested may be useful.'

We have thought it right, at the risk of a long extract, to let these writers speak for themselves. They argue that natural safeguards are so sufficient as to render anything further not only useless, but absolutely injurious.

Now, let us calmly look the subject in the face, and see whether there are not cases, common cases too, in which this is not the case. And, first, let us speak of the upper classes. Not only such as are accustomed to confession, but those experienced in human nature, know this:—that in those cases where sins of impurity have left the saddest effects, they have generally been commenced, whether in men or women, at a very, very early age. Habits are indulged in before they are known to be wrong, which are continued after their guilt is discovered. It would seem as if Satan took especial pains to suggest the temptation before conscience appreciates it.

Most true what these writers say; that conscience *in time* will do its work. But the Tempter does not wait,—why should he?—that enlightenment of conscience. The evil is done—and when it is known to be an evil, the chain of bad habit is already round the child. This is equally true of boys and girls: it is more dangerous regarding the latter, because they have less chance of having the truth set before them. A father will sometimes speak plainly and boldly, to a son, on subjects which a mother would not even hint at to a daughter. It is of no use to shut our eyes, and to assert that the English female mind is instinctively pure. We know that the state of things in many girls' schools is quite as bad as, if not worse than, our public schools. A girl returns home from one of these,—her mind tainted, the innocence of ignorance at least gone: her parents profoundly ignorant of her real state. Might not the Confessional to such an one be an unspeakable blessing?

And, to take another case—no imaginary one—one that many of our readers will at once recognise. A girl is brought up at home: whether from a wicked nurse (a most fruitful source of evil)—nursery liberties, reading forbidden books—or whatever other cause—the purity of her mind is tainted. Confirmation comes on. She wishes to lead a Christian life; but she knows of thoughts which assail her—(and well if only thoughts)—and thinks that she has sinned as scarcely another of her own sex and age and rank has ever sinned before. This is by no means an uncommon case; and the relief which it would have been to her to 'open this grief' to a priest who understood it is scarcely to be expressed.

Now these facts really and truly exist. Those who set themselves against confession may affect to know nothing of them, but there they are. *They* may refuse to believe them; and they have, unfortunately, no means of testing the truth. The more valuable, therefore, is a letter which appeared in the *Guardian*, and which struck us very much at the time of reading it. We call our readers' especial attention to it:—

'I am the wife of an English gentleman, and the mother of his children. Years ago, when I was a girl at home, I went to Confession, and I humbly and thankfully acknowledge that if ever, by God's mercy, I stand at His right hand, the self-knowledge then for the first time gained will have been in no slight degree instrumental in placing me there; and I believe this is an experience which will find an echo in the hearts of many English ladies.

'The way in which the Seventh Commandment is ignored in almost all tuition of the young; the way in which they are left to meet the fiercest temptations that can assail young men or young women, without one word of definite warning, makes private confession of more importance than seems to be generally known. Englishmen like to believe that their wives and daughters have never broken the Seventh Commandment in thought, word, or deed. They believe and act upon the principle that ignorance of

evil is innocence, and keep all mention of it from them as though temptation came from without and not from within.

'The clergyman slurs over this commandment in catechising; the mother and the governess deal in the vaguest generalities in domestic instruction; while children gain information, but no warning, from any objectionable source that comes in their way, till the tide of passion rises with rising manhood and womanhood, and the faint resistance of an untaught conscience is swept away.

'Meantime, it is acknowledged on all hands that sins of impurity are overwhelming the country. It has been computed that one woman in every thirteen of the United Kingdom, and five-sevenths of its men, are in the habitual practice of this vice; and of the rest how many are pure from the forms of it that only the eye of God beholds?

'All mothers know, or ought to know, that this commandment is the *first* that children acquire habits of breaking. Many mothers do not know it; many allow and encourage it; and little know that they have themselves in a great measure to thank for the tears they shed so bitterly over their children's sins in after years. The immoralities practised at our boys' schools have been brought to light and amended of late years. I know that revelations quite as terrible may be made of our schools for young ladies. I know that I have often warned those who have had the charge of children that deep evil might lurk under their apparent innocence, and in all cases where they have been induced to investigate, I have been sorrowfully thanked for an unexpectedly needful hint.

'My children are still young, and as yet I can guard their words and actions, and know their thoughts; but the time will come, and that the most important time of their lives as regards this matter, when I can no longer command such acknowledgments, and when it would be unadvisable and unjust to them to require an account of their secret struggles, and temptations, and falls. Then is found the value of a friend and adviser with whom they are not on too intimate terms to make intercourse painful: and then I should thankfully see my children's consciences transferred from my care to that of such an invaluable friend.

'I am inclined to agree with a good deal of what is said about questioning on the Seventh Commandment. Undoubtedly it saves the penitent a great deal of pain; but I think this should seldom be set against the danger of putting new ideas of evil into the mind, and I do not think it necessary. I have never been asked any such question, and my confessor was one of the most experienced in London. It is very easy for any priest used to the work to tell if there is anything more he ought to know, and to draw it out with more safety than by direct questions, though at the expense of much greater suffering.

'Men, too, often wink at the sins of their sons and disbelieve in those of their daughters, but mothers cannot and must not do either. Year after year our lunatic asylums are filled and our homes are desolated by these sins, and every year I become more and more convinced that motherly watchfulness, and the practice of private confession, are the defences most required to stem the rapidly increasing evil.'

And, if this be true, or anything like true, in the case of the rich, how more, how unspeakably more so, in the case of the poor! Much has been said and written regarding the manner in which all ages and both sexes,—the married, the single, the old, the young, women in childbirth—are all crammed, crowded, crushed together in one close, fetid room; any appearance of

decency impossible; a necessarily brutal apathy regarding the lowest necessities of nature: and in this atmosphere of perpetual temptation on one side, and constant vitiation of natural instinct on the other, the Christian life is to be kept up. How can it be done? We believe that at least one, and that not the least effectual way, is by the Confessional. Of course, Lord Shaftesbury and his party would be as energetic in altering this miserable state of things as any who think that confession may as well be tried; and a better condition of affairs is very gradually, but very steadily being brought about. But what in the meantime? Are the thousands on thousands at present thus cabined together to be given up as hopelessly lost? If not, what machinery has the Evangelical at command to save them? Our Bishops, who forbid them to put an 'improper question' (save the mark!) 'to females,' what course do they recommend? Absolutely nothing. Even the worldliest newspaper tells of the idleness of that system which preaches, in general terms, purity, modesty, reserve, to the men, women, and children who every morning and every night dress and undress, and wash, if they wash at all, in the same crowded room, and that in the midst of the foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient. Is it not an unspeakable privilege to see the gleam of joy which has lit up the countenance of some poor but yet unforsaken creature, when told that, for all that, she need not fall; when reminded of the verse, 'Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand'? Very wisely, speaking of children, say *The Instructions of Toul*, one of the best of the many French Diocesan Manuals:—

'Donnez aux enfans les remèdes convenables aux fautes qu'ils ont commises, aux tentations et aux occasions qui pourraient les séduire. Remarquez que plusieurs enfans trouvent l'occasion de se perdre de la part de ceux avec qui ils couchent. On leur demandera donc quels sont ceux avec qui ils couchent: si c'est avec leur père et mère, avec leur frère ou sœur, avec le domestique ou la servante,—et hors de la maison, avec qui. Combien d'enfants perdent leur innocence en couchant, après l'âge de quatre ans, avec leur père et mère, avec une servante ou un autre enfant d'un sexe différent! C'est ce qu'on doit défendre aux parents. On leur demandera aussi s'ils badinent en se couchant, en se levant, ou dans le lit; s'ils y font quelque mal et quel mal.'

And then, take again the case of female farm servants. There is no class for whom so little has been done—or of whom so little is known. Probably, many persons do not realize the situation of those girls—say from eighteen to twenty-five—hired at statute fairs, and for that year absolute serfs, unable to leave their masters' service, whatever be their danger, except in case of such gross ill-treatment as seldom occurs. Many a reader's blood must have boiled at the decision of a

Gloucestershire bench of magistrates, some few years ago, when a girl was brought before them, charged with having left the farm-service for which she was hired, because the only way to the loft where she slept was through a room in which several men lay, the loft and the room being without any door between the two. We have not the case before us, and cannot therefore state the exact number of days for which she was *imprisoned*. Often not in bed till twelve, obliged to be up at four, the poor farm-servant is everybody's slave: treated as if she had no soul; so worn out at night that she can hardly keep her eyes open to undress:—as to church, the thing is out of the question. Now then we ask, what can save—humanly speaking—such an one, but the earnest vigilance which confession, and that alone, can exercise?¹

And will any one ever forget that the Bishop of Carlisle, in the very same charge in which he congratulated his clergy that they were absolutely exempt from 'the filth of the confessional,' complained that, in the statistics of impurity, that diocese,—with scarcely a large town to be a hotbed of corruption,—stood pre-eminent among the counties of England?

We do not deny the danger of thus dealing with the consciences of very early youth: and no earnest priest ever approached the task without an earnest cry to Him Who giveth wisdom liberally, and upbraideth not. *Plus profuit ignorantia mali quam cognitio boni* is a sentence which deserves to be written in letters of gold. This, beyond all things else, has been insisted on by those who have treated on the subject of confession: that to keep a child in the innocence of ignorance is the greatest favour that you can bestow on that child. How difficult is the office of a confessor; but how difficult also to deal with souls at all!

But to pass to sins of a less dangerous character. And here

¹ On the very day on which we are writing, the following occurs in the *Morning Star*, with reference to Carlisle; the very place, be it remembered, to which the Bishop's words, as above quoted, must principally refer:—

'**MARTINMAS HIRING.**—On Saturday, being the annual Martinmas hiring, the city was crowded with young men and women, farmers' servants, in search of fresh masters. From the early morning the streets presented a very lively appearance, the lasses, with rosy cheeks, decked in gay ribbons, and the lads donned in bran new corduroy, crowded into the town from the adjacent country. At mid-day the streets were almost impassable, and the public-houses and other places of public refreshment contained all day a perpetual bevy of country customers. There were the customary rejoicing and dancing parties, in some cases kept up till a late hour: and, so far as we were able to gather, less than the usual number of public-house brawls, and only one case of detected pocket-picking. On the whole, this rustic holiday had, perhaps, rather fewer exceptionable phases than would be presented by any equal number of English holiday makers from any other class of the community, and will, no doubt, be remembered in after years as among the sunny days of their youth.' Will it indeed?

we will avail ourselves of the words of a writer who is treating the same subject as ourselves:—

‘Two priests, equally zealous, devote a certain portion of their time to the care of their schools. The one opens with prayer, questions in the catechism, interrogates the first class on the history of Elijah, and the second on that of Moses, and the third on that of our LORD; and after spending an hour and a half, returns home with a very comfortable notion of his efficiency. True, one of the boys who has distinguished himself above the rest, that morning stole a sixpence, which will be his first step in a downward course of dishonesty; true, one of the quickest and most intelligent among his girls has been hoarding up her money to purchase a piece of finery, which she will buy in the afternoon, and that finery will lead her step by step to her ruin. But what does he, what, with his present system, *can* he know of all this? He moralises, on his way back, on the high privileges which England enjoys in its schools and in its education; and when some three or four years hence, he learns that one of those of whose blessings he thought so highly, is in prison for shoplifting, and another an out-cast from her father’s house, and from society, he will think, How little can means avail without the grace of GOD! Undoubtedly; but he will not go on to inquire, *Had* these two guilty ones the means which they ought to have had? Does not the fault in some degree lie at his door?’

‘For, let us turn to the other priest; what does he feel of the manner in which his charge of these children is to be carried out? He knows where the battle with the wickedness of their hearts is to be fought, and how. Not in the school-room, but in the church, or (more probably) in his own study; not by learning that Jotham was the son of Uzziah, but being shown how to resist, and encouraged till they overcome, the sin that doth most easily beset them. That priest will soon have heard the story of the stolen sixpence; he will not be very long in finding out the covetous desire of finery. The sin is confessed, if need be, openly, and the shame manfully borne—and it is forgiven. The intended purchase is not made; the first step in the downward course is not taken, and the hour’s work of the priest has, though he knows it not, saved two souls.’

Two questions of unanswerable importance have to be discussed, with those who hold that the practice of the English Church is in favour of confession—the one its frequency; the other its totality.

As to the first. Most true, say many of the so-called defenders of confession, most undeniable, that the Church of England teaches absolution, teaches confession, but as the exception, not the rule: it may be sometimes, it is not to be often; occasional confession she approves, habitual confession she dislikes. Now two questions ought carefully to be kept distinct, which are too often confused together. We are not going to lay down a trenchant rule either way; we do not say that everybody who confesses ought to confess habitually, nor do we say that nobody ought to confess habitually. If spiritual conditions differ, so ought spiritual remedies to differ. We speak now only of the law of the Church of England. A man has a perfect right to disapprove of habitual confession, to argue against it, to point out its evils, its possible abuses;

to say that it interferes with the proper functions of conscience; to maintain, especially in what is called *diduction*, that it enervates the intellect: but he has no right to say that the Church of England pronounces an opinion one way or the other. There is absolutely nothing, from one end of the Prayer-book to the other, which bears on the subject. We have no more right to say that she discourages frequent confession, than that she would have it weekly. We have allowed it to be said, till those who say it have really come to believe it, that 'the spirit of the Church is against it.' Witness, among others, the lucubrations of the *Guardian* on the subject in question; and in the midst of its nicely balanced antitheses of favour to this side and to that, of alternate encouragement and warning, incitement and restriction, on this spirit of the Church, it contained a sensible remark worth quoting:—

'But, in nine cases out of ten, the "spirit of the Church of England," means the spirit of the speaker. High Churchmen and Low Churchmen alike appeal to the so-called spirit of the Church, not because they have carefully ascertained it, but because they are resolved to appeal to something, and cannot appeal to her literal statements. And in most of these cases it is just as easy to make out a case on one side as on the other. No better instance can be taken than the present. The case of Confession lies in a nutshell. Three or four authoritative passages are all that can be relied upon. It is the common case of a limited command. One man says, The spirit of the Church is shown by the command. If she positively enjoins so much, she would surely approve much more. Another says, The spirit of the Church is shown by the limitation. Recommending so much, she would certainly, if she had thought it admissible, have recommended more.'

When, then, the Bishops, so generally, speak of habitual confession being discouraged by the English Church, the question may be fairly asked, Where? Many will take the stand which Pascal and his associates held with regard to the five famous propositions,—If they are in the *Augustinus* of Jansenius, they can be *shown* there; show them us, and the controversy is at an end. In like manner it will be argued, If the Church of England discourages frequent confession, she must do so *somewhere*; show the passage, and obedience will follow. In the meantime, men cannot be blamed for not obeying a law which cannot be pointed out. You say that she discourages it: it is replied that she neither pronounces for nor against it; that she leaves the frequency or the rarity to the especial case; and on that assertion people will act, and will go to confession habitually, if the exercise is found to be to their soul's health, till the passage forbidding it can be discovered.

It has been not unfairly asked:—

'It would have been well had the Bishop stated what "these rare and exceptional cases" are; I do not understand to what he alludes. Does

he] mean before the reception of the sacrament? but that must be three times in the year at the least, and many persons receive it much oftener. Does he refer to sickness? but that happens to most men often in their lives; and surely [the spiritual exercises lawful and profitable then are as much so in health. Does he allude to the case of a disquieted conscience? but in persons with strong religious feelings, the conscience is very often disquieted, and ought to be so in others who have them not.

'The assertion of the Bishop is, I think, shown to be without foundation by the authorities I have previously adduced. But there are other reasons which concur to prove this.

'1. It will be observed that the directions in the Prayer-book, and in so much of the preceding Canons as remain in force, are without any restriction or limitation whatever in point of time, and are entirely affirmative. But it is a well-known rule in logic, that you cannot draw a negative restricted or limited conclusion from an affirmative and unrestricted premise. So here the proposition being, that whenever a person before Communion is disquieted in conscience, whenever he is sick, he may confess: you cannot from this deduce any conclusion whatever as to any time when he is *not* to confess. The test is easy. Suppose a person to be a weekly communicant, to continue that habit for years, to have a very tender conscience, and consequently before each Communion to be disquieted in conscience, and to seek to have his mind quieted, by opening his grief, and confessing his sin to another according to the precept of S. James,—could it be contended with success that this habit was not sanctioned by the Church of England? I think not.

'But further, a *minimum* being recommended or directed, is no exclusion of a *maximum*, but rather presupposes it. Thus in the Westerton case, the direction to cover the Communion Table with "a carpet of silk or other decent stuff" was held to authorize several carpets of various colours to be put upon it at different and set times. "It is consonant to law," says Lyndewood, "to affirm that this mode of speech in the singular number, contains in itself the plural also." If I am recommended to attend Church on Sundays, does that therefore discountenance my attendance during week days? If the law compels me to go a mile, that is no reason why I should not go twain. When I am asked to give alms at the Offertory, that cannot imply that I am not to give alms at other times. So neither does the recommendation to "open griefs" to a "Minister" before Communion.'

Of far greater importance is the totality of confession, by which we mean the question, whether one sin may be confessed by itself and absolved by itself. And here, again, writers like Mr. Newland, and divines of his ingenious school, unhesitatingly answer, Yes. Now, were it not for one little word, we should say that, at first sight, the phraseology of the Prayer-book is on their side, so far at least as the exhortation in the Communion Service is concerned. Did we take the words as they stand there, without any further inquiry, we might be disposed to conclude that one 'weighty matter' might be confessed alone, and be absolved alone. And we know that, in point of fact, this is a very common practice. A man is troubled in mind for some especial sin—perhaps as often as anything else, dishonesty—summons up courage, goes to his clergyman,

confesses it; and the chances are that, if that Clergyman be a 'high Churchman,' he gives the penitent absolution.

But, in the first place, when we come to look at the formula of absolution itself, we find that it cannot be used, at least in any but a non-natural sense: 'I absolve thee from ALL thy sins.' What! absolve from all, if one only has been mentioned? The difficulty has been felt, and we know of more than one instance in which the form has been altered into, 'I absolve thee from this thy sin.' We need scarcely remark—but that we have heard the objection made *bonâ fide*—that the objection does not apply to all confession subsequent to the first. 'All thy sins' means, of course, all that have to be confessed—all that are unabsolved, all which can, to speak technically, form the matter of the Sacrament.

Thus, then, were this all, we should call it a matter of gross negligence had the Church of England, intending to allow of partial confession, supplied us with a form only which cannot apply to it. But we have to remember something of far greater importance. The Prayer-book presupposes and assumes a large undefined, but therefore recognised, body of religious feeling and ecclesiastical practice. At the time of the Reformation, the whole theory and practice of confession was perfectly well known. No man would have dreamed of a partial confession. The Church must have laid down, clearly and unmistakably, that she meant it to be allowed, had this been her intention, exactly as she *did* lay down, clearly and unmistakably, that she meant confession no longer to be compulsory. She no more prescribed the matter, than she did the manner, of the rite. We, indeed, with enlarged experience, know how soon things which seem universally known, will be generally forgotten;—and can see that various matters, taken for granted in the Prayer-book, ought to have been put down in black and white. But it is only the simplest fact that the exhortation before Confession, the form of Absolution, and the following Prayer, in our present Visitation Office, are taken with scarcely a verbal change from the old Salisbury Manual, that is to say from the recognised, and so far established form of what is called Auricular Confession; the forms being retained retain the thing. Can there be a stronger proof that the Confession in both is the same? Again, there is another consideration.

Never be it forgotten that we are bound by the old English constitutions and canons, so far as they are not contradicted by some subsequent enactment of Church and State. To confess every remembered sin had been enjoined in many and many a constitution from the Council of Latern downwards. And other facts the Reformers might reasonably trust.

But, even had the Church of England seemed to allow the practice, we should have been taught by her in other parts of her ritual a more excellent way. In this surely, above all things, we are bound to regard, as she so expressly teaches us, the Lirinensian dogma. The question would then turn on this: Is partial absolution worth anything? Can it justify the sinner? Can it restore one who is out of grace to a state of grace? If, according to the rule which the Church of England has herself given us, it *cannot*:—then the fact that the Church had not forbidden it (even if it were so) could not justify us in using it. For example, if any priest choose to employ as his formula of absolution that in the Daily Service, or that in the Communion Office, he could not be said to impugn any positive precept of the English Church; but his employing this would not therefore absolve his penitent, or be equivalent to *I absolve thee from all thy sins*.

But is partial confession, therefore, by universal consent, invalid? We are not writing a theological article; and, therefore, we confine ourselves to this fact, which is capable of historical proofs. The necessity of a detailed confession of sins was never denied, except by confessed and acknowledged heretics, till the Reformation. Passages in the very earliest centuries, which ought to be *loci classici* on the subject, are:—

In Tertullian:—

‘Plerosque publicationem sui aut suffugere, aut de die in diem differre præsumo, pudoris magis memores quam salutis: velut illi qui, in partibus verecundioribus corporis contractâ vexatione, conscientiam medentium vitant, et ita cum erubescentiâ suâ pereunt . . . videlicet si quid humanæ nolitiz subduxerimus, proinde et Deum celabimus?’—*De Penitent.*

In Origen:—

‘If we have done anything in secret, or have committed sin in the hidden thoughts of the heart,—all will be published by him who is at once the accuser of, and inciter to, sin. If, therefore, in our lifetime, we are beforehand with him, and become our own accusers, we shall escape the malice of the devil.’—*In Levit. Hom. 3.*

S. Cyprian:—

‘How much better are they both in faith and hope, who, although forced thereto by no open crime of sacrifice or *libellus*, yet, since the thought of such a thing entered into their mind, confess this also to the Priests of God in simplicity and sorrow.’—*Serm. de Lapsis.*

S. Gregory of Nyssa:—

‘Show with all confidence to him [the Priest] the hidden secrets of the mind, as thou wouldst make manifest hidden wounds to the physician.’—*Orat. in Mal. Peccat.*

These are the most striking of early passages: in later centuries the authorities are numberless.

It is not often that so fair a writer as Mr. Newland can be complained of resorting to mere ingenuity for his arguments: but, while these pages are going through the press, he has printed a letter which seems to require a brief notice. Mr. Newland is one of the most earnest advocates of the doctrine, that absolution may be given on a partial confession; in defence of which position he argues thus:—

‘I would ask my friends, whether they hold that confession in the Church of England is *compulsory*. I feel no manner of doubt but that they would both, with one accord, exclaim,—“Not compulsory, certainly.” In this I fully agree with them. I do not see how they could arrive at any other conclusion. But I would have them consider what they mean by this word. Strictly speaking, I know of no such thing as compulsory confession, except confession on the rack: all other is voluntary. What they mean by the expression “compulsory,” therefore, is confession under pain of being refused absolution; for that is the only penal clause in the power of the Church.’

And, in illustration of this, he goes on to put a case from the Swedish Communion: and thus continues to argue with his antagonist, of whom he writes, that,—

‘Instead of a Welsh priest, he shall be for the time a Swedish Pfarherr.

‘He will not have been long in the enjoyment of his Præstgaard before some such scene as this will occur. A man or woman will knock at the door of his study, and will say to him:—“Reverend Sir, I desire earnestly to partake of the True Body and the True Blood of my Saviour (for thus our Scandinavian friends, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before their eyes, are accustomed to speak of the Holy Communion); but my sins stand as a cloud between me and my Lord. I do certify to you that I have recounted all of them before God; that I am sincerely penitent for them all; and that I do stedfastly purpose to lead a new life, in the strength of that blessed Sacrament which I seek. I, therefore, request humbly of you, reverend sir, that you will be pleased to grant me that absolution which my Lord has placed in your hands for the benefit of me, a penitent sinner.” I will not undertake to say that these are the very words: for it is twenty years since I was in Sweden, and I have not thought much about it since; indeed, I have some doubts whether there is any *set* form of words at all in their Prayer-book for this part of the “Office of Communion-schrift;” but, at all events, this is the substance of what they do say.

‘Now, I would ask my Welsh friend whether, under these circumstances, he would consider himself justified in refusing the absolution requested, and in compelling confession under pain of refusing it? If he would, then he and I are on different roads; for his notion of confession is as compulsory as any Church can make it.’

Now is it possible that any one, much more a clever writer like Mr. Newland, can fail to see that what makes confession compulsory or not, is not the giving or withholding absolution,—but the giving or withholding the Blessed Sacrament, according as confession is made or not? The compulsion the Roman Church does, and the English Church does not, exercise, is simply this: The former says, Confess, or I refuse you the Holy Sacrament of

the Lord's Body and Blood,—in other words, You shall not be in my communion. The English Church gives the same Blessed Sacrament without any other confession than that in the Communion Service. *This* is the compulsion: not the denial of priestly absolution, which Mr. Newland seems, in this same letter, to make essential to salvation.

But we will tell Mr. Newland what the co-religionists of his Swedish friends did about 180 years ago. In 1670, the ministers of Strasburg—at that time a German free city—revised their ritual; and, unable to make any alterations without the acquiescence of the civil power, included their proposed changes in thirty-one articles, under the form of question and answer. The document contained forty-nine pages, of which the article on private confession embraced twenty-seven. In this they deprecate the then existing custom of general confession, and dwell on the necessity of making it auricular and detailed. They quote the eleventh article of the Confession of Augsburg, the Apology of that Confession, the eighth article of Smalcald, a dozen of the most esteemed Lutheran authors, in its defence. And why was not their recommendation carried out? Because the magistrates wrote at the side of the proposal,—*This change must not be introduced.* So far, then, as the Lutherans of Strasburg are concerned, it is the civil, and not the ecclesiastical, power which agrees with Mr. Newland's views.

Do we, then, think it possible, that the practice of Confession should remain on the same footing on which it stands at present? Most certainly not. We want, strictly speaking, no alteration, but simply a development of those rules which still exist. Assuming—in common with almost all Anglican divines—that the Church of England meant to make no difference between her own confession before the Reformation and after it, save only in the one point of its being non-compulsory, we yet feel that rules are needed,—*a.* As to the minister; *β.* As to the form; *γ.* As to the place of confession. These we need in common with Rome: but the non-compulsory nature of our own rite renders yet another restriction necessary,—*δ.* As to those who are to be received to confession.

a. As to the minister. Now here, as every one knows, our Prayer-book, as it stands, gives the Power of the Keys as unrestrictedly as Christ Himself bestowed them. 'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister,' allowing any penitent to go to any priest: here our Church breaks up,—*quoad* this office—the Parochial system,—and lays no further limit to her permission than that he who desires to confess should believe the priest to whom he 'opens his grief' to be 'discreet and learned.' But, as every one also knows, in the Roman Church,

not every priest, but only he who is 'approved,' and he only for the time that he is approved, can give absolution, except only *in extremis*. Further, that in most dioceses, certain cases of extreme sin are reserved to the Bishop; and certain others to the See of Rome. The case is the same, for the most part, in the Eastern Church, where we have a distinct office for 'making a confessor,'—and where he that is so made receives a document called the *ἐνταλτήριον*, whereby the *λειτουργία τῆς πνευματικῆς πατρότητος* is conferred on him; though here there are no reserved cases. Now, surely it would be desirable to fix a certain age, beneath which confessions, except *in extremis*, are not to be received. A man—we had almost said a lad—of four-and-twenty, called to receive the confession of some hoary sinner,—or of some Belgravian *belle*,—would find either pretty much beyond his power of comprehension. *Pas est et ab hoste doceri*. Michelet, in his 'Priests, Women, and Families,' has some excellent remarks on this subject,—where he represents a Parisian lady, whose life is one long intrigue of fashion and its adjuncts, kneeling to the young priest but just set free from the seminary,—and here, instead of his directing her, it is she who in very truth is directing him, and in the wrong direction too. As a man can be a bishop at thirty, it would be impossible to fix the period at which he may become a confessor *later* than that: but surely it ought not to be very much earlier.

β. Then, *secondly*, There surely ought to be some kind of examination, as to whether the future confessor has mastered the first and easiest principles of casuistry. In the Caroline times they at least were more careful on this head. Jeremy Taylor and Sanderson—to say nothing of other divines—were able, if not always sound, casuists. But, as it is, a young man may find himself called on to hear a confession, who has never given a moment's thought to the subject;—never read a page on it;—is profoundly and confessedly ignorant of its first principles. Were the thing possible, how we should wish that a work on the general principles of confession, adapted to our times and to our nation, could meet with some, however faint, semi-official quasi-sanction, could be recommended by one of our prelates as 'a good book on the whole!' But were such a publication attempted, we know what would be the result:—how meetings would be summoned in a hundred town-halls against this second Dens,—and how the howl poured forth against it would soon dispose of any episcopal approbation which it might have received. If we had to recommend a few works on the subject—such as might be tolerably sufficient for the parish priest's library—they would be,

The *Institutio Confessariorum* of Saint Charles Borromeo;

The Mechlin Catechism, which stands at the head of this article ;

The *Instructio Confessariorum* of Gaspar Loarte; and

The *Institutio Confessariorum* of Martin Fornarius (these two may be had bound together); and the *Amor Pœnitens* of Neercassel, Bishop of Castoria: a work, the deep learning of which is only exceeded by its piety and unction.

γ. But, *thirdly*, We are also inclined to believe that a confessor should be a married man. There are many reasons for this. The danger to himself under peculiar cases, if he be not: the far greater insight it gives him into the especial wants and failings of children, and, to some extent, of women: the greater obstacle which is opposed to any idea of earthly affection arising between the priest and the penitent. For let us have courage to look the matter in the face, and not concern ourselves for the laughter of our Roman friends or Roman enemies. This has been proved, by unhappy experience in our Church, no impossibility. As things stand at present, the mere declaration of a priest that he intends to live a celibate life is worth nothing: hence the desirability of having married confessors only. In the Eastern Church, where the marriage of the priesthood involves a complication unknown to the West, the custom is that the wives and families of the secular clergy should confess to the protopope of the district.

But however this may be, the necessity of some examination before a priest could be licensed as a confessor is self-evident. The profound ignorance of the commonest rules of casuistry, or the first principles of moral philosophy on the one hand, and the total want of acquaintance with the working of the human mind on the other, render this essential. But, in all these matters, we are at present met by an insuperable difficulty.

What, if the bishop of the diocese shall have declared his resolution 'to put down' confession? What, when he withdraws the licence of any curate who practises it, and refuses a curate to the incumbent who is known to approve it? If we are to go to such an one for licences to receive confession, the whole thing will be at once crushed. No: sad as the state of things now is, it must remain so, until the practice of confession, in health as well as in sickness, is openly recognised in, and sanctioned by, the Church of England.

But what, things remaining as they are, if an individual bishop were to forbid any of his clergy to receive confession (save *in extremis*) without undergoing an examination, and receiving a licence from him? while guaranteeing that licence, *bonâ fide*, to such as shall pass that examination, and promising a sufficient

supply of discreet and learned ministers for his diocese, what then would be the duty of his clergy?

We are not given to exaggerate episcopal authority, nor are we desirous to turn our bishops into little popes. But in such a case, the priests of that diocese would, without doubt, be necessarily bound to submit to such an examination, and to abstain from exercising their innate right without such a licence. We do not mean to say that, while the Church of England gives the exercise of the power of the keys so widely and unrestrainedly as she does, any such limitation on the part of a diocesan could deprive his priests of their jurisdiction, did they choose to exercise it. It would then be a case of *fieri non debuit, factum valet*, and the laity would probably give an emphasis to the authority of their diocesan, by resorting only to such priests as he should have approved.

For see, if the rite were publicly sanctioned, how much that is obnoxious to public feeling would at once be done away. The secrecy with which a confession is now almost necessarily conducted is one of the things most abhorrent to English ideas. Yet, to receive it, openly, before God and man, in a church would, as things are, be almost impossible. We do not mean that the so-called confessional which has sprung up on the Continent within the last two centuries is either necessary or desirable. Till after the Reformation, as may be seen in illuminations and similar drawings, the priest simply sat on an ordinary chair, and the penitent knelt by his side; and if it were ever felt that a material partition between them were desirable, all we can say is, God help the Church which is in such a state of corruption!

Again, the very position of the priest, strange as it may seem, needs to be defined. We have heard of more than one instance in which he, as well as the penitent, is in the habit of *kneeling*. Further, it is not unusual to lay the hand on the head of the penitent during the pronouncement of the words of absolution: a practice, it is needless to say, for which there neither is, nor ever was, the slightest authority.

It would be well, also, that a particular form of absolution should be authorized. We know, indeed, that the form has always varied exceedingly; and that while the words, 'I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST,' are pronounced, the adjuncts are of little moment; yet it would spare much trouble, if one particular form of words were enjoined. Surely, this might be done by each bishop in his own diocese, till it shall be possible for the Church of England to authorize it in her corporate capacity.

8. As to the other point of restriction of those who are to

go to confession, all that we say at present is that *some* regulation is necessary.

And now, one word in conclusion.

It is all very well, in complaisance to a howling Protestant public, to promise that confession shall be '*put down*,'—no doubt it is possible to persecute the incumbents, and it is very easy to ostracise the curates who practise it. But we would earnestly call on our Fathers in God to look at the question calmly and dispassionately. The number of those who confess is increasing daily; increasing in an accelerated ratio; increasing with a force that cannot be resisted: increasing too (to a far greater extent than authorities are aware of) among men; increasing, too, as we are assured, the more since public notice has been attracted to confession. Now, what do they intend to do with respect to these persons? Our Bishops know that the Church of England—to say the very least—*allows* confession. They know that if any of her priests were to refuse to hear one, he would render himself liable to civil penalties. They cannot stop it. It is only, we believe, the learning and judgment and wisdom which are so prominent in the present occupant of the see of Carlisle, which has ventured to denounce confession as such. Others may consider it to be only the result of morbid sentimentality on the part of penitents, or of arrogance on the part of the clergy. But this cannot be the case with all our bishops. As to the dangers—dangers accruing alike to those who make and to those who receive confessions—we are at one with those of our bishops who are most sensitively alive to them: and we would gladly believe that it is only in an earnest and devout dread of those dangers, certainly not to earn the questionable honour of being selected as 'model bishops' by that eminent preacher of righteousness, *Punch*, that some of our bishops have spoken only on one side with respect to confession. Of course they do not desire to drive those who know the blessing, the comfort, the untold benefits of confession, to seek absolution in another communion. But do they really mean this? Would any bishop venture to say,—'I had rather that those of my laity 'who are in the habit of regular confession, and will not give it 'up, went over to Rome'? If they would, God forgive *them*, and have pity on their poor flock!—but, if they would not, we conjure them to pause in their present system. Now we do not believe that the authorities would have expressed themselves as they have occasionally done, had they known the undercurrent which is setting in towards the object of their special hatred. Look at Evangelicalism in 1790 and in 1840. Hated, abhorred, ridiculed, persecuted at the former epoch, it becomes the dominant religious power at the latter;—and in half that

time had fairly put on its 'silver slippers.' It is not impossible that the doctrines and practices which are now so unpopular may, in twenty years (for the march of events is infinitely more rapid than half a century ago) be recognised and authoritative. But however that may be, we would earnestly entreat authorities to pause, ere they commit themselves to further opposition. Confession must and will prevail,—in the Church of England or out of it. We need not say that our most earnest prayer would seek for the regulation of such confession as the Church of England has always sanctioned;—it will be the fault of our bishops, if it assumes a development out of it. Let them regulate what they cannot prohibit, and what, giving them, as they deserve, credit for zeal for the salvation of souls, they really do not wish to prohibit.

We cannot dismiss this subject without appending to it a curious testimony to the reality of the movement which issues in the revived attention to Confession. The Irvingite communion is publishing a series of tracts called 'Tracts for the Church' (Bosworth). No IX. is dedicated to 'The Confessional.' In the theology, or theosophy, of this communion, every event is a sign of the times: and, without of course committing ourselves to the moral which Mr. Drummond's friends draw from the revival of confession, we accept this very independent testimony to the extent and importance of the fact itself. And although authorities may say that *we* speak only as party organs, 'Irvingites' may at least stand as unexceptionable witnesses to the mere matter of fact.

'One of the events of the present time which is greatly agitating the minds of men—at least in this land, where the signs of the times are to be looked for more than in any other, because in this land there is more liberty for that which is working in the heart of human society to show itself than in any other—one of the most stirring and troubling marks of the day is the effort which many of the clergy are making to lead the people into the practice of private as well as of public confession of their sins. They are re-asserting the doctrine of the power of the Priesthood—trying to lift up and to show to all men the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven which were given to the heads of Christ's priesthood in the beginning, to be used by them, and by those who should come after them unto the end—until the Kingdom of Heaven should be opened to the last believer. The things which men do, in every age, to change for the better, as they think, their moral condition, they either do as yielding to God's Spirit, who is introducing such changes by them; or as imitating His work which He has already begun to do by others; or as under evil inspiration forestalling, in order to mar some work which He is about to be engaged in. The efforts to revive the spiritual authority and power of the Christian priesthood in these days, good or bad, throw light upon what God has intimated that He

would do before the end of this dispensation, and which we believe He has begun. Before the end of the Christian dispensation, the highest moral phenomenon to be seen, "The sign in heaven," as it were, is a Divine revival of the power of Christianity. The state of the Church next in time before the very last, experiences this revival. God summons His people to meet Him, and gives them time and means to prepare for the meeting. One of the marks of that revival is the reproduction of the Key of the Kingdom of Heaven. In the setting up of His Church upon the earth the Lord gave the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to His ministers; in the last revival of it, He announces Himself as still the holder of the Key—the key of the house of David, the key of the kingdom, the house of the king. He reminds His Church, towards the time of the end, of the doctrine of the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, as if that doctrine had been forgotten, or held in unrighteousness and in vain. He appears again as the giver of the key of the House of David, as if He had not given it long before; or, having given it before, had to renew the gift, because of failure and disappointment intervening between His first bestowal and His subsequent renewal. Those to whom He first entrusted the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were not allowed freely to use them. The world would not receive the Spirit, and therefore saw no use or worth in the instruments of His conveyance. When the Head of the Church would perfect His body, when He finds a people with their hearts steadily fixed upon perfection, He reminds them of that which He gave for their perfecting in the beginning, which He hath still to give unto them. If they will allow His ministry of grace, then they shall know their sin, and shall confess it in the light of God's love; they shall receive His absolution, and receive the earnest of His kingdom. If God has revived truth of confession and power of absolution, let us take care that we receive into our souls all the blessing involved in this revival. He has shown us the sins which it behoves Christians to repent of, the sins which Christians alone of all men could have committed. He has put the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven again into the hands of men, that "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" might be our portion. Let us be true and earnest with God, and He will not disappoint us. He will enable us to say that we have seen His salvation, to testify unto all "that He has visited His people." Let us not neglect His great salvation; but let us rather be of those by whom "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, who take it by force." And let no one be surprised if that which provoked the anger of the religious, in the end of the Jewish dispensation, shall awaken the indignation of the same class in the end of the Christian dispensation also—even the right of men, the Ministers of the Son of Man, dispensing the salvation of God. Let us not say in pride we will go to God Himself for the forgiveness of our sins, and the cleansing of our hearts, and will not encourage priestcraft by seeking to have our forgiveness assured to us by men's lips, and God's Spirit conveyed to us by men's hands; but let us rather rejoice that He who become man for our sakes so dealth with us, in all His ways of blessing, as always to keep in our memory and in our heart His first and greatest proof of His love and condescension towards us.

NOTICES.

Mr. James Martineau's 'Studies of Christianity' (Longmans) are not likely to find or to seek acceptance in our eyes, or in those of our readers. Yet we can very well afford to say that they are the production of a remarkable man, written with great spirit and in excellent language. Further, Mr. Martineau has the merit, so rare among polemical writers, of throwing himself into the attitude, and even spirit, of those from whom he dissents. Of course the advanced liberalism of Unitarianism, and especially of that Unitarianism, and something more, or rather less, than Unitarianism which Mr. Martineau expounds with a prophet-like energy of conviction ought always to be candid and generous; but it is not. The more credit, therefore, to Mr. Martineau for fairly representing the liberal spirit which he professes. Of course he can afford to do this; for he looks with an equal disregard, which is only too passionless to be scornful or contemptuous, upon the divisions of Christendom. If, then, Mr. Martineau is not at the trouble of taking a side in the discussions and divisions which prevail in the extant Christianity, his testimony to the mere fact of what the wrangling disputants (whom he looks down upon with such superior impartiality) hold has remarkable value. On this account we extract a passage, which is not without its value:—

'The Office of Communion in the English Church contains even stronger marks of the same sacerdotal superstitions: and, notwithstanding the Protestant horror entertained of the Mass, approaches it so nearly, that no ingenuity can exhibit them in contrast. Near doctrines, however, like near neighbours, are known to quarrel most. The idea of a physical sanctity residing in solid and liquid substances is encouraged by this service. . . . The sacredness, by consecration imparted, is represented as surviving the celebration, and residing in the substances as a permanent quality. . . . What the particular change may be, it is by no means easy to determine; but it is certainly conceived that they cease to be any longer mere bread and wine, and that with them henceforth co-exist, really and substantially, the body and blood of Christ. Respecting this *Real Presence* with the elements, there is no dispute between the Romish and English Church: both unequivocally maintain it; and the only question is respecting the *Real Absence* of the original and culinary bread and wine; the Roman Catholic believing that these substantially vanish, and are replaced by the body and blood of Christ: the English Protestant conceiving that they remain, but are united with the latter . . . the Catechism of our Church affirming that "the body and blood of Christ are *verily and indeed* taken," &c. And this was not intended to be figuratively understood of the spiritual use and appropriation to which the faith and piety of the receiver would mentally convert the elements: for although here the body of Christ is only said to be "*taken*" (making

'it the act of the communicant), yet one of the Articles speaks of it as "given" (making it the act of the celebrating priest), and implying the real presence before participation. However anxious, indeed, many of the "Evangelical" school may be to disguise the fact, it cannot be doubted that their Church has always maintained a supernatural change in the elements themselves, as well as in the mind of the receiver.'—Pp. 51—53.

We are not saying that Mr. Martineau's language is always technically accurate; but his witness to the broad general meaning and doctrine of the English Church, written long before the Denison or Aberdeen controversy, is as important as full.

Since the days of the gentle Prioress Juliana Berners, we do not remember that a lady has given herself to the science of heraldry. Mrs.—or is it Miss?—Millington on 'Heraldry, its History, Poetry, and Romance' (Chapman and Hall), has revived the fame of the old 'Boke of St. Albans.' Not very methodical, but always interesting, and always of a right spirit, we know few books which serve better to vindicate the place which heraldry has in the study of history and archæology than this. Unless we are mistaken, the words quoted at p. 104 from Professor Blunt were said of religious houses generally, and not of the Hospitallers in particular.

The subject is not one in which we feel especial interest; and if any of our readers remember the Drummond schism in Scotland, they will, if so disposed, find in a long and lugubrious pamphlet called 'Truth Vindicated,' &c. (Simpkin) how Mr. Drummond quarrelled or parted with his curate, one Mr. Hibbs, and how Mr. Hibbs did not like to be parted with, and how divers recriminations passed about the relative 'acceptableness' of Mr. Drummond and Mr. Hibbs to the frequenters of Mr. Drummond's conventicle; and how in the end, Mr. Hibbs, having no bishop to appeal to, and being dismissed without remedy, set up a rival conventicle to that of Mr. Drummond. It appears that all this is an old, and far from interesting, story, and its only moral to us is, that schism has a polypus-like life, and tends to constant reproduction by abscission, or rather it sloughs off in particles which have just sufficient vitality to engender another separation and then to die. As a library curiosity, the pamphlet is valuable, as showing how gentlemen of Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Hibbs' views can say the most rude and insolent things of each other in the most unctuous and flabby language. Mr. Drummond dismisses Mr. Hibbs because, 'after prayerful deliberation, he has reason to fear that the desires of his beloved people after spiritual nourishment are not satisfied by Mr. Hibbs' ministrations.' Mr. Hibbs says it was because he, Hibbs, preached against the opera. Taking the two statements together, we suppose it means that under Hibbs the pew-rents fell off. *Non nostrum est*, &c.

'Why are our Churches closed?' (J. H. Parker) is a warm and sensible appeal by a layman to those in authority, to wipe away a patent scandal from our Church. The writer, we believe, has a name which is identified with good service to our communion, and he is willing to carry on an ancestral service of loyalty to the Church of England. He can therefore endure to be assured, that the evil of which he complains is a consequence

rather than a cause. We have done, and are doing, our best to persuade people that religion consists in preaching and protesting, and we must take the consequences of our success. When they have learned that it means prayer, we can more safely open our churches for private devotions than we can do at present.

Mr. Masson, a Professor in the London University, has just published the first volume of a 'Life of Milton' (Macmillan), which, if completed on its present scale, promises to be about as long as the Byzantine Historians. Eight hundred pages of solid print bring us to Milton just returning from Italy; that is to say, before his real life, or at least that life about which anybody cares, had begun. We are not saying that Mr. Masson's book is devoid of interest, but it is about as tedious as anything we ever read. Not only does Milton's biographer run down every lane that turns off the high-road of his hero's life, but gropes in all the ditches and fishes in most of the ponds within, and in many without, his sight. Mr. Masson is strongly prejudiced against Laud and Strafford, so much so as to merge the historian in the partisan; but, except when he attempts to do a little in Mr. Carlyle's style, he generally writes agreeably, though with an insufferable prolixity. He is, however, much more at home in literature than either in politics or polemics.

The transfer of that useful institution, the Architectural Museum, to Brompton from Westminster, has occasioned a change, or rather an expansion, of its purpose. There are now regular courses of instruction in Art to mechanics, and the course of the present season has been inaugurated by a lecture on the 'Common Sense of Art,' by Mr. Beresford Hope (Ridgway). Perhaps it is asking the lecturer to define the undefinable if we say that we miss any clear or exhaustive definition of 'Common Sense.' At one time it seems to mean all Mr. Ruskin's lamps lighted at once; and at another, Progress; and at another, Eclecticism: and though undoubtedly the lecture must be charged with this vagueness in its definition, yet it admirably fulfils the practical purpose of the writer, or rather speaker, and disposes effectually of the taunt that it is impossible thoroughly to maintain the supremacy of Pointed Art without narrowness and bigotry. Indeed, had we a fault to find, we should say that Mr. Hope's criticisms against the pedants of Gothic are almost too severe, simply because they are unlimited. The paper is well worth reading.

Mr. J. H. Parker's 'Church Calendar' is very useful. It is divided into two parts: one common to several issues, which are published, we believe, in several dioceses. Lichfield and Norwich at least have reached us. These local Almanacks are unusually full and explicit, and contain the ecclesiastical *Fæsti* of the last year, a diocesan Clergy List, lists of Schools, Church Societies, and so on. In the general portion we must reclaim against the 'Liturgical Revision Society' appearing as a Church institution.

'Homely Rhymes' (Burns and Lambert) is a funny collection of little verses supposed to be taught to little Popish children. Very possibly they might be paralleled with effusions of bigotry and nonsense quite as objec-

tionable from little Protestant quarters; and when such are produced we shall be equally ready to denounce them. The author is a convert, and of course writes with the zeal, and something more than zeal, which characterises the *transfuga*. Here is a specimen of his satire in a piece called 'The Soldier's Child,' referring to a case which underwent recently a judicial decision. The School Committee and the Catholic child are the *dramatis personæ* :—

- 'How happy for you to be brought
From your idols of wood and of stone,
Where the Gospel's pure doctrines are taught,
And Popish corruptions unknown.
- 'Little Johnny cried :—"Gentlemen, no,
Don't believe all against us you hear;
No idols—" he stopp'd, for a blow
That moment came down on his ear.
- 'You were right; I was only a fool
To these vile Popish brats to be kind:
So take them away to the school,
Your method's the true one, I find.
- 'What, refusing to follow the laws!
Must the "Rules of the House" yield to you?
O then we will try with the taws,
And poor Johnny was whipt red and blue.'

Now, as this scene is simply untrue, and as it, and nothing like it ever occurred, it is rather difficult to enter into the state of mind of the writer of this abominable untruth.

'Short Lectures upon the Bible, by Prebendary Fowle' (Mozleys), is an unpretending but careful specimen of the sort of instruction given in a confirmation class to very ignorant candidates.

Mr. Lathbury is not a historian; he is gifted with little of the historical mind, and nothing of the historical method. But, for a collector of facts, he stands almost unrivalled. His literature is especially rich in contemporary documents; odd sermons, out-of-the-way pamphlets, unknown or neglected articles of visitation, local sermons, remote and vague allusions;—these he has both the faculty for apprehending, and unwearied skill and diligence in procuring. He collects, if he cannot group the materials of history, with astonishing pertinacity; and in his recent 'History of the Book of Common Prayer' (J. H. Parker) there is a review of facts which are indispensable to the student. This work will scarcely supersede any manual, but it must be used in connexion with all the extant productions on the same subject; and we welcome very heartily a volume which, as a collection of illustrative documents, has never been equalled.

An ingenious young gentleman, Mr. Bousfield, Curate of St. Andrew's Church, Islington, has spent much labour in writing what he is pleased to call 'A Sermon of One Syllable' (Hamilton); by which he means a sermon

in which every word is a monosyllable. To be sure, he can't quite make his text, 'We use great plain-ness of speech,' suit his own peculiar language. This notable fact of a monosyllabic sermon ought to be chronicled in the 'Annual Register,' and, of course, in the language which Mr. Bousfield most affects, somewhat, perhaps, after this fashion: 'In this year there 'was a goose, and he did preach in a church, and what he did preach was 'in short small words; and it was thought a strange thing that so great 'a goose should have place in which to preach at all, and type in which to 'print his goose talk.'

'The Bible History of Satan' (Hatchard) is an attempt to revive the old Dualism. The writer, a Cambridge Master of Arts, suggests that the Power of Evil is from all eternity equal to and independent of God. The *Record* is very angry with Mr. Hatchard for publishing this profanity and heresy; but really we cannot see on what grounds. The writer of it says, 'Let me not be met with the objection that what I suggest has been mixed up with the doctrines of this or that heretic who has been duly condemned by the councils of his times. What errors have not been sanctioned; what truth has not been impugned, at one time or other, by the same authority? We need have no difficulty; we have the same guide to refer to. On the Bible I base my arguments; by the Bible their truth must stand or fall.' And undoubtedly, were this all—if, as the *Record* tells us, we are not to listen to Church, Council, or Tradition—we must say, that the Cambridge Master of Arts has a perfect right, and duty too, to draw what doctrines he likes from the Bible, and the Bible only.

'Four Advent Sermons, on Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell' (Masters), by Mr. F. E. Lee, are warm and practical, and fair models of what awakening sermons should be.

'The Roman and French Empires compared by the Lamp of Scripture' (Sheffield: Leader) is written by Mr. James Whytt, Curate of Langford-cum-Little Farringdon [*sic*]. This interpretation holds out no pleasant prospects. The late Napoleon Bonaparte and the present Louis Napoleon are the first two heads of the beast, and, of course, five more are to come. 666 means *Kαῖσαρ ὁ ἄλλος*; but though Napoleon III. is a head of the beast, he is no beast himself; and Mr. Whytt is perhaps looking out for the preferment across the Channel, which, we fear, his prophetic studies will not secure for him here, when he tells us that he 'has no doubt that it is 'highly conducive to the best interests of Christianity to pray earnestly for 'long life to the French Emperor.' The coming dynasty, however, is not likely to imitate the beneficent example of the reigning head of the beast: one of the coming five French Emperors is to transfer his capital from Paris to Jerusalem, where he is to receive divine honours—'by and by, he "will be considered the wise man who attaches himself to the cause, 'interests, and worship of the French Cæsar. Such a claim will be appreciated. It will be called *the good part*, in mockery. "Are you with the 'good part, or on the good side? Are you with Bonâ Parte?" This will one 'day be a preliminary question before any business transactions.'—P. 50.

Nothing which Mr. Blew writes on his own subject—that of hymnology—can be neglected; and everything which he writes is replete with learning and spirit. His 'Letter to Mr. Upton Richards on Hymns and Hymn-books' (Rivingtons) is full of literature of a very recondite character, and of criticism on a subject on which he has a right to speak as a teacher. He speaks, and not altogether without reason, with considerable severity, both of the generality of modern hymnals, and of the mode in which they are compiled. There is something in the tone, or at least in the allusions of the latter portion of this able pamphlet, which might have been spared: we say so on critical grounds; for it is inconsistent with the general drift and argument of the Letter. Perhaps we might have alleged other reasons for regretting this conclusion of Mr. Blew's publication, had we understood it, which we are bound to say that we do not.

A publication by Mr. Parker Snow, Commander of the *Allan Gardiner*, under the title of the 'Patagonian Missionary Society' (Sherwood), places that body in a position discreditable to a Christian association.

One of the most important works of the quarter is the first volume of the 'Athenæ Cantabrigienses' (Deighton): a work which has been among the *Libri desiderati* of centuries has at length been attempted by the Messrs. Cooper, and a certain stigma is at last in progress of being washed off the University. As far as we have had opportunities of examining the first volume, which reaches to the latter portion of the sixteenth century, it appears to be executed both skilfully and carefully; at any rate, that it is begun, after so many failures, is a great thing. The chronological order has been adopted, and probably it was the only available method, though a formidable list of *addenda* and *corrigenda* attests the imperfection which must attend the principle of arrangement. In point of fact, such a work must always be considered inchoate, and its value is, to be pulled to pieces with a view to future distribution of materials. We miss—it may be prejudice—not only old Wood's folio, ugly as it was, but Bliss's Oxford *Athenæ*, in its clear and readable quartos. The references to the sources of information are highly important.

† Blair's 'Grave' does not make a very cheerful Christmas book; however, it appears as such, 'sumptuously illustrated,' as the phrase for these furniture volumes is, and published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh. We observe, and with gratitude, some slight innovation on the eternal Birket Foster of these gift-books, in some sketches of a grotesque character, by Tenniel, and of a religious cast by Mr. Clayton, who has done so much to improve glass-painting. A preface by Mr. Farrar exhibits ability, especially in some observations on the irony of the death literature, which might have been further illustrated by the *cyclos* of the Dance of Death, from the eleventh century down to Holbein, and by Blake's illustrations to this very poem. It must have been at the very baths of poetry that Blair's 'Grave' could have taken rank as a work of high art.

Were we to choose among the Christmas books, our own choice would be with the sumptuous 'Selections from Wordsworth' (Routledge); that

is, taking everything into account, author, woodcuts, and printing. The care in selection displayed by Mr. Willmott is skilful.

Mr. Bright's 'Statement of Facts, as to certain recent Proceedings of the Bishop of Glasgow' (Masters), relates, in the main, to matters with which we are so intimately connected, that of course our judgment of it will go for but little. We may, however, express our surprise that a bishop, or indeed that anybody, in so very serious a matter as one which involves a Professor's dismissal from a responsible and honourable post, contemplating this dismissal and desiring it, should in an off-hand way, writing about something else, invite his correspondent to the expression of opinion on a delicate subject, in which it was quite possible that that correspondent might commit himself, and then make use of an equally off-hand, and indeed confidential reply, and found a serious charge upon it. The Bishop's answer is, that he fully expected that the mere mention of what he was doing would at once have induced Mr. Bright to offer his explanation or justification; and we believe the Bishop. But we must say that though, as far as the Bishop's intentions went, we acquit him of 'laying a trap' for Mr. Bright, still we cannot but feel that charges of heresy, even in their inchoate state, are a matter of business; and it is, to say the least of it, very unbusiness-like, and opens the door to all sorts of suspicions, which may or may not be unfounded, to find private letters thus made use of, and sent off in fragments. The Bishop fully believes that he sent Mr. Bright's letter to the *Primus*, and asserts—and we believe him—that he had no intention of doing Mr. Bright injustice, if, in the hurry of sending the letter, he sent it truncated of some expressions to which Mr. Bright is disposed to attach much, perhaps undue, importance. There might be no 'garbling,' because that implies a deliberate intention to do wrong; but there was extreme haste, and a most unbusiness-like contempt of order and regularity in what has turned out to be a very serious matter. We say all this really as bystanders. We only adopted Mr. Bright's own statement: the Bishop thought Mr. Bright not worth answering. He does us the honour of attributing weight to our words: and we can only say that had Bishop Trower taken the same pains and exhibited the same cautious spirit in other instances, which we are bound to acknowledge that he has adopted towards ourselves, much pain and some scandal had been avoided.

Among the deeper and more practical productions of the quarter, we desire to specify 'A Few Devotional Helps for Advent,' &c.; and another series, 'For Lent and Passion-tide' (Masters), as much above the average.

Mr. Malan's 'Letters to a Young Missionary' (Masters) are extremely serviceable, amidst the conflict of spurious liberality and *religiose*, rather than religious, bigotry, afloat on this subject.